

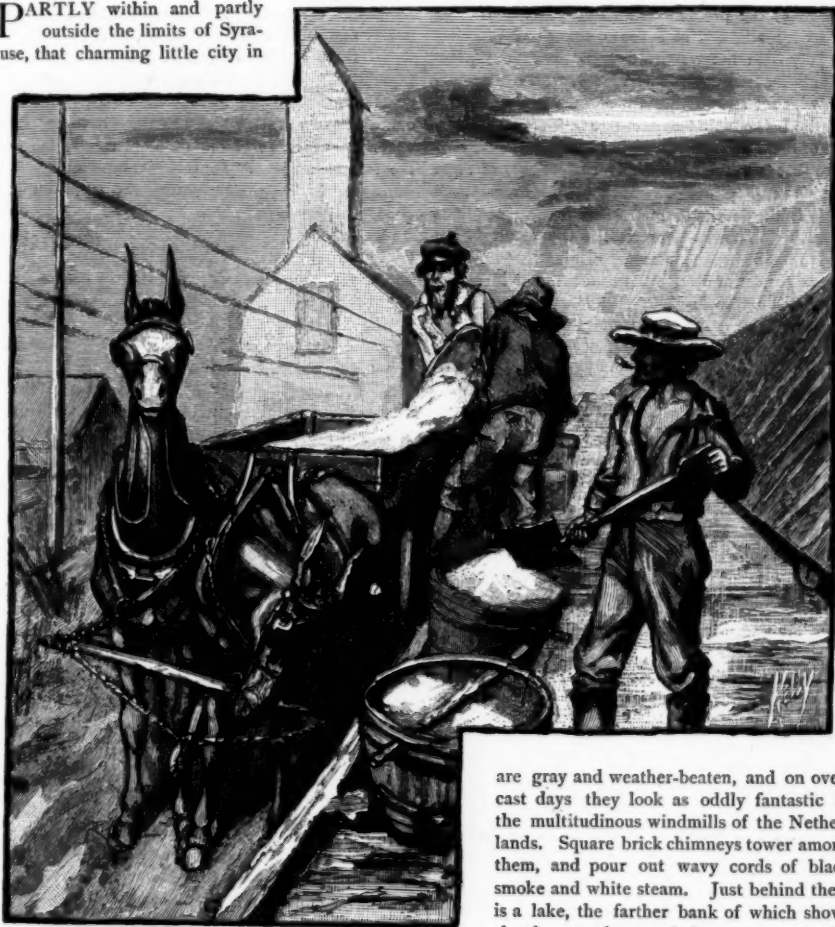
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE AMERICAN AT WORK.

I.

AMONG THE SALT-MAKERS.

PARTLY within and partly outside the limits of Syracuse, that charming little city in



CARTING SOLAR SALT FROM THE VATS.

the centre of New York State, the landscape, which is walled in by low hills, receives a peculiar character from the presence of gloomy clusters of buildings, nearly uniform in size and quite different in shape from any others in the neighborhood. They

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are gray and weather-beaten, and on overcast days they look as oddly fantastic as the multitudinous windmills of the Netherlands. Square brick chimneys tower among them, and pour out wavy cords of black smoke and white steam. Just behind them is a lake, the farther bank of which shows slanting meadows, paled to a sea-green by the distance, and cornfields flushing to a pink among white farm-houses—that, at

least, is what the bank shows in the latter part of July. The general form of the buildings is oblong, and the roofs are steep and topped at one end by thick-set towers, which are monstrosously out of proportion to the rest of the structure, reminding us of

ambitious church-steeple with their tops cut off. A view from an elevation shows that there are four separate groups or clusters, and that they are built on low ground, which, apparently, from some undiscoverable cause, is overspread with gray.

"What are they?" is a question often asked by passengers on the trains, from which they are visible; but unless the inquirer speaks within the hearing of a resident of the city, it is probable that the nearest approximation to truth in the answers volunteered will be in the statement that they are the Onondaga Salt-Mines, the fact being that they are salt-wells.

With commissions from the editor of APPLETONS' JOURNAL in their pockets, and with an intelligent solution of the problem as an object, an artist and the writer alighted at seven o'clock one morning last July from the westward-bound Pacific Express in the Syracuse depot. The reader, whose acquaintance with art and literature is altogether impersonal, and who believes that an accurate idea of the appearance of these gentlemen will lend interest to the narrative that is to follow, must evolve pictures of them from his recollections of what he has read about such people in the letters of metropolitan correspondents to provincial newspapers, and, if the result is not quite to his satisfaction, he can assume that they appeared thus, according to the conventional idea: the artist, with a big portfolio under his arm, a slouch hat on a head of bushy hair, and a suit of seedy black—the author in seedier black, longer hair, and more slouchy hat, pale, careworn, and extremely attenuated.

Two hundred and fifty years, more or less, before the advent of the scribes on that July morning, some French Jesuits arrived in the same neighborhood, which at that time was exclusively occupied by Indians, and they were the first emissaries of civilization to discover the salt-wells. A little later, in 1653, Father Le Moyne passed through the wilderness from Montreal and visited Onondaga. He relates in his diary: "We tasted the waters of a spring, which the Indians are afraid to drink, saying that it is inhabited by a demon, who makes it foul. I found it to be a fountain of salt-water, from which we evaporated a little salt as natural as that from the sea, some of which we shall carry to Quebec." On the shore of the lake the national tree of the Five Nations was planted, and treaty-making councils were held.

The springs remained in possession of the Indians until after the Revolutionary War, when some whites were in the habit of making small quantities of salt for their personal use by the water boiling in open kettles suspended over a fire from crotched sticks and a cross-pole; a growing perception of the ease, profits, and other advantages of the manufacture, led to more extensive operations; and in 1778 the State purchased the land containing the springs from the Indians, stipulating that it should be reserved in perpetuity for the purpose of salt-manufacture. The treaty by which the purchase was made was signed by twenty-three chiefs on part of the Indians, and by Governor Clinton, William Floyd, Ezra L'Hom-

medieu, Richard Varick, Samuel Jones, Egbert Benson, and Peter Gansevoort, Jr.—all historic names—on part of the State. In 1797 the State caused the land to be divided into salt-lots, store-lots, and pasture-lots, which were put in charge of a superintendent appointed by the Governor, private parties being allowed to dig wells and manufacture salt in consideration of the payment to the State of four cents for each bushel manufactured. The payment of the tax also secured to the manufacturer the use of a lot large enough for the erection of a factory and five acres of pasturage. An interesting bit of State history comes in at this point. The salt-makers were the first projectors of the Erie Canal, and at their suggestion the tax on salt was increased in 1817 to twelve and a half cents per bushel, under which provision three million dollars of the canal debt was liquidated. In 1833 the taxes were reduced to six cents per bushel, and in 1846 they were reduced to one cent per bushel, which has since been ample to cover the expenses of the State in connection with the salt reservation. In consideration of the toll, the State sinks the wells, pumps the water, and distributes it to the factories.

The writer has stood at many doors and knocked for information, which has sometimes been delivered with sullen unwillingness, sometimes with courteous reservation, and occasionally with a hearty appreciation of his wants and objects, and a generous assistance that has made red-letter days in his career. An instance of the latter was his meeting with Mr. Archibald C. Powell, the State Superintendent of the Wells, who, as much out of kindness as out of enthusiasm for his work and a desire that the public should understand it, opened to us all the sources of information in his possession, and patiently escorted us through every department of the reservation. The day was cloudy and showery, and in the mist the buildings with the ill-proportioned towers and the stacks of red-brick chimneys looked more enigmatical as to use than ever. The ground was low and partly swampy, veined by irregular water-courses—through which muddy streams of fresh water gurgled—and patched with luxuriant beds of grass interwoven with purple thistles. Now and then the breeze wafted the scent of the beautiful Seneca clover to us, the flower of which mingled with the yellow disks of the dandelions; but vegetation was not predominant in the view, which was queer enough to be a new revelation of Nature. The gray that from a distance had seemed to overspread the ground was not mist, but acres and acres of low-pitched roofs covering acres and acres of box-like vats, in which the brine was evaporating—vats and roofs being made of unpainted timber, which the weather had stained gray; the towered buildings were the pumping-houses, and the tall chimneys rose from the refineries. The characterizing element was desolation. There was nothing at all to indicate that some thousands of men were employed on the ground in the salt-business, an impressive air of quietude and inaction possessing the scene.

As we drew nearer in Mr. Powell's wagon—which

was harnessed to a preternaturally amiable and sagacious little horse, that had served his master with unvarying fidelity for seventeen years—we could make out that the buildings with the towers were connected by heavy wire cables passing through twin-wheels and pulleys on high poles and irradiating from smoking engine-houses, the effect of the black lines of vibrating wire adding more peculiarity to the scene, and we could discern several nests of shanties crouching among the larger structures. A few rifts in the cloud had been letting the sunshine out for half an hour, but, as we drove over one of the very bad roads leading to the reservation, the slits closed and the rain began again, the first drops being followed by the ringing of a loud bell on the grounds,

liquid which flows from the old council-grounds of the Indians. The wells are from three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet deep, between which depths the brine is found in beds of loose gravel lying under a covering of cemented earth. When the cemented earth is pierced by a drill, the salt-water rises to within about eighteen feet of the surface, and it is brought the rest of the way by small lifting-pumps driven by steam. From the mouth of the wells it is conveyed by water-power to reservoirs about eighty feet above the level, whence it is conducted through wooden pipes by its own gravity to the various factories on the reservation.

The reservoir, like all the other buildings, is very much weather-stained. Several flights of rick-



RAKING SOLAR SALT IN THE VATS.

and the appearance, at its summons, of a crowd of men and women from the shanties, who ran in great haste to the vats.

Some words of explanation are necessary here to avert mystification and misunderstanding. The water of the original springs, which were scattered along the shore of Onondaga Lake, showed very slight traces of salt, requiring extravagant quantities of fuel in its evaporation; and, later, when wells were sunk to a depth of forty feet, the yield was much greater, and the later discovery of new salines in Canada and Michigan led to greater effort in the production of brine at Syracuse, so that now the water obtained yields about one hundred and seventy parts of salt in a thousand. As the ocean yields less than four parts in a thousand, and the Great Salt Lake of Utah about twenty parts in a thousand, the reader will appreciate how little water and how much salt there is in the

ety stairs lead up the outside to the top, where the water gushes into an enormous tank with a force that shakes the structure to its foundations, and causes the contents to boil in a seething ferment. One moment the pulsations are soft—only while the great pumping-machine takes breath, however—and then the trickling is drowned in a thunderous spout, which buries itself in the depths of the tank, and raises thousands of prismatic bubbles and delicate wreaths of spray. The object of lifting the water to this elevation is the acquirement of such force as will cause it to distribute itself throughout the reservation. Very novel pipes are used. Elm-logs are taken and hollowed out, the end of one being inserted into that of another, and bound by iron ribbons. These curious ducts are seen all over the grounds; they are nearly fifty miles long, and look like great, gray snakes as they follow the undulations of the

ground, creeping up the walls of the buildings, and passing along the bridges of trestle-work. They are always above-ground, and, though they do not look sound, they are said to be very durable.

The water in the reservoir is one of the four sources from which salt is obtained, the other three being rock or fossil salt, salt-lakes, and the ocean. It is estimated that over two hundred wells have been sunk near Syracuse since 1797, at a cost of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that the yield of salt has been nearly three hundred million



CLEANING A WELL.

bushels, or enough to cover a surface of one hundred and twenty million square feet with solid salt a foot deep. Thirty-eight wells are now in use, and produce about seven million bushels annually.

The wells are hidden in the houses with the dwarfed towers, and some description of them is indispensable. They are not simple excavations, like garden-wells, and, though they are so deep, they are not very wide. They are nothing more or less than iron pipes from eight to ten inches in diameter, driven in lengths of eighteen feet to the depth of the brine. When one length has been driven, another is screwed to it, and that is forced down by pressure from above; length after length is added, until a continuous pipe of three or four hundred feet is formed, and the salt-water bubbles up to within eighteen feet of the surface, when, as we have said, a steam-pump catches it and lifts it the rest of the

distance. As the pipe is driven the earth which it displaces is forced into it, and is brought out by a little bucket with a spring-bottom which is moved up and down the pipe, an operation practically illustrated to us by Mr. Powell.

The interiors of the pumping-houses are moist and reverberant, and the machinery is always in a cold perspiration. We were led into one, and up crazy flights of stairs to a precarious-looking scaffolding, upon which some men were working. One of the laborers held to a lever with both hands, bringing it down with all his weight, and allowing it to ascend until he was stretched to the tip of his toes, when he brought it down again, forcing all the muscles of his body into bass-relief by the operation. But the muscles of a common laborer with ten hours of physical toil a day for exercise do not attain the iron quality of those of the amateur athlete; exercise without good food and careful training is only a wasting process, a fact impressed upon us by the spare frames of some of the men about the salt-works.

The lever went up and down measuredly for ten minutes, when the iron bucket in the well, which it had been raising and lowering, was brought to the surface partly filled with soil and gravel. The bucket sinks by its own weight, which is heavy: as it is depressed into the earth, its bottom, which acts with a spring, is forced open, admitting the earth; and, as it is lifted, the bottom closes and makes the contents sure. The little load having been discharged, the bucket is lowered into the pipe again, and the man at the lever resumes his work, which is like that of a human piston-rod, as measured in motion and as insensate to all appearances as an automaton, whose impulse knows nothing of the divine breath of life.

Cleaning a well is almost as difficult as sinking one. The bucket is bobbed up and down the pipe for several minutes before it secures a load, and sometimes the result is only a few pebbles and an ounce or two of dirt.

The water obtained is of one quality, but it yields two qualities of salt by two different processes of evaporation, solar heat being used in the evaporation of coarse salt, and artificial heat in the evaporation of refined. The vats which spread over the reservation, and give it the curious appearance that we have spoken of, are used in the former process. They are sixteen by eighteen feet in length and breadth, and vary in three series from eight to twelve inches in depth, the material of their construction being pine-plank. The crude water is drawn into the deepest vats first, and is allowed to remain in them until it has deposited the oxide of iron which it contains, and which would interfere with the purity of the salt, Mother Earth adding another to the many instances which show that her gifts to man nearly all need the finishing-touch of his knowledge and industry. It is then drawn into the second series of vats, measuring ten inches in depth, in which it simmers and glimmers under the sun for seven days—seven clear, warm, shiny days—during which the vats look like hundreds of mirrors, and reflect the floating

splendors of the firmament. In the hottest weather fine breaths of vapor rise up from it, but usually the evaporation takes place silently and without sign. To protect it from dilution by rain, all the vats are fitted with covers—the low, steep roofs that we have referred to—which move on wheels over a steel track, and at the approach of a shower or a storm the covers are put on the water by the laborers on the reservation and their wives, who rush to their duty in precipitate haste at the sound of an alarm-bell. The motion of the covers seen from a distance seems to make the earth ripple, and the mirrors and water-pictures are suddenly hidden. From December 1st to March 1st all operations are suspended, and the working year has only about seventy days on which salt can be evaporated by the solar process.

During the seven days that it is in the second series of vats, the water rids itself of some more impurity in the form of gypsum or sulphate of lime, and crystals of salt appear on its surface, when it is drawn into the shallowest vats, in which it rapidly

From the vats, Mr. Powell, who was tireless in his courtesies, drove us to one of the "block"-salt factories, in which artificial heat is used—the word "block" being a technicality derived from the masonry-setting of the kettles. We passed along the narrow, muddy alleys between the vats, into which gangs of men in high boots were delving with rakes and hoes, or loading the queer carts in which the salt is carried to the storehouses. The Seneca clover blossomed wherever the traffic had not intruded, and the air blew its perfume into all quarters of the reservation. There was no outward trace of alkali on the ground, such as borders the Great Salt Lake for miles and miles, but the wild abundance of the clover and grass was an evidence of the salines in the soil.

Mr. Powell was an entertaining companion. A few years previous to our visit he had been in the Danubian provinces, and later he had called upon Brigham Young in Utah. The prophet's father worked on the reservation as a salt-boiler, and round



MAKING BLOCK-SALT BY EVAPORATION.

deposits coarse crystallized salt, sometimes to the depth of half an inch over the whole area of vats within twenty-four hours. The salt is allowed to accumulate until it is half the depth of the vats, and it is then drained in storehouses for several days before being packed in barrels for the market. A fresh supply of water is admitted from the big log pipes, and another "batch" is made.

One engine, I had forgotten to say, works several pumps, extending its power to each by the wire cables stretched over telegraph-like poles and wheels.

about Syracuse nearly everybody has some relative who has been engaged in the salt-business.

In making refined or "block" salt, the first thing done is conveying the water from the large reservoir into smaller cisterns, in which it is treated to homeopathic doses of common lime, the effect being its transformation to a yellowish color and a partial cleansing. From one cistern it is drawn into another, and from the latter it is admitted into the kettles, with no visible trace of original sin in its body.

The kettles are hemispherical in form, cast-iron in material, and about thirty-six inches in diameter.

They are sunk in walls of brick or gray limestone, from fifty to one hundred in a row, and they are sheltered in long, narrow houses. The walls are hollow, admitting the circulation of the fire of a furnace, the heat being driven under the kettles by a powerful blower. Both the furnace and the blower

coal as a relief to his feelings, or rakes out the gray ashes; but the intervals between feeding-times are short, and, as he opens the door again, a great flood of crimson light suffuses him and seems to draw him into the fire, as though the flames were reaching out arms and tongues to punish him for contumacy.



IN THE REFINERY.

are powerful. An embodied spirit of the devil attends to them—a demon with all his demoniac attributes preserved in the flesh; begrimed from head to foot, his skin as coarse as the powdered coal-dust which lies thickly over his den, and his eyes as fierce as his own fires—a demon whose transfiguration to a smooth and decent Irishman may be effected, however, by the simple potency of soap-and-water. Now and then he opens one of the close-fitting iron doors and gleefully pitches shovelful after shovelful of fuel down the red throat of the furnace, which assimilates the food in an instant, the blackness of the coal disappearing in the ferocious glow of the fire, and a sullen roar demanding more. Sometimes he pauses, and, resting on his shovel, shakes his head, and thinks how like voracious wild beasts these fiery charges of his are—panting, hissing, lapping, and crackling, forever in malignant fever; then he closes the door with a vindictive oath, and heaps up the

The only human attribute he has in that glow is the short clay pipe by which he envelops his head in occasional clouds of noxious smoke.

Above the furnace, where the kettles are boiling, a weirder scene is disclosed to us, which is best described in the concise and explicit way of the dramatist, who, without any unnecessary prepositions or conjunctions, evolves a society drawing-room, the cliffs of a sea-coast, or a forest, like Arden, out of a few practical stage-directions. A narrow, low-roofed building filled with pale, mystifying vapor, which ascends in dreamy wreaths from parallel rows of circular pans; the pans are bubbling with milky liquid; small iron rods project from some of them; little pyramids of white stuff—whiter and softer-looking than the driven snow of April—stand by the edge of others in large wooden basins; the atmosphere is as sudatory as a humid day with the thermometer at ninety degrees. The vapor is so

dense that these things are revealed to us by degrees, and we have been standing in uncertainty for some minutes before we discover two or three phantom-men hovering in the gauzy perspective. The men are naked to the waist, and as they stir the boiling liquid or lift scoopfuls of the snowy material from it, the steam rising in denser wreaths plays fantastic tricks with them, momentarily obliterating their heads, or melting a limb, or taking a section out of their bodies, or leaving the head alone visible and floating in the air. The inevitable and inseparable pipe is the only token for a second time by which we know that we are not removed from the prosaic steadfastness of earth into a deceptive region of fantasy.

Each kettle holds about fifty gallons of water,

pan"—a shallow basin of sheet-iron with an upright handle—which projects above the surface of the water. All refuse in the manufacture of salt is called "bittern," and that obtained from the boiling water is in the form of a chalky paste, which is discharged into a waste-drain at either side of the kettles. A long pipe for conveying the water passes between the two rows of kettles, each kettle drawing new supplies of water as often as they are required from a separate stopcock.

The water is boiled until all the salt is deposited, and the salt is then dipped out in oval shovels and placed in baskets to drain, after which it is stored for at least fourteen days so that all the remaining moisture may pass from it.

Both solar salt and block-salt are coarse-grained



BAGGING THE SALT.

which, when it is admitted from the cistern, contains chlorides of calcium and magnesium, and sulphate of lime, in small quantities, with a faint trace of peroxide of iron. When the water is boiled, these substances fall to the bottom, where they are caught in a simple device known as a "bittern-

as they leave the reservation: the former is used altogether in preserving pork and such base purposes; but a large proportion of the latter is refined and eventually reaches the world in a condition of whiteness and softness that nothing in Nature surpasses—neither snow, nor marble, nor lilies.

This perfection is attained by the refiners, whose works are on the edge of the reservation.

Charlie trots along like a creature who, having faced all the world's complexities, has decided that the best way out of them is an easy gait and an empty head—Charlie is Mr. Powell's little white horse. We get fresh glimpses of the clover, and the sinuous water-courses, and the strange-looking pumping-houses, and we presently alight at the door of one of the refineries. The starting-point of our observations is the engine-room, where a fine horizontal is almost noiselessly grinding out steam-power for the establishment, its engineer sitting complacently in a chair near by, and watching our inspection with unmistakable self-satisfaction. Engineers always impress me as being the most self-satisfied beings in the world. Next to the artists, who know nothing at all about the theory of art, and who paint by what their critics call "blind intuition"—achieving great results nevertheless, and loving their work so much that sunset becomes a dread by depriving them of the power to continue it—they (these engineers) stand above all others in the decimated ranks of those who find pleasure in their occupation. Look at the work of this man, who sits so easily in his arm-chair. There is not a bit of brass or steel about the engine that would not reflect every detail of the most delicate surface held up to it. There is no flaw in the beautiful combination; no creak is heard; no steam escapes, except through its proper vent, and the great mechanism yields the power of sixty horses as smoothly as the rocking of a cradle. No wonder its master is proud, and gives it the care a woman gives her toilet.

The power is carried to the other parts of the building by wheels, shafts, and leather bands, which fill the air with a busy, half-musical hum. In one room the salt is being washed by barelegged men, for, despite the attention it has received in the boiling-houses, a little of the chlorides of calcium and magnesium, and the sulphate of lime, remains in it. It is put into shallow tubs partly filled with water, where it is turned over and over and up and down by corkscrew-like shafts until every particle of alloy is separated from it, the refuse being sold by the refiners to farmers for agricultural purposes at what it costs to handle—a dollar and a half a ton. After it has been washed it is dried in long, iron, tubular cylinders, which revolve over furnaces and keep it in constant motion until it is as parched and as hot as desert sand, the vapor passing from it through steam-vents. It is next carried up-stairs,

not by hand or in an ordinary elevator, but by an endless chain of small buckets, such as are used in some dredging-machines. The buckets load and unload themselves automatically, and illustrate the almost perfect system by which the simplest manufactures are carried on.

On one of the upper floors the grinding is done, salt intended for dairy purposes being ground between granite rollers, and that intended for table-use being put through an ordinary flouring-mill. The table-salt is exquisitely fine in grain and immaculately white. White strikes the eye of the visitor everywhere in the building—in pyramids twelve or fifteen feet high, in little drifts, all over the floor, on the workmen's clothes, and in a dust that settles like a silvery mist.

The last thing is the packing. A number of girls dressed in showy prints, and with their hair tied up in variegated kerchiefs, scoop the salt into small cotton bags and sew them up with astonishing speed. The bags are then packed in barrels, and the barrels are shipped to market. Altogether between four and five thousand people are employed by the Syracuse salt-interest. The growth of the business has been remarkable. In 1800 the annual production amounted to 50,000 bushels; in 1810 it was 200,000 bushels; in 1820, 558,329 bushels; in 1830, 1,435,446 bushels; in 1840, 2,622,305 bushels; in 1850, 4,614,117 bushels; in 1860, 5,593,247 bushels; in 1865, 6,385,930 bushels; in 1870, 8,748,115 bushels; and in 1875, 7,179,446 bushels. In 1862 nearly nine million bushels were manufactured. Up to 1821 the wells had yielded three million dollars to the State from taxes, and since that date they have reimbursed the State for all expenses, and paid twenty thousand dollars annually into the Treasury, besides fifty thousand dollars annually in canal-tolls. Among the articles annually consumed in the business are two hundred thousand tons of coal, twenty-three million barrel-staves, eleven million pieces of barrel-heading, twelve million barrel-hoops, two hundred thousand yards of bag-cloth, and three million feet of lumber.

Yet, like the canal that passes through the reservation, the business goes on very quietly, and a stranger would not imagine that so much of it was there. The tall chimneys, the odd-looking pumping-houses, and the acres and acres of vats, make, as we have said, a very strange picture, and the picture is stranger when we remember that, with all the apparent desolation and inactivity, there are such far-reaching industry and wealth.

I N D O U B T.

THROUGH dream and dusk a frightened whisper said :
 " Lay down the world : the one you love is dead."
 In the near waters, without any cry,
 I sank, therefore, glad—oh, so glad to die !

Far on the shore, with sun and dove and dew
 And apple-flowers, I suddenly saw you ;
 Then—was it kind or cruel that the sea
 Held back my hands, and kissed and clung to me ?

BY CELIA'S ARBOR:

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLT.

THE Polish Barrack, in 1858, had ceased to exist. There were, in fact, very few Poles left in the town to occupy it. A good many were dead. Some went away in 1854 to join the Turks. Some, grown tired of the quasi-garrison life, left it, and entered into civil occupations in the town. Some, but very few, drifted back to Poland, and made their peace with the authorities. Some emigrated. Of all the bearded men I knew as a boy, scarcely twenty were left, and these were scattered about the town, still in the "enjoyment" of the tenpence a day granted them by the British Government. I seldom met any of them except Wassielewski, who never wearied of his paternal care. The old man still pursued his calling—that of a fiddler to the sailors. The times, however, were changed. Navy agents were things of the past—a subject of wailing among the tribes. Sailors' Homes were established; the oiled curls had given way to another and a manlier fashion of short hair. The British sailor was in course of transformation. He no longer made it a rule to spend all his money as fast as he received it: he was sometimes a teetotaler; he was sometimes religious, with views of his own about election; he sometimes read; and, though he generally drank when drink was in the way, he was not often picked up blind-drunk in the gutter. The captain said he supposed men could fight as well if they were always sober as if they were sometimes drunk; and that, always provided there were no sea-lawyers aboard, he saw no reason why a British crew should not be all good-character men, though in his day good character often went with malingering. The trade of fiddling, however, was still remunerative, and Wassielewski—Fiddler Ben, as the sailors called him—the steadiest and liveliest fiddler of all, had a large *clientèle*.

At this juncture, the stanch old rebel, as I have explained, was in spirits, because he had wind of a new movement. The Poles were to make another effort—he was really five years too early, because the rebellion did not begin till 1863, but that was not his fault; it would be once more the duty of every patriot to rally round the insurrection and strike another blow for Fatherland. Not that he looked for success. No one knew better than this hero of a hundred village fights that the game was hopeless. His policy was one of simple devotion. In every generation an insurrection—perhaps half a dozen—was to be got up. Every Pole who was killed fertilized the soil with new memories of cruel-

ty and blood. It was the duty, therefore, of every Pole to get killed if necessary. No Red Irreconcilable ever preached a policy so sanguinary and thorough. Out of the accumulated histories of rebellion was to arise, not in his time, indignation so universal that the whole world would, with irrepressible impulse, rush to rescue Poland from the triple grasp of the Eagles. To bring about this end but one thing was needed—absolute self-sacrifice.

I knew when he met me, the day after Celia's birthday, and told me that the time was coming, what he meant. I, like himself, was to be a victim to the holy cause. I was a hunchback, a man of peace, even a Protestant. That did not matter. I bore an historic name, and I was to give the cause the weight of my name as well as the slender support of my person. And, as I have no desire to pose as a hero, I may at once confess that I felt at first little enthusiasm for the work, and regarded my possible future with feelings of unworthy reluctance.

I suppose that Wassielewski saw this, because he tried to inflame my passion with stories of Russian wrong.

As yet I knew, as I have said, little or nothing about my parentage or the story of my birth. That I should be proud because I was a Pulaski; that I should be brave because I was a Pulaski; that I owed myself to Poland because I was a Pulaski—was all I had learned.

I suppose, unless the old patriot lied—and I do not think he did—that no more revolting story of cruel repression exists than that of the Russian treatment of Poland between the years 1830 and 1835. Wassielewski, with calm face and eyes of fire, used to pour out these horrors to me till my brain reeled. He knew them all; it was his business to know them, and never to forget them or let others forget them. If he met a Pole he would fall to reviving the old memories of Polish atrocities—if he met a "friend of Poland" he would dilate upon them as if he loved to talk of them.

History is full of the crimes of nations, but there is no crime so great, no wickedness in all the long annals of the world, worse than the story of Russia after that revolution of hapless Poland. We are taught to believe that the wickedness of a single man, in some way, recoils upon his own head; that, sooner or later, he is punished—*raro antecedentem scelerum*—but what about the wickedness of a country? Will there fall no retribution upon Russia, upon Prussia, upon Austria? Have the wheels of justice stopped? Or, in some way which we cannot divine, will the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children for the third and fourth generation? We know not. We see the ungodly flour-

ish like a green bay-tree, his eyes swelling out with fatness, and there is no sign or any foreshadowing of the judgment that is to fall upon him. We do not want judgment and revenge. We want only such restitution as is possible; for nothing can give us back the men who have died, the women who have sorrowed, the children who have been carried away. But let us have back our country, our liberty, and our lands.

A dream—an idle dream. Poland is no more. The Poles are become Austrians, Prussians, and, above all, Muscovites.

Wassielewski, a very accusing spirit, set himself to fill my mind with stories of tyranny and oppression. The national schools suppressed, a foreign religion imposed, the constitution violated, rebels shot—all these things one expects in the history of conquest. What, however, makes the story of Russian barbarism in Poland unique in the history of tyranny seems the personal part taken by the czar and the members of his illustrious family. It was the czar who ordered, in 1824, twenty-five thousand Poles to be carried to the territory of the Tchernemovski Cosacks. The order was issued, with the usual humanity of St. Petersburg, in the dead of winter, so that most of them perished on the way. It was the czar who, in 1830, on the occasion of a local outbreak in Sebastopol, ordered, with his own hand, that the only six prisoners—who had been arrested almost at random—should be shot; that thirty-six more were to be apprehended and knouted; that all the inhabitants, without distinction, should be expelled the town and sent to the villages of the Crimea; and that the place should be razed to the ground. Every clause except the last was exactly carried into effect. It was the czar who ordered the library of Warsaw to be transported to St. Petersburg. It was the czar who formed the humane project of brutalizing the Polish peasantry by encouraging the sale of spirits by the Jews. It was the czar who transported thousands of Polish nobles and soldiers to Siberia; and it was the czar's brother, the Grand-duke Constantine, whose brutality precipitated the rebellion of 1832.

There were two things which Wassielewski as yet hid from me, because they concerned myself too nearly, and because I think he feared the effect they might have upon me. That, so far, was kind of him. It would have been kinder still had he never told them at all. Even now, nearly twenty years since I learned them, I cannot think of them without a passionate beating of the heart; I cannot meet a Russian without instinctive and unconquerable hatred; I cannot name Czar Nicholas without mental execration; and not I only, but every Pole by blood, scattered as we are up and down the face of the world, hopeless of recovering our national liberty, content to become peaceful citizens of France, England, or the States, cannot but look on any disaster that befalls Russia as a welcome installment of that righteous retribution which will some day, we believe, overtake the country for the sins of the Romanoffs.

In those days, however, I had not yet learned the

whole. I knew enough, in a general way, to fill my soul with hatred against the Russian name and sympathy with my own people. I had as yet received no direct intimation from the old conspirator that he expected me, too, to throw in my lot with him; but I knew it was coming.

I was certainly more English than Polish. I could not speak my father's language. I belonged to the English Church; I was educated in the manners of thought common to Englishmen, insular, perhaps, and narrow. When the greatness of England was spoken of I took that greatness to myself, and was glad. England's victories were mine, England's cause my own, and it was like the loss of half my identity to be reminded that I was not a Briton at all, but a Pole, the son of a long line of Poles, with a duty owed to my country. Like most men, when the path of duty seems confused, I was content to wait, to think as much as possible of other things, to put it off, always with the possible future unpleasantly visible—a crowd of peasants armed with scythes and rusty fire-locks (I among them), a column of gray-coats sweeping us down, old Wassielewski lying dead upon the ground, a solitary prisoner, myself, kneeling with bandaged eyes before an open grave, with a dozen guns, at twenty paces, pointing straight at my heart. Nor did I yet feel such devotion to Poland as was sufficient to make the prospect attractive. Also I felt, with some shame, that I could not attain to the exasperation at which Wassielewski habitually kept his nerves.

"I hear," said Herr Räumer, one evening—"I hear that your friends in Poland are contemplating another insurrection."

"How do you learn that?" I asked.

"I happened to hear something about it from a foreign correspondent," he replied, carelessly. "The Russians, who are not fools, generally know what is going on. Up to a certain point things are allowed to go on. That amuses people. It is only by bad management that conspiracies ever get beyond that point. The Grand-duke Constantine in '31 made enormous mistakes. Well, I had a letter from Berlin to-day, and heard something about it.—Here we are at the respectable Bramblers'. Come upstairs and talk for half an hour.—Besides," after he had lit a cigar, got out his bottle of hock, and was seated in his wooden arm-chair—"besides, one gets foreign papers, and reads between the lines if one is wise. There is a bundle of Cracow papers on the table. Would you like to read them?"

I was ashamed to confess that I could not read my native tongue.

"That is a pity. One multiplies one's self by learning languages."

"Music only has one language. But how many do you know?"

"A few; only the European languages—German, Russian, French, English. I believe I speak them all equally well. Polish is almost Russian. He who speaks German easily learns Danish, Swedish, and Dutch. Turkish, I confess, I am only imperfectly acquainted with. It is a difficult language."

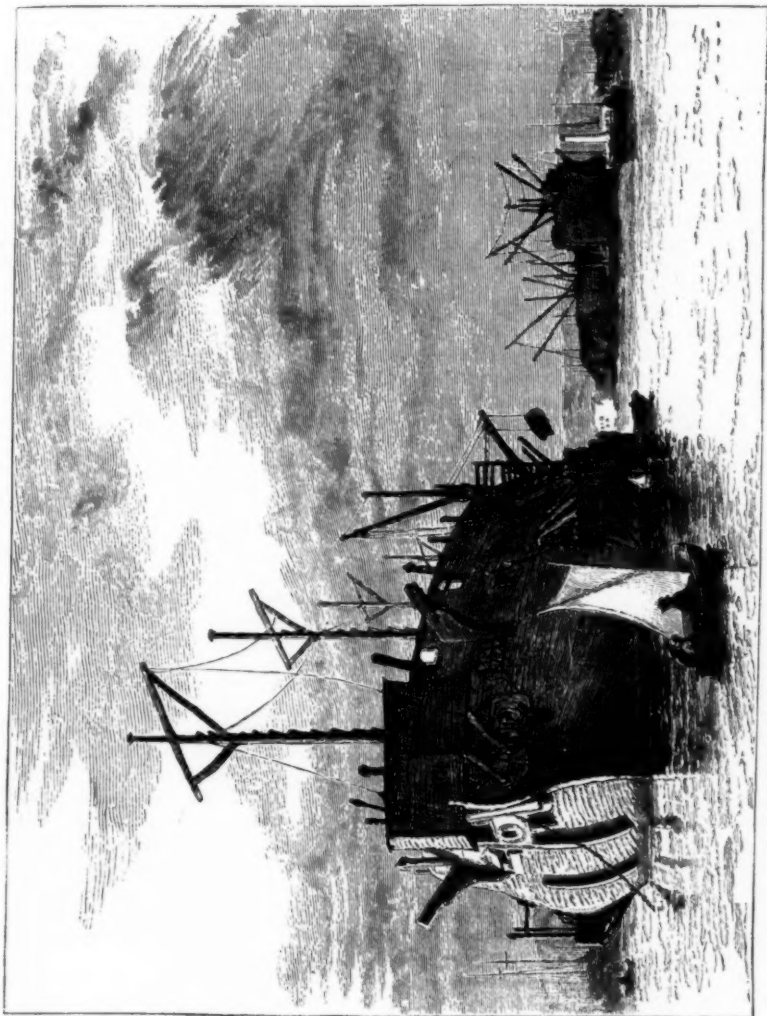
"But how did you learn all these languages?"

He smiled superior.

"To begin with," he said, "the Eastern Europeans—you are not yourself a stupid Englishman—have a genius for language. There we do not waste our time in play-fields as these English boys do. So

"I have one or two friends among the few Poles that are left. Wassielewski, my father's devoted servant, is one of them."

"Your father's devoted servant? Really! Devoted? That is touching. I like the devotion of that servant who leaves his master to die, and es-



"That is the Blonde, my dear, and she is one of the very last of the old prizes left."—Page 114.

we learn—that is nothing—to talk languages. It is so common that it does not by itself advance a man. It is like reading, a part of education. Among other things, you see it is useful in enabling me to read papers in Polish, and to get an inkling how things look in that land of patriots. But you do not want papers, you have your friends here. Of course they keep you informed?"

capas to enjoy an English pension. One rates that kind of fidelity at a very high value."

The man was nothing unless he could sneer. In that respect he was the incarnation of the age, whose chief characteristic is Heine's "universal sneer." No virtue, no patriotism, no disinterested ambition, no self-denial, no toil for others, nothing but self—a creed which threatens to grow, because it is so sim-

ple that every one can understand it. And as the largest trees often grow out of the smallest seeds, one cannot guess what may be the end of it.

"You are right, however," he went on, nursing his crossed leg. "At your age, and with your imperfect education, it is natural that you should be generous. It is pleasant in youth to think that a man can ever be influenced by other than personal considerations. I never did think so. But, then, my school and yours are different."

"Then what was the patriotism of the Poles?"

"Vanity and self-interest, Ladislas Pulaski. Desire to show off—desire to get something better. Look at the Irish! Look at the Chartists! Who led them? Demagogues fighting for a cause, because the cause gives them money and notoriety."

"And no self-denial at all?"

"Plenty—for the satisfaction of vanity. Vanity is the chief motive-power in life. All men are vain; all men are ambitious; but most men in time of danger—and this saves us—are cowards. I am sixty-two years of age. I have seen" (here he hesitated a moment)—"I have seen many revolutions and insurrections, especially in 1848. What is my experience? This: In every conspiracy where there are three men, one of them is a traitor and a spy. Remember that, should your friends try to drag you into a hopeless business. You will have a spy in your midst. The Secret Service knows all that is done. The other two men are heroes, if you please. That is, they pose. Put them up to open trial, and they speechify; turn them off to be shot, and they fold their arms in an heroic attitude. I believe," he added, with a kind of bitterness, "that they actually enjoy being shot."

"You have really seen patriots shot?"

"Hundreds," he replied, with a careless wave of his hand. "The sight lost its interest to me, so much alike were the details of each."

"Where was it?"

"In—Paris," he replied. "Of course, the papers said as little as could be said about the shootings. I am sure, in fact, now I come to remember, that they did enjoy being shot. The Emperor Nicholas, whose genius lay in suppressing insurrections, knew a much better plan. He had his rebels beaten to death; at least, after a thousand strokes there was not much life left. Now, not even the most sturdy patriot likes to be beaten to death. You cannot pose or make fine speeches while you are walking down a double file of soldiers each with a stick in his hand."

The man's expression was perfectly callous; he talked lightly, and without the slightest indication of a feeling that the punishment was diabolical.

"Except the theatrical heroes, therefore, the gentlemen who pose, and would almost as soon be shot as not, provided it is done publicly, every man has his price. You only have to find it out."

"I would as soon believe," I cried, "what you said last week—that every woman has her price, too."

"Of course she has," he replied. "Woman is only imperfect man. Bribe her with dress and jew-

els; give her what she most wants—love, jealousy, revenge—most likely she is guided by one of those feelings, and to gratify that one she will be traitor, spy, informer, anything."

I suppose I looked what I felt, because he laughed, spoke in a softer voice, and touched my arm gently.

"Why do I tell you these things, Ladislas Pulaski? It is to keep you out of conspiracies, and because you will never find them out for yourself. You have to do with the *jeunes élves*, the *ingénues*, the *naïves*, the innocent. You sit among them like a cherubin in a seraglio of uncorrupted hours. Happy boy!"

"Keep that kind of happiness," he went on. "Do not be persuaded by any Polish exile—your father's servant or anybody else—to give up Arcadia for Civil War and Treachery. I spoke to you from my own experience. Believe me, it is wise. If I had any illusions left, the year of Forty-eight was enough to dispel them all. One remembers the crowd of crack-brained theatrical heroes eager to pose; the students mad to make a new world; the stupid rustics who thought the day of no work, double pay, and treble rations, was actually come. One thinks of these creatures massacred like sheep, and one gets angry at being asked to admire the leaders who preached the crusade of rebellion."

"You speak only of spies, informers, and demagogues. How about those who fought from conviction?"

"I know nothing about them," he replied, looking me straight in the face. "My knowledge of rebels is chiefly derived from the informers."

It was a strange thing to say, but I came to understand it later on.

He threw his cigar-ash into the fireplace, and poured out a glass of the pale-yellow wine which he so much loved.

"Never mind my experience," he said, rising and standing over me, looking gigantic with his six feet two compared with my bent and shrunken form, crouched beneath him in a chair. "I am going to rest and be happy. I shall do no more work in the world. Henceforth I devote myself to Celia. Here is the health of my bride. Hoch!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WORLD AND THE WORD.

"COME to us, Cis, for a day or two," I said. "It will be a little change if it only keeps you out of the way of your persecutor."

It was a custom of old standing for Celia to spend a day or two with the captain; it did us good in brightening up the dingy old house. When Celia was coming we put flowers on the mantel-shelf, the captain went round rigging up the curtains with brighter ribbons, and he called it hoisting the bunting. The usual severity of our daily fare was de-

parted from, and the captain brought out, with his oldest flask, his oldest stories.

"He follows me about," she replied. "I can go nowhere without meeting him. If I go into a shop he is at the door when I come out; it is as if I was already his property."

"But he says nothing—he shows no impatience?"

"On Sunday evening I spoke to him. I asked him to give up his pursuit. I appealed to his honor—to his pity."

"He has no pity, Cis."

"To his very love for me, if he really loves me. I told him that it was impossible for me to give my consent. I burst into tears—what a shame to cry before him!—and he only laughed and called me his little April girl. 'Laugh, my little April girl; it rejoices me to see the cloud followed by the sunshine.' Then he asked me to tell him what I wanted him to do and he would do it. 'To tell my father that you have given up your project—to go away and leave me.' He said that he would do anything but give up the project; that his hope was more firmly grounded than ever, and that time would overcome my last objections to making him happy. What kind of love can that be which looks only to a way of making one's self happy?"

That had been my kind of love not very long before.

"I cannot speak to my father, but I see that he is changed. Not in his kindness to me—not that, but he is irritable; he drinks more wine than he should, and he is all the evening in his office now, and sometimes I see his eyes following me—poor papa! What is the meaning of it, Laddy? People do not usually promise their daughters to old men when they are eight years of age. Yet this is what he says papa did. Why did he do it? Do you think he lent papa money? You know we were not always so well off as we are now."

"I dare say money has something to do with it," I replied. "It seems to me that money has to do with everything that is disagreeable."

"It has," she said. "Why cannot people do without money altogether? But, if that is all, Aunt Jane and my Uncle Pontifex have plenty of money, and they would help me, I am sure."

"We cannot go to them for help yet. Patience, Cis—patience for a fortnight; we will tell Leonard when he comes home, and perhaps the captain, too."

"Patience!" she echoed. "One tries to be patient, but it is hard. It is not only that I could never love Herr Räumer, Laddy, but the very thought of passing my life with him makes me shake and tremble. I am afraid of him; his manner is smooth, but his voice is not; and his eyes are too bright and keen. I have seen him when he did not think it necessary to keep up that appearance of gentleness. I know that he despises women, because I once heard him make a cruel little sneer about us. And he pretends—he pretends to be religious, to please mamma. What sort of life should I have with him?"

What an end, then, would there be to our talks and hopes?"

I murmured something weak about the higher life being possible under all conditions, but I did not believe it. Life with Herr Räumer—the man who believed religion to be the invention of the priests—that this life was the beginning and the end; that there was nothing to be looked for from man and woman kind but from love of self—no honor, no virtue—what could the future of a girl exposed to daily and homely influences of such a man be like?

Love of self! Would it be, then, for love of self that Celia would accept him?

I suppose for strong natures life might be made to yield the fruits of the most sublime Christianity anywhere, even in a convict-hulk; but most of us require more fitting conditions. It is happy to think that no man is tried beyond his strength to bear, although in these latter days we have gone back to the old plan of making new hinderances to the maintenance of the higher spiritual levels, and calling them helps. There are plenty of daily crosses in our way which call for all our strength without adding the new and barbaric inconveniences of hunger and small privations. Fasting, as a Ritualist the other day confessed to me, only makes people cross. I should have pitied any girl, even the most commonplace of good English girls, whom Fate might single out to marry this cynical pessimist; how much more when the girl was one whose standard was so high and heart so pure! Should the clear current of a mountain-stream be mingled with the turbid water of a river in which no fish can live, foul from contact with many a factory by which it has wound its way, and from which it has brought nothing but the refuse and the scum? Are there not some men—I am sure Herr Räumer was one—who as they journey through the world gather up all its wickedness out of which they construct their own philosophy of existence? And this philosophy it was which he proposed to teach Celia.

"I shall instruct that sweet and unformed mind," he said to me one evening, in his lordly way, as if all was quite certain to come off that he proposed, "in the realities of the world. She is at present like a garden full of pretty, delicate flowers—your planting, my young friend; they shall be all pulled up, and we shall have instead—well—those flowers which go to make a woman of the world."

"I do not want to see Celia made into a woman of the world."

"You will not be her husband, Ladislas Pulaski. You only love her like a brother, you know. Ha! ha! And that is very lucky for me. And you do not know what a woman of the world is."

"Tell me what she is."

"I shall not go on living here. I shall live in London, Paris, Vienna, somewhere. My wife shall be a woman who will know from my teaching how to deal with men and how to find out women. As for the men she shall play with them like a cat with a mouse. She shall coax their little secrets out of

them, especially if they are diplomats; she shall make them tell her what she pleases."

"Why should they not tell her what she pleases? What secrets would Celia wish to hear?"

"*Jeune premier—chérubin*—you know nothing. They will be political secrets, and my wife will learn them for me. It is only France and Russia which really understand the noble game of feminine intrigue. I shall take my bride away, train her carefully, and with her take my proper place."

Always in the grand style; always this talk about diplomacy, secret service, and intrigue, and sometimes betraying, or perhaps ostentatiously showing, a curiously intimate acquaintance with courts and sovereigns. What, I wondered, was the previous history of this strange man?

"Celia has everything to learn, and a good deal to unlearn," he went on, thoughtfully. "I do not blame you in any particular, Ladislav. You have done your best. But she has to forget the old-fashioned provincial—or insular—axioms."

"God forbid!"

He laughed.

"You forget that you are not an Englishman, but a Slav. They are very pretty—these insular notions—that people marry for love—that people must always answer truthfully whatever comes of it—that if you want to get a thing you only have to march straightforward—that you must let your friends know all that you intend to do—that men care for anything but themselves—that—" He stopped for want of breath.

"Pray, go on," I said; "let us have the whole string of virtues dismissed as insular."

"Marriage for love! Was there ever greater nonsense? The best union that the history of the world speaks of was that of the Sabine maidens carried off by the Romans—carried off by perfect strangers. Picture to yourself the feelings of a proper English young lady under such circumstances. Celia certainly will never love me; but in time—in a short time—you shall see. When a girl sees that a man is in earnest, that if she appeals to his pity he laughs; if to his mercy he laughs; if to such trifles as disparity of religion or of age, he laughs—why, you see that woman ends by giving in. Besides, it is a compliment to her. I know that I have not your influence or good wishes. I did not expect them, and can do without them. You are as *romanesque* as your pupil—*ça va sans dire*. But I have her father's. She looks very pretty—very sweet indeed—when she gives me one of those upward looks of hers, which mean entreaty. What will she be when I have trained her to use those eyes for political purposes?"

It reminded me of a boy with a mouse in a trap. You know how pretty the creature is, her eyes bright with terror and despair, looking at you through the bars which she has been frantically gnawing all the night. Shame and pity to kill the pretty thing. One might tame her. So Herr Rümer, like the school-boy, admired his prisoner. She was caught in his cage—at least he thought so—she amused him; she

pleased his fancy; he would keep her for himself, caged and tamed.

So Celia came to us.

"I am in trouble," she said to the captain, "and I came here. Laddy knows what sort of trouble it is, but we ought not to speak of it just yet. Say something, dear captain, to help us."

The captain in his simple way took her in his arms and kissed her.

"What trouble can you have that your friends cannot get you out of? I won't ask. There are troubles enough of all sorts. All of them come from somebody disobeying orders. Have you followed instructions, my dear?"

"I have tried to, captain."

"Then there will be no great harm done, be sure. 'Like a tree planted by the rivers of water, his leaf shall not wither.' Now I tell you what we will do. We will blow some of the trouble away by a sail up the harbor. First let us have tea. I remember," the captain said, when he had finished his tea—"I remember in the action of Navarino, which you may have heard of, my pretty—Laddy, what are you sniggering at? Of course, Celia has heard of Navarino. Very well, then, you shall not hear that story, though it might be brought to bear upon the present trouble. The best of sea-actions is the use they can be put to in all sorts of private affairs. That is not generally known, Celia, my dear; and it makes an action the more interesting to read. Nelson's example always applies. Lay your guns low—nail your colors to the mast—pipe all hands for action; and then—alongside the enemy, however big she is. As to the rest, that's not your concern—and it's in good hands."

"I wish I knew what my duty was," said Celia.

"I wish you did, my dear. And you will know, turning it over in your own mind. I thank God that my life has been a simple one. I never saw any doubt about the line of duty. My orders have always been plain. My children," he added, solemnly, "we all start in life with sealed orders. Some men, when they open them, find them difficult to understand. Now the way to understand them—they are all here"—he laid his hand upon a certain book on the small table beside him—"is to remember, first of all, that duty has got to be done, and that we are not always out on a holiday-cruise in pleasant waters."

"I know," said Celia, "I know, captain"—the tears standing in her eyes.

"They talk about church-going and sermons," the captain went on; "well, it's part of the discipline. Must have order; church belongs to it—and I'm a plain man—and not asked for an opinion. But, Cis, my dear, and Laddy, there's one thing borne in upon me every day stronger. It is that we've got a model always before us. As Christ lived, we must live; those who live most like him, talk the least, because they think the more. I read once, in a book, of a statue of Christ. Now, whoever went to see that statue, however tall he was, found it just a little taller than himself. It was a

parable, Celia, I suppose. And it means that the nearer you get to Christ, the more you find that you cannot reach him. Be good, my children.—And now, Celia, if you will put on your hat, we will start. It's a fine evening, with a fair breeze, and we need not be back before nine. No more talk about troubles till to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT UP THE HARBOR.

THE sun was still high, but fast sloping westward; there was a strong breeze blowing up the harbor from the southwest, the tide was full, the water was bright, its wavelets touched by the sunshine, each one sparkling like a diamond with fifty facets; the old ships, bathed in the soft, evening light, looked as if they were resting from a long day's work, the hammers in the Dockyard were quiet, and, though the beach was crowded, it was with an idle throng, who congregated together to talk of ships, and they naturally tended in the direction of the beach, because the ships were in sight as illustrations. We kept our oars and mast with the running gear in safety in one of the houses on the Hard behind a shop. It was a strange and picturesque shop, where everything was sold that was useless and interesting—a museum of a shop; in the window were Malay creeses taken in some deadly encounter with pirates in the narrow seas; clubs richly carved and ornamented for some South Sea Island chief; beads worked in every kind of fashion; feathers, bits of costume, everything that a sailor picks up abroad, brings home in his chest, and sells for nothing to such an omnivorous dealer as the owner of this shop. He, indeed, was as strange as his shop. He had been a purser's clerk, and in that capacity had once as strange an experience as I ever heard. He told it me one evening when, by the light of a single candle, I was looking at some things in his back-parlor. Some day, perhaps, I will tell that story. Not now. Some day, too, perhaps, I will write down what I can recollect of the stories he told me connected with his collection. There is no reason now for suppressing them any longer; he is dead, and all those whose mouth-piece he was are dead too. I think that in every man over forty there lies, mostly only known to himself, a strange and wondrous tale. Could he tell it as it really happened, it would be the story of how events perfectly commonplace in the eyes of other people acted upon him like strokes of Fate, crushing the higher hope that was in him, and condemning him to penal servitude for life, to remain upon the lower levels. Because it is mostly true that many run, but to one only is given the prize. Am I—are you—the only one whom Fortune has mocked? *Nos numerus sumus*, the name of the Unfortunate is Legion; no one has the exclusive right to complain. To fifty Fate holds out the golden apples of success, and one only gets them.

We took our sculls and sails from the shop, and rigged our craft. She was built something on the lines of a wherry, for seaworthiness, a strong, serviceable boat, not too heavy for a pair of sculls, and not too light to sail under good press of canvas. Everybody knew us on the beach—the boatmen, the old sailors, and the sailors' wives, who were out with the children because the weather was so fine. All had a word to say to the captain, touching their forelocks by way of preface. One carried our oars, another launched the boat, another sent a boy for a couple of rough sea-rugs, because the wind was high, and the young lady might get wet, and in the midst of the general excitement we jumped in and pushed off.

Celia sat in the stern, one of the rugs serving as a cushion, and held the rudder-strings. The captain sat opposite her; I took the sculls to row her clear of the beach, until we could hoist our sail.

"This is what I like," said the captain, dragging a little more of the water-proof over Celia's feet in his careful way. "A bright day, a breeze aft, but not dead aft—Laddy, we shall have some trouble getting back—a tight little boat, and a pretty girl like little Cis in command. Aha! Catch an old salt insensible to lovely woman:

'Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored.'

Celia laughed. Her spirits rose as each dip of the sculls lengthened our distance from the shore, and made her certain of escaping, at least for one evening, from her persecutor. She wore some pretty sort of brown-holland stuff made into a jacket, and braided with a zigzag Vandyck pattern in red. I do not know how I remember that pattern of the braid, but it seems as if I remember every detail of that evening—her bright and animated face flushed with the pleasure and excitement of the little voyage, rosy in the evening sunshine, the merry eyes with which she turned to greet the captain's little compliment, the halo of youth and grace which lay about her, the very contour of her figure as she leaned aside, holding both the rudder-strings on one side. I remember the little picture just as if it was yesterday.

Outside the ruck of boats which came and went between the opposite shores of the port, we were in free and open water, and could ship the sculls and hoist our sail for a run up-harbor.

The sail up, I came aft, and sat down in the bottom of the ship, while the captain held the rope and Celia the strings. And for a space none of us talked.

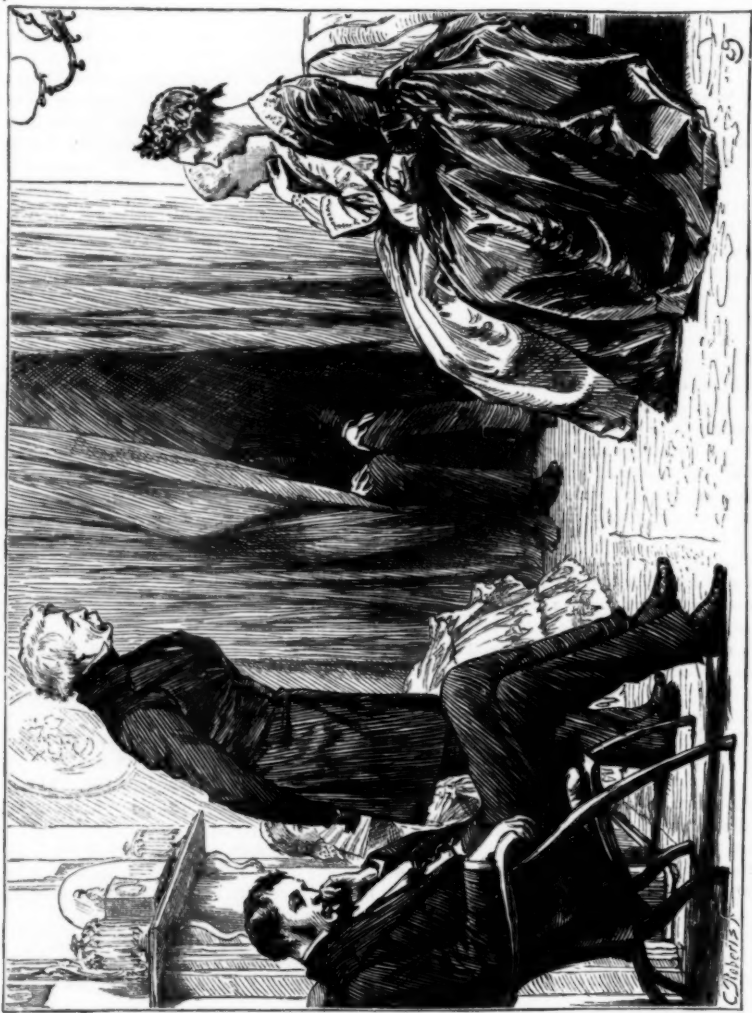
Our course carried us past the docks and the shore-line buildings of the Dockyard. There were the white wharves, the cranes, the derricks, and all sorts of capstans, chains, and other gear for lifting and hoisting; the steam-tugs were lying alongside; all as deserted and as quiet as if the yard belonged to some old civilization. Bright as the evening was, the effect was rather ghostly, as we glided, silent

save for the rippling at the bows, along the silent bank. Presently, we came to the building-sheds. Some of them were open and empty; some were closed; within each of the closed sheds lay, we knew, the skeleton, the half-finished frame, of a mighty man-o'-war—some of them but just begun; some ready to be launched; some, the deserted and neglected offspring of some by-gone First Lord's ex-

the windows. Fancy seeing the transparent outline of some old three-decker, say the great Victory, as she went down with a thousand men aboard, lying upon the timber-shores—

"With the ghosts of the old ship-builders," said Celia, "walking about with their hands behind them, criticising the new-fashioned models."

"More likely to be swearing at steam," said the



"He planted himself on the hearth-rug with an assured air."—Page 113.

perimental ignorance, lying as they had lain for thirty years, waiting for the order to be finished off and launched.

"Think of the twilight solitude in those great empty sheds, Cis," I whispered. "Think of the ghosts of wrecked ships haunting the places where they were built when the moonlight streams in at

captain. The new-fashioned models! Where are they now, the ships which were on the slips twenty years ago—the Duke of Marlborough, the Prince of Wales, the Royal Frederick, the Royal Sovereign? Where is last year's snow? They are harbor-ships, ships cut down and altered into iron-clads, and of a date gone out of fashion.

There were many more ships in harbor then than now; we had not yet learned to put all our trust in iron, and where we have one serviceable fighting-vessel now we had twenty then. No hulk in the good old days that could float and could steer but could fight; there were no torpedoes, no rams, no iron vessels, no venomous little monitors. To lay yourself alongside an enemy and give broadside for broadside till one tired of it, was the good old fashion of a naval battle. What is it now?

Again, twenty years ago, they did not break up and destroy every vessel that seemed to be past service. She was towed up-harbor and left there moored in her place, to furnish at least house accommodation for a warrant-officer, if she could be of no other use. There were hundreds of ships there lying idle, their work over; some of them were coal-hulks, some convict-hulks, some receiving-hulks; most were old pensioners who did no work any more, floating at high tide, and at low lying in the soft cushion of the harbor-mud. Presently we ran among them all, passing in and out, and through their lines. Then I took the rudder-strings, so that Celia might look while the captain talked.

He pushed his hat well back, sat upright, and began to look up and down the familiar craft with the eye of an old friend anxious to see them looking their best. It was not much they could show in the way of decoration, but the figure-heads were there still, and the balconies and carvings of the stern were mostly uninjured. As for the hull, it had generally been painted either black, white, or yellow. There were no masts, but they had jurmasts to serve as derricks on occasion.

"That is the Queen Charlotte, my dear. She was flag-ship at Algiers when Lord Exmouth showed the Moors we would stand no more nonsense. We've fought a good many naval actions, but I think that business was about the best day's work we ever did. I was chasing Arab *dhow*s and slavers off Zanzibar, and hadn't the chance of doing my share of the work. In 1816, that was—

"Look—look—Celia! Look, children. There's the old Asia. God bless her! Flag-ship, Celia, at Navarino. My old ship—my one battle. Ah! Navarino. They say now it was a mistake, and that we only played the Russians' game. No chance of doing that again. But anyhow it was a glorious victory." The recollection of that day was always too much for the captain, and he might have gone on the whole evening with personal reminiscences of the battle, but for the breeze which freshened up and carried us past the Asia.

"No confounded steam," he growled, "no wheels and smoke spoiling the decks; quiet, easy sailing, and no noise allowed aboard until the guns began to speak.—Port, Laddy.—That is the Princess Charlotte, Celia. Forty people were drowned when she was launched; and a good many more went below when she made herself heard at Acre. I was not there either, more's the pity. I was cruising about the narrow seas picking up pirates off Borneo.

"There is the Egmont. She fought the French

fleet in 1795, and the Spaniards in 1797. Good old craft. Stout old man-o'-war.

"That is the Illustrious, moored in line with the Egmont. She was with her in '95, and I think she helped to take Java in 1811. We used, in those days, you see, Celia, if we wanted a place that belonged to the enemy, just to go and take it. Not that we were so unmannerly as not to give them a civil choice. We used to say, 'Gentlemen, Señors, Caballeros, Mynheer Double Dutchman,' as the case might be, 'we've come here to haul down your bunting and run up the Union Jack, over your snug quarters. So, as perhaps you would not like to give in without a bit of a fight, you had better ram in your charge and we'll give you a lead.' Then the action began, and after a respectable quantity of powder was burned they struck their colors, we went ashore, the men had a spree, and the officers made themselves agreeable to the young ladies."

"Did not the young ladies object to making friends with the enemy?"

"Not at all, my dear. Why should they? We did them no wrong, and we generally represented the popular side; they wanted to be taken by the British fleet, which meant safety as well as flirtation. And we enjoyed our bit of fighting first. Did you ever hear of Captain Willoughby in Mahébourg Bay, island of Mauritius? Well, that's an unlucky story, because it ended badly, and instead of Willoughby taking the island the island took him. Ran his ship ashore. She turned on her side, so that her guns couldn't be brought to bear. They found the captain with one eye out and a leg shot off. The French captain had a leg shot off too, and so they put them both in the same bed, where they got better, and drank each other's health. The worst of it was, that what we sailors got for England the politicians gave away again when they signed a peace. We let the Dutch have Java, we let the French have Bourbon and Guadaloupe. I wonder we didn't give New Zealand to the Americans, and I dare say we should if they had thought of asking for it.

"That is the Colossus, my dear. Good old ship, too; she was at Trafalgar. There is the Alfred, who helped to take Guadaloupe in 1810, and the Æolus frigate. She fired a shot or two at Martinique the year before. Look at them, the row of beauties; forty-two-pounders, the handiest and most murderous craft that ever went to sea; and look at the sloops and the little three-gun brigantines. I had one under my command once. And there is the Columbine."

The captain began to sing:

"The Trinculo may do her best,
And the Alert so fleet, sir;
Alert she is, but then she's not
Alert enough to beat, sir."

"The Acorn and the Satellite
Their efforts, too, may try, sir,
But if they beat the Columbine,
Why, dash it!—they must fly, sir."

"They will build no more such ships; seaman-

ship means poking the fire. Look at those things now."

He pointed with great contempt to the war-steamers. Those of 1858 would be thought harmless things enough now. Two or three had screws, but most had the old paddles. The Duke of Wellington, of one hundred and thirty guns, carried a screw; so did the Blenheim, the Archer, and the Encounter, all of which were lying in the harbor. But the Odin, the Basilisk, and the Sidon, were splendid paddle-steamers. Among them lay the Megera, a troop-ship afterward wrecked on St. Paul's Island; the queen's steam-yacht, the Fairy, as pretty a craft as ever floated, in which her majesty used to run to and fro between Osborne and the port; the Victoria and Albert, the larger royal yacht; and the pretty little Bee, smallest steamer afloat before they invented the noisy little steam-launches to kill the fish, to tear down the banks of the rivers, and to take the bread out of the mouths of the old wherry-men in our harbor.

We were drawing near the last of the big ships.

"There, Celia, look at that craft!" cried the captain. "Do you see anything remarkable about her?"

"No; only she is yellow."

"That is because she is a receiving-hulk," he informed her, with the calmness that comes of a whole reservoir of knowledge behind. "It is in her cut that I mean. Don't you remark the cut of her stern, the lines of her bows?"

She shook her head, and laughed.

"Oh, the ignorance of womankind!" said the captain. "My dear, she's French. Now you see." Again Celia shook her head.

"Well," he sighed, "I suppose it's no use trying to make a young lady understand such a simple thing. If it had been a bit of lace now, or any other fal-lal and flap-doodle—never mind, my pretty, you're wise enough upon your own lines. That is the Blonde, my dear, and she is one of the very last of the old prizes left. When she is broken up I don't know where I could go to look for another of the old French prizes. My father, who was a master in the navy, navigated her into this very port. She struck her flag off Brest.

"It is a page of history, children," he went on, "this old harbor. They ought to keep all the ships just as they are, and never break up one till she drops to pieces. The brave old ships! It seems a shame, too, to turn them into coal-hulks and convict-hulks. I would paint them every year, and keep them for the boys and girls to see. 'These are the craft of the old fighting bull-dogs,' I would tell them. 'You've got to fight your own battles in a different sort of way; but be bull-dogs, however you go into action, and you'll pull through just as your fathers did.'

"I saw a sight when I was a boy," the captain went on, "that you'll never see again unless the Lords of the Admiralty take my advice and give over breaking up ships. I saw the last of the oldest ship in the service. She was the Royal William, eighty

guns. That ship was built for Charles II., sailed for James II., and fought off and on for a hundred and forty years. Then they broke her up—in 1812—because, I suppose, they were tired of looking at her. She ought to be afloat now, for sounder timber you never saw."

"Shall we down sail and out sculls?" I asked.

The captain answered by a gesture, and we kept on our course. The tide was running out rapidly.

"Five minutes more, Laddy," he said. "We've time to go as far as Jack the Painter's Point, and then we'll come down easy and comfortable with the last of the ebb."

We had left the lines of ships and hulks behind us now, and were sailing over the broad surface of the upper harbor, where it is wise even at high tide to keep to the creeks, the lines of which are indicated by posts. In these there lay, so old that they had long since been forgotten, some half a dozen black hulls, each tenanted by a single ex-warrant officer with his family. Even the captain, who knew most ships, could not tell the history of these mysterious vessels. What life, I used to think as a boy, could compare with that of being the only man on board one of these old ships? Fancy being left in charge of such a vessel, yourself all alone, or perhaps with Leonard moored alongside also in charge of one. Robinson Crusoe in his most solitary moments could not have felt happier. Then to wander and explore the great empty ship; to open the cabin and look in the old lockers; to roam about in the dim silences of the lower deck, the twilight of the orlop; the mysterious shades of the cockpit, and to gaze down the impenetrable Erebus of the hold. To this day I can never go on board a great ship without a feeling of mysterious treasures and strange secrets lurking in the depths below me. And what a place for ghosts! Think, if you could constrain the ghosts on those old ships to speak, what tales they could tell of privateering, of pirating, of perils on the Spanish Main, of adventure, of pillage, and of glory. There may be a ghost or two in old inns, deserted houses, ruined castles, and country churchyards. But they are nothing, they can be nothing, compared with the ghosts on an old ship lying forgotten up the harbor. Cis shudders, and thinks she can get on very well without ghosts, and that when she wants their society she would rather meet them ashore.

"That ships may be haunted," said the captain, gravely, "is true beyond a doubt. Every sailor will tell you that. Did you never hear how we were haunted aboard the Fearnought by the ghost of the purser's clerk?"

I have always regretted, for Celia's sake, that we did not hear that story. The captain stopped because we were close on Jack the Painter's Point, and we had to attend to the boat.

The point was a low-lying, narrow tongue of land, with one solitary tree upon it, running out into the harbor. It had an edging or beach of dingy sand, behind which the turf began in knots of long, coarse grass, between which, at high tide, the ground was

soft and marshy; when the water was out it was difficult to tell where the mud ended and the land began. Now, when the tide was at its highest, the little point, lapped by the waves and backed by its single tree, made a pretty picture. It was a lonely and deserted spot, far away from any house or inhabited place; there was not even a road near it; behind was a barren field of poor grass where geese picked up a living with anxiety and continual effort; and it was haunted by the gloomiest associations, because here the ghost of Jack the Painter walked.

It was not a fact open to doubt, like some stories of haunted places; Jack had been seen by a crowd of witnesses, respectable mariners, whose testimony was free from any tinge of doubt. It walked after nightfall—it walked backward and forward, up and down the narrow tongue of land; it walked with its hands clasped behind its neck, and its head bent forward as if in pain. Anybody might be in pain after hanging for years in chains. Imitate that action, and conjure up, if you can, the horror of such an attitude when assumed by a ghost.

The story of Painter Jack was an episode in the last century. He belonged to the fraternity of ropemakers, a special guild in this port, the members of which enjoyed the privilege, whenever the sovereign paid the place a visit, of marching in procession, clad in white jackets, nankeen trousers, and blue sashes, in front of the royal carriage. The possession of his share in this privilege ought to have made Jack, as it doubtless made the rest of his brethren, virtuous and happy. It did not. Jack became moody, and nursed thoughts of greatness. Unfortunately, his ambitions led him in the same direction as those of the illustrious Erostratus. He achieved greatness by setting fire to the rope-walk. They found out who had done it, after the fire was over and a vast amount of damage had been perpetrated, and they tried the unlucky Jack for the offense. He confessed, made an edifying end, and was hanged in chains on that very point which now bears his name. It was in 1776, and twenty years ago there were still people who remembered the horrid gibbet and the black body, tarred, shapeless, hanging in chains, and swinging stridently to and fro in the breeze. Other gentlemen who were gibbeted in the course of the same century had friends to come secretly and take them down. Mr. Bryan, for instance, was one. He for a brief space kept company with Painter Jack, hanging beside him, clad handsomely in black velvet, new shoes, and a laced shirt. He was secretly removed by his relations. Williams the marine was another; he was popular in the force, and his comrades took him down. So that poor Jack was left quite alone in that dreary place, and, partly out of habit, partly because it had no more pleasant places of resort, the ghost continued to roam about the spot where the body had hung so long.

"Down sail, out sculls," said the captain. "Hard a port, Celia. We'll drop down easy and comfortable with the tide. How fast it runs out!" It was too late to think of tacking home with the wind dead against us, and the tide was strong in our

favor. I took the sculls and began mechanically to row, looking at Celia. She was more silent now. Perhaps she was thinking of her persistent lover, for the lines of her mouth were set hard. I do not know what the captain was thinking of—perhaps of Leonard. However that may be, we were a boat's crew without a coxswain for a few minutes.

"Laddy!" cried the captain, starting up, "where have we got to?"

I held up and looked round. The tide was running out faster than I had ever known it. We were in the middle of one of the great banks of mud, and there was, I felt at once, but a single inch between the keel and the mud. I grasped the sculls again, and pulled as hard as I knew, but it was of no use. The next moment we touched; then a desperate struggle to pull her through the mud; then we stuck fast, and, like the water flowing out of a cup, the tide ran away from the mud-bank, leaving us high and dry, fast prisoners for six hours.

We looked at each other in dismay.

Then the captain laughed.

"Not the first boat's crew that has had to pass the night on the mud," he said, cheerfully. "Lucky we've got the wraps.—Celia, my dear, do you think you shall mind it very much? We will put you to sleep in the stern while Laddy and I keep watch and watch. No supper, though. Poor little maid! Poor Celia!"

She only laughed. She liked the adventure.

There was no help for it, not the slightest. Like it or not, we had to pass the night where we were, unless we could wade, waist-deep, for a mile through black mud to Jack the Painter's Point.

The tide, which had left us on the bank, had retreated from the whole upper part of the harbor. But the surface of the mud was still wet, and the splendor of the setting sun made it look like a vast expanse of molten gold. One might have been on the broad ocean, with nothing to break the boundless view but a single, solitary islet with a tree on it, for so seemed the Point of Painter Jack. The sky was cloudless, save in the west, where the light mists of evening were gathered together, like the courtiers at the *coucher du roi*, to take farewell of the sun, clad in their gorgeous dresses of pearl-gray, yellow, crimson, and emerald. Athwart the face of the setting sun, a purple cleft in light and cloud, stood up the solitary poplar on the Point. Bathed and surrounded by the western glory, it seemed to have lost all restraints of distance, and to form, in the far-off splendor, part and parcel of the sapphire-tinted west.

As we looked, the sun sank with a plunge; the evening-gun from the Duke of York's bastion over the mouth of the harbor saluted the departure of day. The courtier clouds did not immediately disperse, but slowly began putting off their bright apparel.

In a quarter of an hour the outside clouds were gray; in half an hour all were gray; and presently we began to see the stars clear and bright in the cloudless sky.

"The day is gone," murmured Celia, "morn is breaking somewhere beyond the Atlantic. We

ought not to let the thoughts of our own selfish cares spoil the evening, but, when the sun sank, my heart sank too."

"Faith and hope, my pretty," said the captain. "Come, it is nearly nine o'clock. Let us have evening prayers and turn in."

This was our godly custom before supper. The captain read a chapter—he was not particular what—regarding all chapters as so many articles or rules of the ship, containing well-defined duties, on the proper performance of which rested the hope of future promotion. On this occasion we had no chapter, naturally. But we all stood up while the captain took off his hat and recited one or two prayers. Then Celia and I sang the Evening Hymn. Our voices sounded strange in the immensity of the heavens above us—strange and small.

And then we sat down, and the captain began to wrap Celia round in the water-proofs. She refused to have more than one, and we finally persuaded him to take one for himself—they were good-sized, serviceable things, fortunately—and to leave us the other. We all three sat down in the stern of the boat, the captain on the boards with his elbow on the seat, and Celia and I side by side, the rug-wrapped round us, close together.

Ashore, the bells of the old church were playing their hymn-tune, followed by the curfew.

"The bells sound sweetly across the water," murmured Celia. "Listen, Laddy, what do they say?"

"I know what the big bell says," I reply. "It has written upon it what it says:

'We good people all
To prayers do call.
We honor to king,
And brides joy do bring.
Good tidings we tell,
And ring the dead's knell.'

"Good tidings we tell," she whispers. "What good tidings for us, Laddy?"

"I will tell you presently," I say, "when I have made them out."

The bells cease, and silence falls upon us. It has grown darker, but there is no real darkness during this summer night, only a twilight, which makes the shadows black. As we look down the harbor where the ships lie, it is a scene of enchantment. For the men-o'-war's lights, not regular, but scattered here and there over the dark waters, light up the harbor, and produce an effect stranger than any theatrical scene.

Said the captain, thinking still of the ships:

"A ship's life is like a man's life. She is put in commission after years of work to fit her up—that's our education. She sails away on the business of the country; she has storms and calms, so have the land-lubbers ashore; she has good captains and bad captains; she has times of good behavior and times of bad; sometimes she's wrecked—well, there's many a good fellow thrown away so—sometimes she goes down in action, nothing finer than that; and sometimes she spends the rest of her life up in harbor. Well for her if she isn't made a convict-hulk.

—Celia, my dear, you are comfortable, and not too cold?"

"Not a bit cold, captain, thank you, only rather hungry."

There was no help for that, and the captain, announcing his intention to turn in, enjoined me to wake him at twelve, so that we two could keep watch and watch about, covered his head with the rug, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

Then Celia and I had the night all to ourselves.

We were sitting close together, with the waterproof round our shoulders. Presently, getting a little cramped, Celia slipped down from the seat, and curled herself up close to the sleeping captain, resting her head upon my knees, while I laid my arm round her neck.

Was it treachery when I had striven to beat down and conquer a passion which was not by any means fraternal for me to feel as if there had never been a perfect night since the world for me began till this one? I wished it would last forever. When before had I had my queen all to myself in the long, sweet silences of a summer night? And none to hear what we said.

There was no word of love, because that was all one side, but there was talk. We did not sleep that night. The air was soft and warm, though sometimes came a cold touch of wind which made us pull the wraps tighter, and nestle close to each other. But we talked in low whispers, partly because the night is a sacred time, and partly because we were careful not to wake the captain.

"Tell me now," she whispered—"tell me the good tidings of the bells."

I thought of Leonard's last secret which he told me when he left me on the platform of the station. "Tell Cis?" he said. "That would spoil all." Yet I did tell Cis. I told her that night.

"The bells said, Cis, that there only wanted a fortnight to Leonard's return. He will come back brave and strong."

"And he will make all right," she cried, eagerly, clasping my hand in hers. "Go on, Laddy dear."

"He will make all right. The German shall be sent about his business, and—and—"

"And we all shall go on just as we used to, Laddy."

"N—not quite, Cis. When Leonard went away he told me a great secret. I was not to tell anybody. And I should not tell you now, only that I think it will do good to both of us that you should know it. Tell me, my sister, you have not forgotten Leonard?"

"Forgotten Leonard? Laddy, how could I?"

"You think of him still. You remember how brave and true he was; how he loved—us both—"

"I remember all, Laddy."

"When he left me, Cis, he told me—hush! let me whisper—low—low—in your ear—that his greatest hope was to come back in five years' time a gentleman—to find you free—and to ask you—to ask you, Cis—to marry him."

She did not answer, but, as she lay in the boat,

her hands holding mine, her face bent down, I felt a tear fall on my finger; I do not think it was a tear of sorrow.

"You are not offended, Cis dear," I whispered; "I have not done wrong in telling you?"

"Let it be a secret between you and me, Laddy," she said, presently. "Do not let us ever speak of it again."

"Cis, you told me once that you would hide nothing from me. Tell me—if Leonard asked you—"

She threw her arms round my neck, and hid her face upon my shoulder.

"Laddy," she whispered, "there is no day, in all these five years, that I have not prayed, night and morning, for Leonard."

Then we were silent.

The hours sped too swiftly, marked by the bells of the ships in commission. About two in the morning the tide began to turn, and the day began to break. First, the dull-black surface of the flats became wet, and glittered in the light. Then the water slowly crept up and covered all; it took time to reach us, because we were on a bank. And all the time we watched the gray in the east grew tinged with all colors; and the wild-fowl rose-out of their sleeping-places by the shore, and flew screaming heavenward in long lines or arrow-headed angles. And presently the sun arose, splendid.

"Laddy," whispered Celia, for the captain still slept, "this is more glorious than the evening."

At six bells, which is three in the morning, we floated. I noiselessly stepped over the sleeping form of the captain, and took the sculls, dipping them in the water as softly as I could. He did not awake until half an hour later, when our bows struck the beach, and at the noise the captain started up. It was nearly four o'clock; no boats were on the harbor; the stillness contrasted strangely with the light of the summer morning.

"Laddy," grumbled the captain, "you've kept double watch. You call that sailor-like?—Celia, my dear, you have not caught cold?"

When we reached home the captain insisted on our going to bed.

"We have passed a night I shall never forget, Laddy," said Celia at her door.

"A sacred night, Cis."

She stooped down, my tall and gracious lady, and kissed my forehead.

"What should I do without you, Laddy? To have some one in the world to whom you can tell everything and not be ashamed, not be afraid. To-night has brought us very close together."

I think it had. After it we were more as we had been when children. My Celia, the maiden of sweet reserve, came back to me a child again, and told me all.

No need now to speak again of Leonard. It remained only to look forward and hope and long for the weary days to pass away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. PONTIFEX ASKS WHAT IT MEANS.

THAT was a night consecrated to every kind of sweet memories. It was quite in the nature of things that it should be followed by one of a more worldly kind. In fact, the next day, to put the matter in plain English, we had a great row, a family row.

It began with Aunt Jane. She came to tea, accompanied by her husband; and she came with the evident intention of speaking her mind. This made us uneasy from the beginning, and, although Mrs. Tyrrell attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters by producing her very best tea-service, an honor which Mrs. Pontifex was certain to appreciate, she failed. Even tea-services in pink and gold, with the rich silver teapot, accompanied by a lavish expenditure in seedcake, and Sally Lunn's, and muffins, failed to bring a smile to that severe visage. Mrs. Pontifex was dressed for the occasion in a pyramidal cap trimmed with lace, beneath which her horizontal curls showed like the modest violet peeping between April leaves of grass. She wore her most rustling of black-silk robes, and the most glittering of her stud-clasps in the black-velvet ribbon which girt her brow. She sat bolt upright in her chair; and such was her remarkable strength of character, testimony to which has already been given by her husband, that she struck the key-note to the banquet, and made it joyless.

Who could be festive when Mrs. Pontifex icily refused sugar with her tea, and proceeded to deny that luxury to her husband?

"No, John Pontifex," she said. "It is high time to set less store upon creature comforts.—No sugar, Celia, in my husband's tea."

Mr. Pontifex meekly acquiesced. He was already in the most profound depths of depression when he arrived, and a cup of tea without sugar was only another addition to his burden of melancholy. I conjectured that he had passed the afternoon in the receipt of spiritual nagging. In this art his wife was a proficient; and, although nagging of all kinds must be intolerable, I think the religious kind must be the most intolerable. The unfortunate man made no effort to recover his cheerfulness, and sat silent, as upright as his wife, the cup of unsweetened tea in his hand, staring straight before him. Once, his wife looking the other way, he caught my eye, and shook his head solemnly.

Under these circumstances, we all ran before the gale close reefed.

It was a bad sign that Mrs. Pontifex did not talk. If she had been critically snappish, if she had told her niece that her cap was unbecoming, or Celia that her frock was unmaidenly, or me that an account would be required of me for my idle time—a very common way she had of making things pleasant—one would not have minded. But she did not speak at all, and that terrified us. Now and then she opened her lips, which moved silently, and then

closed with a snap, as if she had just framed and fired off a thunderbolt of speech. Her husband remarked one of these movements, and, immediately replacing his cup upon the table, softly rose and effaced himself behind the window-curtains, where he sat with only a pair of trembling knees visible. Mr. Tyrrell pretended to be at his ease, but was not. His wife was not, and did not pretend to be. As soon as we reasonably could we rang the bell for the tea-things to be removed, and began some music. This was part of the regular programme, though no one suspected Mrs. Pontifex or her husband of any love for harmony. And while we were playing came Herr Räumer, at sight of whom Mrs. Pontifex drew herself up more stiffly than before, and coughed ominously.

He looked very fresh and young, this elderly forger. He was dressed neatly in a buttoned frock (no one in our circle wore evening-dress for a gathering under the rank of dinner-party or dance), and had a rose in a button-hole. A little bit of scarlet ribbon in his breast showed that he was the possessor of some foreign order. In his greeting of Celia he showed a Romeo-like elasticity and youthfulness, and he planted himself on the hearth-rug with an assured air, as if the place and all that was in it belonged to him.

In front of him, upon a small couch, sat Mrs. Pontifex, her lips moving rapidly, and her brow darker than ever. Either Herr Räumer was going to interrupt the battle, or he was himself the cause of it. Celia rose from the piano, and sat beside her great-aunt. Mr. Tyrrell was in an easy-chair on one side the fireplace, and his wife on the other, fanning herself, though it was by no means a warm night. As I said before, Mr. Pontifex was in hiding. I sat on the music-stool, and looked on. Had there been any way of escape, I should have taken advantage of that way. But there was none.

The awful silence was broken by Aunt Jane.

"Be ye not yoked unequally with unbelievers," she said. Then her lips closed with a snap.

No one answered for a while. The curtain alone, behind which was her husband, showed signs of agitation.

"John Pontifex!" said his wife. "Assist me."

He obeyed immediately, and took up a position behind her, standing opposite to the German. He looked very, very meek.

"John Pontifex and I were talking this afternoon, Clara Tyrrell and George Tyrrell, and we naturally discussed the strange—the very strange—rumors that are afloat with regard to Celia. Her name, George Tyrrell, has been coupled with that of this—this foreign gentleman here."

Mr. Pontifex shook his head as if more in sorrow than in anger.

"It is—alas!—the fact that such rumors are prevalent."

"You hear, George Tyrrell?" she went on.

"I hear," he replied. "The rumors are not without foundation."

Poor Celia!

"I announced to John Pontifex, this afternoon, my intention of speaking my mind on this matter, and speaking it in the actual presence of Herr Räumer himself, if necessary."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, madam," said that gentleman, with a bow. "I wish that I was already in a position to ask for your congratulations."

"Flap-doodle and fudge!" said Aunt Jane. I do not defend this expression, but it was her own, reserved for use on those occasions which required the greatest strength of the English language.

All trembled except the German. Celia, by-the-way, except that she looked pale, took no apparent interest in the conversation.

"Congratulations are useless ornaments of conversation," he said. "That, I presume, is what you mean, Mrs. Pontifex?"

She snorted.

"Pray, sir—will you tell us, first, to what religious persuasion you belong?"

The unexpected question staggered him for a moment. I thought he was lost. But he recovered.

"My excellent parents," he said, "who are now no longer living, brought me up in the strictest school—Mrs. Pontifex is, I believe, a member of the Anglican Church—of German Calvinism."

"And what church do you attend in this town?"

"Unfortunately, there is no church of my views in this town. The English churches, however, approach my distinctive doctrines near enough for me." He said this meekly, as if conscious of a superiority which he would not press.

"No blessing shall come from me on any marriage where both members are not communicants of the English Establishment."

She said that with an air of determination, as if the matter was settled.

Herr Räumer laughed softly.

"If that is your only objection, my dear madam, it is easily removed. *Mademoiselle vaut bien une messe.*"

"I do not understand French."

"I mean that love, coupled with a short conversation with your learned husband over a few doctrinal difficulties, would permit me to present myself to you in the novel character of a communicant."

He overacted the speech, and no one could fail to see the sneer behind it.

"John Pontifex!"

"My dear, I am—in point of fact—behind you."

"You hear what this gentleman says. You can hold a discussion with him in my presence. If, in my opinion, he proves himself worthy of our communion, I shall withdraw that part of my objection."

"It is true," said John Pontifex, "that I am not at the present moment—alas!—deeply versed in the points which—ahem—separate us from German Calvinism. But no doubt Herr Räumer will enlighten me."

"Or," said the suitor, rolling his head, "let me refer myself to a fairer theologian. Celia herself shall convert me."

Celia made no sign.

"This is mockery," Mrs. Pontifex ejaculated. "But it is what I expected, and indeed said to John Pontifex as we drove here. That a foreigner should value Christian privileges is hardly to be looked for."

"That is, I believe," said Herr Rümer, with the faintest possible suspicion of contempt in his smooth tones, "the prevalent belief among English people. And yet no Englishman has yet publicly doubted that even a foreigner has a soul to be saved."

"Or lost," said Mrs. Pontifex, sternly.

Her husband, who was still standing meekly beside her, his long arms dangling at either side, looking exactly like a tall schoolboy afraid of his schoolmaster, groaned audibly.

"Or lost," echoed Herr Rümer.

"And, pray, sir, if I may ask, what are your means of existence? No doubt Mr. Tyrrell knows all about your family and the way in which you get your living, but we have not yet been informed, and we also have an interest in Celia Tyrrell."

"I have private property," he replied, looking at Mr. Tyrrell, "on the nature of which I have satisfied the young lady's father."

"Perfectly, perfectly," said Mr. Tyrrell.

"How do we know but what you have a wife somewhere else—in Germany, or wherever you come from?"

"Madame's intentions are no doubt praiseworthy, though her questions are not, perhaps, quite conventional. However, there is no question I would not answer to secure the friendship of Celia's great-aunt. I have no wife in Germany. Consider, Mrs. Pontifex, I have resided in this town for some twelve years. Would my wife, if I had one, be contented to languish in solitude and neglect? Would you, Mrs. Pontifex, allow your husband to live as a bachelor—perhaps a wild and gay bachelor—at a distance from yourself?"

The Rev. Mr. Pontifex smiled and sighed. Did he allow his imagination even for a moment to dwell on the possibility of a wild and rollicking life away from his wife?

"My wild-oats," he said, very slowly, with emphasis on each word, and shaking his head—"my wild-oats—are long since—ahem!—if I may be allowed the figure of speech—sown."

"John Pontifex," said his wife, "we are not interested in your early sins."

"I was about to remark, my dear, that they have produced—alas!—their usual crop of repentance—that is all. The wages of youthful levity—"

"We will allow, Herr Rümer," Mrs. Pontifex interrupted her husband, "that you are what you represent yourself to be. You have means, you are a bachelor, and you are a Christian. Well, my questions are not, as you say, conventional, but Celia is my grand-niece, and will have my money when my husband and I are called away. It is no small thing you are seeking."

"I am aware of it," he replied. "I am glad for your sake that your money is not a small thing."

This he should not have said, because it was impolitic.

"I have one question more to ask you," said Mrs. Pontifex, drawing herself more upright than ever. "You are, I understand, some sixty years of age."

"I am sixty-two," he replied, blandly. "It is my great misfortune to have been born forty-four years before Miss Celia Tyrrell."

"Then, in the name of goodness," she cried, "what on earth do you want with a young wife? You are only three years younger than I. You might just as well ask me to marry you."

"My dear!" cried John Pontifex, in natural alarm.

"I cannot, madam," Herr Rümer replied, "however much one might desire such a consummation—I cannot ask you in the very presence of your husband."

Everybody laughed, including Celia, and Aunt Jane drew herself up proudly.

"You disgraceful man!" she said. "How dare you say such things to me? If John Pontifex were not in Holy Orders, I should expect him to—"

"I fear I should do so, my dear," John Pontifex interposed. "I am sure, in fact, that, without the—ahem!—the deterrent influence of my cloth, I should do so."

"I am unfortunate this evening," the German went on, still bland and smiling. "I am advanced in years. All the more reason why a young lady—of Christian principles—should assist me in passing those years pleasantly."

"Pleasantly?" she echoed. "Is all you think of—to pass the last years of your life pleasantly? Would I allow my husband to pass his time in mere pleasantness?"

"You would not, my dear," said John Pontifex, firmly.

"Mere pleasantness: a fool's paradise. George and Clara Tyrrell, I am your aunt, and entitled, I believe, to be heard."

"Surely," said Mr. Tyrrell. "Pray say what you think."

Celia laid her hand on her aunt's arm.

"Dear Aunt Jane," she said, "Herr Rümer has done me the very great honor of asking me to be his wife. He has also very kindly consented not to press for an answer. I feel—I am sure he feels himself—the many difficulties in the way. And if those difficulties prove insuperable, I trust to his generosity—his generosity as a gentleman—not to press me any longer."

"To be sure," said Aunt Jane, "people can always be put off. We can tell them that Herr Rümer felt for you the affection of a grandfather."

The German winced for a moment.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Pontifex," he said. "You would smooth all the difficulties for us, I am sure."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us have no more explanations. I have to thank Celia—Miss Tyrrell—for putting the position

of things clearly. If she cannot see her way to accepting my addresses—there is an end—and things"—looking at Mr. Tyrrell—"must take their own course. If she can, she will have in me a devoted husband, who will be proud to belong to the families of Tyrrell and Pontifex."

Aunt Jane was not, however, to be mollified. She kissed Celia on the forehead.

"You are a sensible girl, my dear, and you will know how to refuse a man old enough to be your grandfather"—then she gathered her skirts together. "George and Clara Tyrrell, when you have got over this folly, we shall be glad to see you at our house again. If it comes to anything further, I shall alter my will.—John Pontifex, I am ready."

She swept out of the room, followed by her husband.

Then Mrs. Tyrrell sat up and began to express her indignation.

"When young people desire to marry," she said to her future son-in-law, who was not much more than twenty years older than herself, "they speak to each other, and then to their parents. That is regular, I believe?"

"Quite regular," said the Herr.

"When they have asked each other, and then spoken to the parents," she went on, exhausting the subject, "what else remains to be said?"

"Clearly nothing."

"There certainly is a difference in age," said the good lady, "but if Celia does not mind that—"

"Quite so," he interrupted.

"Religion, too, the same," she went on.

"Actually a coincidence in religion."

"Then what Aunt Jane meant by going off in that way, I cannot conceive. The very best tea-things, too!"

"My dear mamma," said Celia, "the conversation is useless. I am not engaged to Herr Räumer."

Nothing more was said, and the lover presently withdrew.

Mr. Tyrrell led me down-stairs to his own office. There he took the step common among Englishmen who are anxious and nervous, especially when they want to deaden repentance. He drank a tumbler and a half of brandy-and-water strong.

"I wish he was dead, Laddy," he murmured—"I wish he was dead."

"Can you do nothing?"

"I can put him off—I can gain time; and perhaps something will happen. If not, she *must* marry him. She must, else—"

He finished his glass of brandy-and-water.

"She must not. Face anything rather than bring such a fate upon your daughter."

"Face anything?" he repeated. "What do you know about it?"

"At least, I know that there is nothing in common with him and your daughter."

"What have I in common with my wife? Stuff and nonsense! What has any man in common with his wife? The husband and the wife lead different lives. When they are together in what they

call society they pretend. Rubbish about things in common."

"Then look at the difference of age."

"So much the better, Ladislas," said Mr. Tyrrell, fiercely. I hardly knew him to-night in this unusual mood. "So much the better. He will die soon, perhaps—the sooner the better!"

"Will he treat her kindly?"

"They will live in this town. I shall watch them. If he ill-treats my little girl, my pretty Celia, I will—I will— But that is nonsense. He will make her his plaything."

"Is that what Celia looks for in marriage?"

"Will you have some brandy-and-water? No, I take it now, just for the present while this business worries me, to steady the nerves."

He mixed himself another tumbler.

"Why, Ladislas," he resumed this talk, "how foolishly you talk! One would think you were a girl. What Celia looks for in marriage! What is the use of looking for anything either from marriage or anything else in this world? Disappointment we shall get—never doubt it; and punishment for mistakes—never doubt that. Probably, also, bad men, unscrupulous men, will get a hold of you, and make you do things you would rather afterward not have done."

"If I had the key of that safe," he murmured, sinking into a chair—"if I only had the key of that safe" (it was the small, fire-proof safe with Herr Räumer's name upon it), "Celia should be free."

I came away, sick and sorry. I had heard enough, and more than enough. I knew it all along. My poor Celia!

"If I had the key of that safe!"

Then it occurred to me that the German must have it somewhere. I went to bed, and dreamed that I was prowling round and round his room, looking for a key which I could not find.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONSPIRATOR.

THE Polish question was not forgotten. In truth, it was not easy altogether to forget it. The burning fervor of Wassielewski, his glorious indifference to the probabilities of death, his scorn of failure, provided the sacred fire was kept burning, all this could not but impress the imagination. When I thought of them my heart burned within me, and it seemed for the time a light thing to join my countrymen, and march with them to certain death, if only to show the world that Poland was living yet. Celia thought this kind of patriotism, this carrying on of a *vendetta* from father to son, was unworthy. But I never could get her to see the beauty of war, even in the palmy days of Crimean victory.

I laid my case before her, as much as I knew of it—then little but the loss of my inheritance, the death of my father, my long line of brave progenitors, the obligations of a name.

She could not be persuaded.

"You are not a soldier, Laddy," she said. "You are a musician and an artist. It is not for you to go fighting. And think of all the misery that you and I have seen. Why does not every man resolve that he for one will not fight unless he has to defend himself? Be one of the peace-makers. After all, you foolish boy, it is not you that the Russians have injured, and you have grown up an Englishman. Why, you cannot even speak your own language."

"Wassielewski will be my interpreter."

"Poor old Wassielewski! he will run against the first Russian bayonet he meets, and be killed at the very beginning."

That was, indeed, just what the old man would do. He came to see me one day with eyes full of fervor and a voice trembling with excitement.

"Come out, Ladislav: I have much to say to you."

He took me into St. Faith's Square, a large irregular place, with the red-brick church at one end. He dragged out of his pocket a pile of papers and letters tied round with ribbon. It struck me disagreeably that Herr Räumler was walking on the other side of the square.

"They are all with us," he whispered. "See; here are the men from Exeter, here are the London men, here are the Paris men; we have emissaries in Vienna and in Rome; for the present the country is kept quiet, no suspicions are awakened yet; no movement of Russian troops has been made toward Poland; we shall strike a desperate blow this time."

I mechanically took the papers which he gave me to read. There were lists of names, copies of compromising letters, mysterious notes dated Paris, Vienna, Rome. This old enthusiast was a sort of head-centre, or at least a confidential and trusted agent of a wide-spread conspiracy. My heart sank when I saw my own name at the head of a long list.

"The plan of the campaign is being considered. I have sent in my ideas. They are, after making a feint in Warsaw, to—"

We will not follow the conspirator's plans through all its details. I thought, five years later, when the rising of 1863 took place, of Wassielewski's projected campaign, and for my country's sake regretted that they had not been adopted.

"In a very short time—it may be to-morrow—it may be in six months—we shall receive our orders to move."

"And am I to see no one first—to obey orders blindly?"

"Not blindly, Ladislav Pulaski. I shall be with you."

I suppose there was something of uncertainty in my face, for he quickly added:

"You shall see some of our people before you go. Ladislav, your heart is not yet wholly with us. I have seen that all along. It is my fault. I ought to have educated you from the beginning into hatred of the Muscovite. There ought to have been no single day in which you should not have recited the catechism of Poland's wrongs. My fault—mine."

"Forgive me, Wassielewski."

"But another day of retribution is coming. There will be another massacre of Polish patriots to rouse Poland out of her sleep, and fill the hearts of Polish women with renewed hatred. You and I shall be among the slain, and yet you do not rejoice."

He looked forward to his own death with exaltation, much as a Christian martyr brought before Nero may have looked to the cross or the stake with the fiery fervor of a confessor who glorifies the faith. And he lamented that I, fifty years younger than himself, with no personal memories of struggle and of wrong, could not rise to his level of self-sacrifice.

"I do not rejoice, Wassielewski. I have no wish, not the slightest, to be killed, even for Poland."

He groaned.

"You *must* wish. You must go with me as I go, ready to be killed, because we shall not succeed this time, for the cause. You must feel as I feel. The others think we shall not fail; they know nothing; those of us who have better information know that Russia is too strong. I want to take you with me knowing all. I pray, night and morning, that you may come to me of your own accord, saying, 'Son of Roman Pulaski and the Lady Claudia, I belong to Poland.'"

I was deeply moved by the old man's eagerness.

"What can I say, Wassielewski? When I am with you my spirit leaps up at your words. Helpless hunchback as I am, I am ready to go with you, and do what you command. Away from you, my patriotism is feeble, and I care little for Poland. Forgive me, but I tell you the simple truth."

"There is one thing I have never told you. I meant to keep it till I landed you on the sacred soil of Poland. But I will tell you now. No; not now. I must go home and think before I can tell you that. Come to me to-morrow at this time, to my room, where you and I can talk alone. You will need to be alone with me when you hear all, Ladislav Pulaski—with that knowledge ringing in your brain, the scales will fall from your eyes, and you shall see!"

What was he to tell me? Were there not horrors enough that I had heard already? Men beaten to death; men tortured by the knout; men sent by thousands into exile; women insulted; brides robbed of their bridegrooms, mothers of their sons—was there one single outrage in the long list of possible crimes that had been committed in that dark story of Polish revolt and Russian repression? Needs must, but war brings misery. The annals of the world are red with tears of blood; "woe to the conquered" is the inevitable law; but such woe, such tears, such misery, as fell upon Poland by the will of the czar are surely unequalled since the days when a conquered people all fell by the sword, or were led away to a hopeless servitude. What more had Wassielewski to tell me?

By some strange irony I always met Herr Räumler after Wassielewski had been with me. That same evening, as I came home from a walk with Celia, I was saluted by him. He looked down upon me with his white, shaggy eyebrows and his green

spectacles, as if half in pity, half in contempt. In his presence I felt a very small conspirator, indeed.

"I saw you this morning," he said, "walking and talking with your old rebel, Wassielewski. Brave old man! Energetic old man! Useful to his friends. And, oh, how useful to his country!"

Nothing could surpass the intense scorn in his voice.

"He is getting up another little rebellion, I gather from certain Cracow papers. At least, there are indications of another rising, and it is not likely that Wassielewski will be out of it. Such a chance does not come often."

"You mean such a chance for Poland?"

"No—I mean for a conspirator. You do not understand—how can you?—the charm of rebellion. Once a rebel—always a rebel. It is like acting. Those who have faced the foot-lights once are always wanting to go on again. Wassielewski is seventy years of age, and for sixty, or thereabouts, has been conspiring. It would have been a good thing for Poland had some one knocked him on the head when he first began. And a good thing for you."

"Why for me?"

"Because Roman Pulaski would still be living, and still be a great proprietor in Poland; because you would have been, as he was, a friend and *protégé* of the imperial court."

"How do you know so much about me?"

He laughed.

"I have read current history. I read, and I remember. And I know the story of Roman Pulaski. It was Wassielewski who took your father from his quiet château, and launched him on the stormy waters of rebellion. Thank him, then, not Russia, for all your misfortunes. You ought to be very grateful to that old man."

This was a new view of the case, and, for the moment, a staggerer.

"That is for the past, Ladislas Pulaski. Now for the future."

"What of the future?"

"It is a Paradise of Fools. In the future Poland will be restored; there will be no more wars; nationalities will not be repressed in the future—"

"At all events, it is better to believe in the future than in the present."

"You think so? That is because you are young. I believe in the present because I am old. I love the present, and work for it. When I am dead people may say of me what they like, and may do what they like. That is their own business. I eat well; I drink good wine; I read French novels; I smoke excellent tobacco; what more can the Future give me? Your friend Wassielewski fought once for the Future. He gets tenpence a day for his reward; he fiddles for sailors; he conspires for Poland; he will die in some obscure field leading peasants armed with scythes against Russian troops armed with rifles."

"I would rather be Wassielewski than—"

"Than I? *Ça va sans dire*. You are young." He laughed, and showed his white teeth. "Mean-

time, remember what I told you. Where there are three conspirators there is one traitor. Have nothing to do with them; refuse to be murdered for Poland; go on with your music-lessons—anything you like—but do not join conspiracies."

He seemed to know everything, this man. For the first time a strange thought crossed my brain. Could he have received intelligence of the intended rising?

"I mean well by you, Ladislas Pulaski, although you suspect me, and do not love me. That does not matter. I wish to see you kept out of the fatal business which killed your father."

"Crack-brained idiots!" he ejaculated. "There is in the Kremlin a box. In the box is a most valuable document, shown to strangers as a curiosity. It is the Constitution of Poland. Reflect upon that fact. Again, there is outside Cracow a mound erected in immortal memory of Kosciuszko. It is a mound so high that it dominates the town. Therefore, the Austrians have turned it into a fort, by which, if necessary, to crush the town. That is another inspiring fact for a Pole to consider."

"It is like the Austrians."

"Doubtless. Otherwise they would not have built their fort. You would have preferred seeing them sympathize with the fallen hero. England and France have made of Poland a beautiful theme for the most exalted sentiments and speeches. But they do not fight for Poland. Voltaire, who did not share in the general enthusiasm, even wrote a burlesque poem on the Poles. Then England put clauses in the Treaty of 1815 to insure the government of the country by her constitution. When Nicholas laughed at the clauses, and tore up the treaty, England and France did not fight. Who keeps treaties when he is strong enough to break them? Who goes to war for a broken treaty when he is not strong enough? What does the new czar say to the Poles? 'No dreams, gentlemen.' It is a dream to believe that Poland is not abandoned. It is a dream that a few madmen can get up a successful rebellion. *Finis Polonia!*"

He inhaled a tremendous volume of smoke, and sent it up in the air in a thick cloud.

"Look! There goes the liberty of Poland. Say I well, Ladislas Pulaski?"

"No," I replied, bluntly.

"Did you ever hear what a great Pole said when they wanted him to conspire? '*Mourir pour la patrie? Oui, je comprend cela; mais y vivre? Jamais.*' And he did neither."

I was filled with strange forebodings; with that feeling of expectancy which sometimes comes over one at moments when there seems impending the stroke of Fate; I could not rest; wild dreams crossed my brain. Nor was Celia happier. We wandered backward and forward in the leafy and shady retreat, restless and unhappy. The great elms about us were bright with their early foliage of sweet young June; the birds were flying about among the branches where they were never disturbed; the thrush with his low and cheerful note, surely the most con-

tented among birds; the blackbird with his carol, a bird of sanguine temperament; the blue tit, the robin, the chaffinch—we knew every one of them by sight because we saw them every day. And the meadows at the foot of the walls were bright with golden cups.

"How can I give it up, Cis?" I asked.

She answered with her sweet, sad smile. We had both been brooding in silence.

"I am selfish," she said. "I think of nothing but my own troubles. You must not give it up, Laddy. You belong here, to the captain, and to me. You must not go out among strangers."

I shook my head.

"Wassielewski says I must. It would be hard to tear myself away, Cis—not to talk to you ever again, to see you no more."

"Why no more, Laddy?"

"I am to give more than my presence to the revolt, Cis. I am to give what Wassielewski gives—my life."

Just then we saw him marching along the ramparts toward us. His eyes were upon us, but he saw nothing. He came nearer and nearer, but he took no notice; he swung his arms violently to and fro; his long white hair streamed behind him in the wind; he carried his black-felt hat in one hand; he halted when he came to the wall of the bastion, leaned for a moment upon the rampart, gazing fixedly out upon the bright waters of the harbor. What did he see there? Then he turned and faced us, but spoke as if he saw us not.

"The time is at hand," he murmured in the low tones of a prophet. "The wolves and the ravens may gather in the woods and wait for the dead. The mothers shall array their sons—the wives shall buckle the sword for their husbands, the daughters for their lovers; once in every generation the sacrifice of the bravest and noblest, till the time comes; till then the best must die."

"Not Ladislas," cried Celia, throwing herself in front of me. "Take any one else, take whom you please to be murdered. But you shall not take my brother Ladislas."

He made no answer; I suppose he did not hear. Presently he stepped lightly from the breastwork, and walked slowly away, still waving his arms in a sort of triumph.

"He is mad, Laddy," Celia whispered. "You must not trust your fate to a madman."

"He is only mad sometimes, Cis. It is when he thinks too much about the past."

"Laddy, if you go away and leave me; if Leonard—but that is impossible. God will be good to us—yet. I could not bear my life without you."

"Tell me, Cis dear, has he pressed for an answer?"

She shook her head.

"It is not that," she said. "He is patient. But it is my father. Do not put my thoughts into words, Laddy. They are too dreadful. And my mother sees nothing."

CHAPTER XXV.

WASSIELEWSKI'S SECRET.

THE Polish newspapers at one time, and until they were ordered to desist, used to print the words Past and Future in very big capitals, while they spoke of the present in the smallest possible type. That was Wassielewski's method. The Past was radiant with Polish glory and Polish struggles set in a black background of Russian atrocities. Like one of the new-fashioned "Arrangements in Brown," the details were smudged. The Future, after a good deal more of fighting and bloodshed, was also to be a chronicle of great glory. As for the present, it did not exist. It was a dream.

For himself he was almost the last of the Poles whom I remembered as a child in the old black barrack. The barrack itself was gone, and the Poles dispersed. Those who were left lived about the town singly. Wassielewski alone among them still nourished thoughts of revenge and patriotism. He was certainly the only man of all the exiled Poles capable of giving life to the cause in a hopeless effort, where the only object was to keep alive the spark of rebellion. He also never lagged or lost heart, because he knew what he had to give, and he knew what he was going to get. I was accustomed to his fanaticism. If he met me when I was a child, he was wont to say, parenthetically, "Ladislas, Poland is not dead, but sleeping," and then pass on without waiting for an answer. He was like a bird which has but one tune; his one idea was the resuscitation of his country. Sometimes he would stop me in the street, and take off his hat, standing like a prophet of Israel with his deep-set eyes, his long, white locks, and his passionate look, keeping me beside him while he whispered in earnest tones: "Listen, Ladislas Pulaski, there is a stir in her limbs. She will spring to her feet again, and call upon her children to arise and fight. Then let all the Poles scattered over the broad face of the earth, the Poles of Galicia, the Poles of the Kingdom, join together. We are the children of those who fought with Kosciusko, and we are the grandchildren of those who followed Sobieski. If we die, the tradition of hate will be preserved. Let us die, if Heaven so will it."

I was therefore trained in the traditional hatred of Russia, almost as much as if I had been brought up in Warsaw among those Polish ladies who go in mourning all their days, and refuse to dance or have any joy. But my own feeling was of the passive kind, which is not fertile in action. By temperament as well as *physique* I was inclined to the contemplative life; if I regarded the Muscovite with patriotic hatred, I was by no means prepared to leave my own ease, and put on the armor of a soldier. Besides, to all intents I was an Englishman, with English ideas, English prejudices; and the Poles were foreigners to me, although I was of Polish blood, and—I was a cripple.

Wassielewski saw with pity that his most fiery

denunciations, his most highly-colored narratives of blood, failed to rouse me to the level of his own enthusiasm, and therefore the old conspirator had recourse to his last and most desperate measure. If that failed, I was hopeless. He told me the secret that had been religiously kept from me by the captain, Mr. Broughton, and the few who knew it—the tragedy of my birth.

I wish he had not told me; I ought to have been spared the bitter knowledge; it was with kindness that it had been kept from me. For the story fired my blood, and maddened me for a while with the thirst of vengeance.

It was about four o'clock one afternoon—a week before Leonard's return—that I went to Wassielewski's lodgings, at his own request. I went unwillingly, because it pained me to see him so eager, and to feel myself so lukewarm over the wrongs of my country; but I went.

His one room was furnished with a narrow bed, a chair, a table, and a music-stand. A crucifix was hanging on the wall—Wassielewski was a Catholic—a sword hung below it; at the head of the bed was a portrait in water-colors, which I had never seen before, of a young lady, dressed in the fashion of the Thirties. She had a sweet, calm face, and her eyes, which fell upon me when I entered the room, seemed to follow me about. They were large eyes, full of thought and love.

"That is your mother, Ladislas Pulaski," said the old man, slowly. "Your sainted mother, one of the martyrs of Poland. Claudia, wife of Roman Pulaski."

My mother! I, who never knew a mother, and hardly ever gave her memory one filial thought. A strange yearning came over me as I gazed at the face, and saw it blurred through the tears that crowded in my eye.

"My mother! Wassielewski, why have you never shown this to me before?"

"Because I waited for the moment to come when I could give you her portrait, tell you her story, and send you forth to kill Russians in revenge. Sit down, poor boy. I have much to say, and nothing that is not sad."

I sat down with strange forebodings. But I took the portrait of my mother from the wall.

"You will give this to me, Wassielewski?"

"When I die, or when we go together to Poland."

Ah! the tender sweetness of the face; the kind face; the noble face. Ah! the good and true eyes that saw her son after so many years; so bright, and yet so sad! For they had the sadness which seems to lie in the eyes of all whom death takes young. Death! How did my mother die? And while I looked I felt that the poor old man who loved her so much—else he could not have been so careful for me—was looking with me in her face, and dropping tears upon my head.

"Do not tell me, Wassielewski—not now—if it pains you so much."

"That will pain you more," he groaned. "Day

and night for twenty years it has been ever before my eyes. I was only her humble friend and servant. You are her son. How shall I tell you the shameful story?"

"Sit so, Ladislas Pulaski, with your eyes upon the face of your dead mother—perhaps she will smile upon you as she does upon me sometimes in moonlit nights when I lie awake and listen for the call from Poland. So—so, while I try to tell you how she died, and how your father died."

His voice was calm and steady, but his eyes were wild. I looked at him no more, but kept my eyes upon the picture, awed and expectant.

He took his violin from the case, and played a few bars walking up and down the room.

"That is a Polish waltz. We used to dance a great deal in Poland before 1830. We were Russian subjects, it is true, but we were happier than our brothers who were under Prussia. Some of us were young, too—not I. I am seventy-five now, and I am talking of events which took place only five-and-twenty years ago. But I was not too old to join in the dances of the people. And I was happy in my stewardship of the Lady Claudia. She was an only child, like your father, Roman Pulaski, and I was the steward of her father, and had special charge of the young lady. There is a girl in this place; I often see you with her."

"Celia Tyrrell?"

"Yes—perhaps. She has the eyes of your mother and her sweet face. I think she must be good, like her."

"Lady Claudia was not proud. We went about together, her father and she and I, to all the peasants' festivals. I was but a peasant born, but she, it is true—oh, she was a great lady! When we had a wedding it lasted a week, and we danced all night; we wore our national dress, we sang our national songs—this was one of them."

He played a quaint, delightful air, full of sweetness and character.

"We ate our *bigos* and *cholodiec*; we laughed and joked. And with the Muscovites we were friends. You would have been a happy child, Ladislas Pulaski, could you have been brought up among your own people, and learned their customs—such as they were. Now it is all changed. The national costume is forbidden; we may not sing the Polish hymns. Listen to one. Ah! you cannot understand the words."

He played a hymn with soft and melancholy cadences, crooning rather than singing the words, which I could not, as he said, understand.

"We dance no longer; even the young Polish girls, who loved dancing more than any girls in the world, dance no more; we go in mourning all our days—even the young Polish girls, whose dress was so gay and bright, wear black all their lives; we laugh no more, but sit with weeping eyes; we go to church, not to pray for good harvests and joy, but for the hour of revenge."

He paused a moment.

"That is what you know already. Up to the

age of nineteen, my young lady was as happy as the day is long. She was as happy as God ever allowed any human being to be. For when she was eighteen she was married—to your father.

"Roman Pulaski was worthy of her—he, alone among men. He was of good descent; he was as rich, he was as handsome, he was as strong and brave as she was true and good. They were married, and you were born—a strong and straight-backed boy—a true Pulaski, with curly brown hair, and plenty of it, when you were but a little baby. And who so happy as your mother? All day long she held you in her arms; all day and all night; it made the tears come into my eyes only to see how pleased and happy she was with her child.

"That lasted two years. Then came the insurrection. Of course, your father joined it. How could he keep out of it? And the Lady Claudia wove silk banners, and brought her jewels to buy arms, and gave all she had to the brave rebels.

"One day, after three months of fighting, I came back—alone.—Your father had disappeared; our men were all killed; and the Russians were marching upon the castle to destroy it. I remembered how, once, they set fire to a house full of Poles, and killed all who tried to escape. So I hurried your mother away; we carried the child between us, and escaped into the woods, where we wandered backward and forward through the bitter cold night, and watched at nightfall the red glow in the sky, which marked our burning castle. So you no longer had a house, you and the Lady Claudia.

"In the morning, finding that the Cossacks were gone, I took her home to our village. It was a place full of women and children; not a man left in it; only a few boys of ten and old men of seventy; but because there were no men, I thought she would be safe. She was brave—always brave—and in her pale face there was no thought of repentance. They weighed the cost, and joined the losing side. Her husband gone—perhaps dead; her house destroyed; nothing left in the world but her year-old child. Yet she never lamented. Only, the second day, she sent me away. 'Old friend,' she said, 'go—and, if you can, bring me news of Roman Pulaski. If he is dead, we will mourn for him as those who mourn for the dead in Christ.'

"I left her—in safety, as I thought—I crept cautiously through the woods, from village to village, and asked of the women and old men in each place for news. For a time I could learn nothing, but one day I found a newspaper, and read that Roman Pulaski was not dead, but a prisoner.

"It would have been better for him had he died in battle. You have heard—I have told you over and over again—how the Czar Nicholas hated the very name of Pole; how there was no cruelty practised by his officers, no severity too great, toward the Poles, that it should displease him. But the case of one who stood so high as your father was too important to be decided upon even by the Archduke Constantine's favorite, General Kuruta. Roman Pulaski had been a favorite in the St. Petersburg court;

he had attracted the notice of the empress, who hoped to attach him to the Russian cause; his rebellion incensed the czar more than the defection of all the other Poles put together. Imagine, therefore, his satisfaction at having his enemy in his own power. At first he ordered that the prisoner should be shot. This order was immediately afterward commuted, as he called it, to hard labor in the mines of Siberia for life. Which was called the czar's clemency.

"Even the Russians were appalled at such a sentence, which condemned a gentleman to the lowest degradation of companionship with criminals. They drew up a petition; it was represented that the Count Roman Pulaski was young and hot-headed; they said he had been drawn into the rebellion by disaffected advisers and by misrepresentations. The czar refused to receive the petition. Then the empress herself, his own wife, threw herself on her knees at his feet and implored mercy.

"'You ask mercy for a Pole,' he cried. 'Then this is what you shall get for him.' He took the paper containing the sentence, and added to it, *in his own handwriting*: 'And the prisoner shall walk the whole way.'

"Walk!—walk the whole way from Warsaw to Siberia?"

"Walk. Think of it quietly, if you can, for a while. Try to understand something of what it means. To be one of a gang of murderers and common thieves, because they did not allow him to perform his journey with brother Poles; to step side by side, manacled together at the wrist, with one of the worst of these criminals; to sleep with him at night on a sloping bench; to eat and drink with him; never to be separated from him; to be driven along the never-ending road by Cossacks armed with whips; to endure every indignity of blows and curses; to have no rest by day, no repose by night; to eat the vilest and commonest food; to spend the winter—it was in the winter that he started—pacing forever along the white and frozen snow; to be on the road when spring returned; to be still walking, always with the thieves and murderers, in the glaring summer.

"Take a map, measure the distance from Warsaw to Moscow, from Moscow to Astrakhan, from Astrakhan to Tobolski, and thence to the mines. You will say to yourself, 'Fifteen miles a day; that makes—how many months of walking? Behind him a wife, young and beautiful as the day; a boy, not old enough yet to do more than look in his father's face and cry, 'Papa—Wassielewski!'

"Wife and boy gone—happiness gone forever—no hope—before him the long road with the horrible daily and nightly companions, and after the road—perhaps after the road the worst part of the sentence—for in the road there is change, in the mines none; day after day the same work; day after day the same hopeless toil; day after day the same gloom; day after day the same wretched fellow-prisoners; the same face; the death in life.

"They used to go mad, some of them; they used to commit suicide; some would murder a soldier or a jailer for the mere excitement of being flogged to

death. Some tried to run away. It was fortunate for those who made their escape in winter, because when night fell they lay down in the snow—out on the free, white snow, which covered them up and hid them after the cold winter wind had fanned them to sleep, and when they were found in the spring they were dead corpses covered over with tall grasses and pitiful flowers. Those who neither went mad, nor were knouted, nor were frozen to death, nor committed suicide, drooped away and died day by day, like your father, and for the last few months of their lives, God, more merciful than the czar, made them stupid."

Wassielewski stopped. I looked up at him with beating heart and flashing eyes. His own eyes, deep set and stern, were glowing with the intensity of his wrath, and the red gash on his cheek was a long white line.

"Go on, Wassielewski," I cried; "tell me more."

"I have thought upon that journey," he continued, in a calm voice, "till I seem to know it every step. And he was so tall, so brave, so handsome."

"News came, later on—not for a long time—about him. More than half the convicts died upon the road; the man to whom he was manacled threw himself down upon the road one day, and refused to move another step; they flogged him till he could not have walked if he had tried; but he still refused, and then they flogged him again until he died. That was part of the czar's clemency. Your father was one of the few who survived the journey, and reached Siberia in safety. He sent home by a sure hand a little wooden cross, on which he had carved the names of Claudia his wife, and Ladislav his boy—"

"Stop—stop! Wassielewski, I cannot bear it."

"I shall not stop," he replied; "you must bear this, and more. There is worse to hear. Do you think it is for nothing that I tell you all these things? The cross was to show his wife that he was alive, and that he still thought of them. But when it arrived his wife was dead, and the child was in exile. The cross"—he opened a little cabinet which stood upon a chest of drawers—"the cross is here. I have kept it for you."

It was a roughly-carved cross, eighteen inches long, of a dark-grained wood, a Latin cross. On the longer limb was carved in letters rude, but deeply cut in the wood, "Roman to Claudia," and on the transverse limb the single word, "Ladislav."

"See, from his grave your father calls you."

"From his grave?"

"He died, like all the prisoners in the mines, of hard work, of despair, of misery, and neglect. He could write no letters, he could receive none; he had no longer anything to hope for in this world. Roman Pulaski died. Gray, deaf, and blind, my poor old master died. He was not thirty years of age."

"When he was dead, lying news was published in the papers by the command of Nicholas. They said that he had been released from the mines; that he had voluntarily entered as a private soldier in a Caucasian regiment; that he had fallen in action."

Lies! lies! No one believed them. As if Roman Pulaski would not have written to Poland for news of his wife and son; as if he would not have flown along the road as soon as he obtained his liberty, to learn if they were dead or living! No! In the darkest and deepest mine, with the foulest thieves of a Muscovite crowd, Roman Pulaski lived out his wretched years and died his wretched death. And you are his son.

"Before you go home, remember this: he died for Poland; his death is not forgotten; for fifty generations, if need be, the story shall be told of the czar's revenge."

He paused for a moment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

"I HAVE more to tell you," he went on, wiping the beads from his brow wearily—"more to tell you, more that I cannot tell without the bitterest pain, and that will sadden all your after-years. But you must learn it, you must learn it, before you become a true child of Poland."

He leaned over me and kissed my head.

"Poor boy! I thought at one time that you might be spared. The good captain said to me when you went away to live with him, 'Let him not know, Wassielewski—let him never know.' I said: 'He shall never know, captain; no one shall tell him—unless his country ask for him. Then he shall know, because the knowledge will fire the blood, and make him fight like ten men. We are all like ten men when we rise to fight the Muscovite.' So I promised, and I prayed of a night to the Lady Claudia, who is now a saint in heaven, and hears what sinners ask, that she would guard her son from harm. 'Because,' I said, on my knees, 'he is not a strong man like your husband or your servant; he is afflicted, he is feeble, he is a boy of peace and fond of music, and he has made good friends.' I knelt by the bed, and I looked on that face. The face changed as I prayed, and sometimes, by candle-light or by moonlight, I could see the eyes of my mistress shining upon me, or see her lips move as if to speak or to smile. And always happy. Ladislav, happy are those who forgive."

"But we cannot forgive," I said.

"Never, boy, never! We are God's instruments of wrath. And now the time has come, and Poland asks for you. So I must tell you, Ladislav," he added, pitifully—"I must tell you, in addition, how your mother died. You will think over the story every day for the rest of your life. And you will understand henceforth how Russia may become the protector of Christians—out of her own country."

"It happened while I was away, looking for certain news of your father. I left her in safety, as I thought, among the women and children. Even I did not know how far the czar could carry his revenge. Not even the little children were safe. An

order came from St. Petersburg that all orphan Polish children—all those whose fathers had fallen in the insurrection—all who were a burden to the state—should be carried away, and brought up in military schools. That was a master-stroke. The little Poles were to become Russians to fight their brothers.

"You were not an orphan, nor a burden on the state; you did not fall within that law. It was by the great, by the divine clemency of the czar that that ukase was issued, to save the children whom every Polish household would have welcomed, to relieve the state of a burden which did not exist. But the order did not affect you, and, if I had known of it, I should not have been disturbed. You were safe—safe with your mother, and she was safe among her own people, the women who knew her and loved her.

"As the order was issued it had to be carried out, and the soldiers were sent to find orphan children begging their bread and a burden on the state. But there were none; yet the order must be obeyed. So they began to carry off all the children they could find, whether they were orphans or not, whether their mothers wept and shrieked, or whether they sat silent, struck with the mad stupor of a misfortune greater than they could bear.

"When Herod slew the infants in Bethlehem, there were some thirty killed. When Nicholas murdered the innocents in Poland, there were thousands. Perhaps, when one crime becomes as well known as the other, that of the czar will take its proper rank.

"In the afternoon when the sun was sinking, there came clattering up to the village where your mother had taken refuge a long cavalcade of carts, horses, and cavalry. In the carts were infants. It was a day of winter, and the snow was lying over the fields and in the branches of the pines. The carts were covered, it is true, and within them the children cried and moaned, huddled together against each other for warmth—some mere infants in arms; some five or six years of age, who carried the smaller ones; some little toddling things of two. They had spread rough blankets on the floors of the carts; but still the helpless babes were cold. And their only nurses were the soldiers, who had small pity.

"The women of the village came out crying over the poor children, bringing them bread-and-milk. With them they carried their own. They had better have staid in-doors; better still have fled into the woods, and hidden there till the Cossacks went away; for presently the soldiers began picking up the children of the village, and tossing them, too, into their carts. Among them, led by an older child, wrapped in furs, was a little boy of two years old—you, Ladislas Pulaski.

"You were straight-backed then, poor boy—straight and comely, like your father.

"When they rode away—the carts lumbering along the roads, the children crying, the soldiers swearing—they were followed by a stream of women, who shrieked and cried, and first among them all ran and cried your mother, the Lady Claudia. Yes, she was brave when her beautiful home was burned

with all the sweet things she had grown up among; but when she saw the boy torn from her she became, they told me, like a mad woman. They were all mad women.

"It was twenty-four hours later when I returned and heard what had happened. The carts had all that much start of me; also I had to be careful, because near the villages I might be recognized and arrested. I followed on the high-road when I could—through forests when I could find a faithful guide—anyhow so that I followed. After two days of pursuit, I found—courage, Ladislas—courage, boy—so; drink this water—lie down for a moment—sob and cry, it will do you good as it did me when I found her—the tale is almost told.

"I found her lying cold and dead in the road. She was bareheaded, and her long hair lay blown about her beautiful head; her face was looking with its pale, cold cheeks and closed eyes—looking still along the road in the direction of the carts—one arm was bent under her, one hand upon her heart; one lay extended, the fingers clutched in the snow as if she would drag herself along the way by which she could no longer creep; her shoes had fallen from her feet, she was frozen. In the night she had fallen, and, too weak to rise, must have died in the painless sleep that swiftly closes the eyes of those who lie down in our winter snow. I lifted her, and bore her to the edge of the forest, where, because I could not dig her a grave, I made a hole in the snow, and covered her over with branches to keep off the wolves. I knelt by her dead form, and called Heaven to witness that such revenge as I could work upon the people who had killed her I would work; it is a vow which I have renewed from day to day; and, after many years, the time has come at last. It always comes to those who have faith and patience.

"When I had buried your mother I hurried along the road, still in pursuit of the train of children. These trains do not move quickly, and I knew that I should come up with it—sooner or later. The roads were very still and quiet; it was not only the snow that lay on the earth, but the dread and terror of the Cossacks. Death was in the air; in the woods lay the bodies of the men; in the villages lay the women weeping; on the cold roads lumbered the long lines of *kibitzas* that carried away the children. Somewhere on that road marched the train of convicts manacled wrist to wrist, your father among them.

"Presently—it may have been a day, it may have been an hour—after I left your dead mother, I heard far off the dull, dead sound of the carts, the cracking of whips, and the curses of the drivers. Then I stopped to think. If they saw me I should be shot, and that would be of no use to any one. Now, if I lost sight altogether of the train, how could I help you, who were in it?

"Walking and running, I kept up close behind the train; as the night fell again, I could get so close as to hear the wailing of the children, who cried for hunger and for cold. And Providence befriended us; for, while I went along the road, I saw some-

thing move in the moonlight, and heard a faint cry. Ladislás, it was you. You had fallen from the cart, and they left you there to die. Perhaps they did not see you. Five minutes more, and you would have died, like your mother, of that fatal sleep of frost.

"There is nothing more to tell. I had a long and weary journey from village to village before I reached the Austrian frontier, and found a friend who would help us over mountains and by forests to Switzerland. All Europe was full of our sufferings, and we made friends wherever we went. There were societies called 'Friends of Poland' who helped us with money and work—had they given us soldiers and arms we should have asked no other help—we passed from Switzerland to France, and from France we came to England. Always the same kindness from the people, the same indignation, and the same help. I wonder now if they have forgotten the cause of Poland—perhaps, because it is twenty years ago.

"Well, as the days passed on, I noticed something. At first it was not much; but, as the time went on, I found that your back was round, and that you were—poor boy!—deformed. It was done by the fall from the cart. Remember, Ladislás, that you owe that, as well as everything else, to the czar. When you look in the glass, say to yourself, 'But for them I should be well and straight like my father;' when you pass a rich man's house you may say, 'My house stood among woods fairer than these, with more splendid gardens; the czar burned it, and took my broad lands.' When you stand upon the ramparts, and see the lines of convicts working, silent, in single file, think of your father dying slowly in the Siberian mines; and every evening and every morning look at the face of your mother, and think of her rushing along the frozen roads, catching at the hands of the soldiers, crying and imploring—to fall at last for very weakness on the ground, and die in misery.

"Hush, boy—hush!—strengthen your heart—rouse yourself—think that your arms are strong though your back is round. You can fire a gun; you can kill a Russian; you can fight as men fight now; and, you are a Pulaski.

"I thought, when I saw what you were, that Heaven had resolved to spare you the common lot of Poles. But that is not so—we must all go now."

"Yes, Wassielewski—all must go. I among the rest."

"I knew you would say that when you had been told all. Look me in the face, boy, and swear it."

"I swear it," I murmured, in a broken voice. "By the portrait of my mother, Wassielewski, I will go with you to Poland when you claim my promise. You shall take me back to my own people: you shall say to them that I am poor and deformed; that I can neither march with them, nor ride, nor stand upright among their ranks; that I cannot even speak my own language; but that I have greater wrongs to avenge than any of them; and that I ask leave just to crawl among them and load my rifle with the rest."

"Good—boy—good!" The old man's eyes had an infinite tenderness in their depths while he took my hand. "I am taking you to death. That is almost certain. I pray God that we may die together, and that we may die upon a heap of Russians while the enemy is flying before our faces scattered like the chaff before the wind! Then I can take you by the hand and lead you to heaven, where we shall find them both, waiting for us—Count Roman and Lady Claudia—and I shall say, 'My master and my mistress, I have brought your boy home to you. And he died for Poland.'

"It is not that I have done this of myself," he went on. "For years a voice has been ringing in my ears which at first I could not understand—it was only a voice, and indistinct. Gradually I began to hear and make out what it said. 'The time is coming,' it said, 'the time is coming. Prepare to end thy work. The time is coming.' That lasted for a long while, but I was patient, because I knew that it was the Lady Claudia who spoke to me at night, and she would have good reason for what she said. And now the voice says more. It says: 'Ladislás must be told; Ladislás must go with you; let Ladislás, too, fight for Poland.' We must obey a voice from heaven, and so I have told you.

"Remember, I can promise you nothing—not even glory, not even a name. You may be killed in a nameless fight upon a village green; you may follow your father to Siberia; I know not. I partly read the future, but not all. I see fighting. I hear the Polish hymn; there are the accursed gray coats, there is the firing of guns and all is finished. Among the patriots I do not see you, Ladislás, and I do not see myself.

"You have sworn, and I will give you, besides your father's cross, your mother's portrait. Take them with you to-night, put them in some safe place, pray with them in your hand night and day. Remember, you are no longer a music-master in an English town, you are a child of Poland, and you teach music till you hear your country's call. And now, farewell; wait and expect."

"Play something, Celia, my dear," said the captain. "Soothe his spirit with music. Poor boy, poor boy! He should not have told you."

I went home in a dream, bearing with me the precious relics which Wassielewski gave me. I think I was mad that evening. It was nine o'clock when I reached home, and Celia had waited for me all the evening. But I had no eyes for Celia, and no thought for anything but what I had heard. And then, in such language as came to me, with such passion and tears as the tale called up within me, I told my story, and once more renewed my vow.

There was no sleep for me that night, but in the morning I fell into a slumber broken by unquiet dreams. There was the lumbering, grinding roll upon the frozen snow of the children's train escorted

by the mounted soldiers; there was the figure of my mother, lying stone-dead on a road of ice; there was the gang of convicts limping along a road which seemed to have no beginning and no end.

They would not let me go to my pupils; my hands were hot, my brow was burning. Celia came to sit with me, and we talked and wept together. I was fain to tell my story all over again. She held my hand while I told it, and when it was finished I saw in her face no wrath, none of the madness with which Wassielewski filled my soul the day before, but only a great sadness. I was still mad for revenge, but somehow I felt instinctively as if Celia's sorrow was not a higher thing than the old Pole's thirst for revenge. And I was ashamed in presence of her sad and sympathizing eyes to renew my oath of vengeance.

"Poor Laddy!" she said. "What a tale of misery and wrong! Let us pity the soldiers who had to carry out such an order. Let us believe that the czar did not know—could not know—how his order was obeyed. Do not dwell upon it, dear. Do not let cruel and revengeful thoughts grow out of the recollection. 'Vengeance is mine,' you know. Your mother's face—how beautiful it is!—does not make you think of revenge? See how calmly the sweet eyes look at you! And oh! dear, dear Laddy, make no more rash vows, at least till Leonard comes home. And it wants but three days—three short, short days, and we shall see him again, and all will go well with us once more."

The captain said nothing, but in his sad face I saw that he sorrowed for me, and in his grave eyes I read the warning which did not leave his lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PAUSE.

AS one who, pressing sternly on,
Emerging from some pass of dread,
Beholds once more the kindly sun
Smile on the path he still must tread,
But knows that just where yonder curve
Sweeps sudden, lurks a darker shade,
And so bates naught of heart or nerve—
Calm, patient, watchful, undismayed:

Or, as some soldier, who has stood
The long night through in steadfast guard,
Sees through the dim, foe-haunted wood
At last the dawn's bright gates unbarred,
But yet lays not his harness by,
Nor deems the subtle peril past,
Content on that proud post to die,
So he but win his crown at last—

Even so my soul, this autumn eve,
Pausing where doubtful pathways slope,
Away from thoughts that chafe and grieve,
Leans out to grasp a loftier hope;
But knows each forward step must fall
'Mid ambushed foes and snares of guile,
With scarce a star through Night's black pall
To light each sad and weary mile.

O life of mine, so hard, so strange!
Wherein the lights I trusted so
Did first to stormy beacons change,
And then to lurid signs of woe—
In vain with sad thought, weary eyes,
I strive thy secret deep to read,
And track the hope that from me flies
With feet that stumble, halt, and bleed.

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My very heart is sick with doubt;
My brain, with thinking over-much,
Is numbed and chilled and wearied out.
Around me Nature's kindly touch
Awakes unnumbered germs to life;
To me alone the great new birth
Comes not to stay the bitter strife,
The silent want, the ceaseless dearth.

Dear friend! whose clear and steadfast soul
So often to my own hath lent
The might of its serene control,
The rest of its divine content—
Reach forth thy hand! Once more to-night
I bring my weary load to thee,
Knowing nor time nor fate can quite
Divide thy spirit, dear, from me!

One moment pause I at thy side,
One breathing-space press close thy hand;
To-morrow's pathways open wide
Into a strange, unfriendly land.
I go, I pass—who knows to where?
Or whether good or ill doth wait
In that dim region over there,
A silent sentry at the gate?

Not over-curious am I:
Somehow, some day, shall come the end.
I will not ask for one brief sigh,
One tear to mark that hour, my friend.
Rest in thy golden calm! for each
One promise stands, one sure release—
One hope to grasp, one goal to reach,
For me, for thee, at last—His peace!

STANLEY'S VOYAGE DOWN THE CONGO.

MR. STANLEY'S demonstration that the river discovered by Livingstone, and by him called the Luálaba, is the longest and probably the largest affluent of the mighty Congo, leaves unsolved only one important problem in the physical geography of the African Continent. A quarter of a century ago we knew almost nothing of the interior of Africa. We knew, indeed, that the area of the continent was three times greater than that of Europe; we knew a little of a strip around its outer edge as far inland as the mountain-range which girdles the entire circumference. But the great interior area—two-thirds of the whole—was supposed to be a sandy desert, with here and there a habitable oasis. We now know that with the exception of the great Sahara on the north, and the smaller Kalahari on the south, this great region is abundantly watered and fertile, sustaining a numerous population. We know that it contains a system of lakes inferior only to the great lakes of North America; we know the course of the Nile from its sources to its mouth, three thousand miles away. Twenty years ago Livingstone had told us something of the Zambesi, which flows for eighteen hundred miles from west to east nearly across the whole breadth of the continent; and now, thanks to Livingstone and Cameron, and most of all to Stanley, we know something of the mighty Congo, which flows nearly across the continent from east to west, with a course of twenty-eight hundred miles, and discharges into the Atlantic a volume of water far greater than that of the Mississippi, and exceeded only by that of the Amazon.

All that had been hitherto known of this great river may be briefly summed up. Men had two or three times sailed a little more than a hundred miles up from its mouth. Here they were met by a cataract and rapids which no vessel could pass. What lay beyond was absolutely unknown. Maps were, indeed, constructed, upon which rivers were laid down, but they were purely conjectural beyond a few leagues from the coast.

Not quite five years ago Livingstone, in his last journey but one upon the opposite side of the continent, found a considerable river, there called the Chambeze, running southwestwardly, and falling into a large lake; from this it emerged with greatly-increased volume, running due north a hundred and fifty miles, until it expanded into a smaller lake. Between the two lakes the river bears the name of Luápula; but it emerges from the latter under the name of the Luálaba. Livingstone's route now led him away from the course of the river, but in a year he came upon it again, four degrees to the northward, still being called the Luálaba, a name which he proposed for the entire river,¹ which receives nu-

merous affluents in every part of its course. He followed the course of the river for about fifty miles, to a place called Nyangwe, four degrees south of the equator, and almost equidistant from the eastern and western coasts of the continent—about nine hundred miles from each. Until one year ago this month of November this was the utmost point westward or northward where anything definite was known of the course of this great river. To this day, indeed, only four white men have ever seen any foot of its course of almost three thousand miles. These four are Livingstone, in 1871; Cameron, in 1874; Stanley and his tried companion Pocock, in 1876 and 1877. Livingstone to the last believed that this river was the Nile. Cameron, with scarcely more data than Livingstone possessed, showed conclusively that it could not be the Nile, and that, beyond all reasonable doubt, it must be the Congo.

The argument is briefly this: The Luálaba at Nyangwe has at its lowest stage more than three times the utmost volume of the Nile at the point where it has already received the Sobat, the last of its western affluents; and, moreover, the level of the Luálaba here is considerably lower than that of the Nile; so that if the Luálaba were the Nile it must run up-hill for wellnigh a thousand miles, losing on the way at least two-thirds of its water, to say nothing of what it had in the mean while received from numerous affluents. That the Luálaba was none other than one of the main branches of the Congo was hardly less certain, for there was no other known channel through which it could reach the ocean; and, moreover, there was no way to account for the immense volume of the Congo except on the assumption that it was the outlet for the waters of the immense rainy region known to be drained by the Luálaba. That this theoretical conclusion of Cameron is the true one has now been physically demonstrated by Stanley, who sailed down the river through its whole devious course of eighteen hundred miles from Nyangwe to the ocean.

HENRY M. STANLEY (for he has good right so to call himself, although his original name was John Rowlands) was born near Denbigh, in Wales, in 1840, and of parentage so lowly that at the age of three years he was placed in the poor-house at St. Asaph, where he remained for ten years, and received an education which gained for him a place as teacher in a school at Mold, in Flintshire. When fifteen years old he shipped as cabin-boy on board a vessel bound for New Orleans. Here he found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who soon adopted the lad, and bestowed upon him his own name. But his patron died, leaving no will; the civil war broke out, and young Stanley entered the Confederate service. He was taken prisoner, and soon after volunteered in the service of the Union, becoming an ensign on the iron-clad Ticonderoga.

¹ *Lu-* or *Lo-* probably means river in many of the native dialects. Livingstone supposes Luálaba to mean "Mother of Waters." Possibly Luápula and Luálaba are merely dialectic variations of the same word.

After the close of the war he entered upon the profession of journalism, and traveled as a newspaper correspondent in Turkey and Asia Minor, paying a visit to his native Wales, and to the poor-house where his childhood had been passed, and of which he entertained a grateful recollection. To the good education which he received there, he said that he owed all that he was, and all that he hoped to be. In 1867 he returned to America, and was sent by the *New York Herald* as military correspondent with the British army in the Abyssinian War.

After the close of this war Stanley still retained his connection with the *Herald*. Late in 1869, while he was in Madrid, he received a telegraphic dispatch directing him to hasten to Paris to meet the younger Mr. Bennett, the managing director of the *Herald*, who instructed him to hold himself in readiness to go to Central Africa in search of Livingstone, of whom nothing had been heard for more than two years. Some vague reports said that he was dead. According to others, he was detained by the natives far away from all necessary supplies. It was not thought advisable to begin this expedition for some months, and during the interval Stanley was employed in a trip up the Euphrates, through Persia, and to India, reaching Zanzibar, on the eastern coast of Africa, early in January, 1871.

The Royal Geographical Society, aided by the British Government, had in the mean while been organizing a "Livingstone Search Expedition." But by the time their slow preparations were completed, Stanley had accomplished the work. He had set out from Zanzibar at the head of a party of one hundred and ninety-five men, bearing ample supplies. On the 28th of October, almost by accident, he found Livingstone at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, to which point the old explorer had come back after the long and weary journey in which he had discovered the Luálabá. He was almost exhausted, and utterly destitute; but Stanley was able to relieve his most pressing necessities. The two remained together until February, 1872, when they parted, Stanley to return home by way of Zanzibar, and Livingstone to set out upon that journey into the interior from which he never returned.

Livingstone had sent back word that he wanted no slave-traders sent to his assistance. The officer who was to head the Geographical Society's expedition took umbrage at this, threw up the command, and the expedition broke to pieces. A part of the funds, however, remained unexpended, and the society appropriated this to fitting out another expedition, the command of which was given to Lieutenant Cameron, of the British Navy. His instructions were to find Livingstone, and, when this was done, to place himself under Livingstone's orders. Cameron left Zanzibar in March, 1873. In August he reached Unyanyembe, half-way between Zanzibar and Ujiji, but could learn nothing of the whereabouts of Livingstone. He and his two European companions were attacked by a slow fever which disabled them for weeks. Late in October, 1873, while still at Unyanyembe, he received tidings that

Livingstone had died on the 1st of the preceding May. Cameron's two English associates decided to return, but he himself resolved to press on westward, and complete the unfinished work of Livingstone. He set out for Ujiji, which place he reached February 19, 1874. The distance between Zanzibar and Ujiji is only about five hundred and fifty miles in a direct line. It had taken eleven months to accomplish this, although the route is perfectly well known, and is continually traversed by slave-dealers and ivory-traders.

The rainy season had set in when Cameron reached Ujiji, and he was assured that it was impossible to travel westward of the lake until the commencement of the dry season. The northern third of Lake Tanganyika had been circumnavigated by Stanley and Livingstone. Cameron improved the enforced delay by sailing around the lower portion. The voyage occupied about two months, and in the course of it Cameron supposed that he had discovered its outlet, in the river Lukuga, flowing into the Luálabá. He left Ujiji on May 31st, and on the 3d of August reached Nyangwe on the Luálabá, the farthest western point reached by Livingstone. Here his own explorations were fairly to begin.

The *délat* gained by Stanley's exploit in finding Livingstone induced the conductors of the *New York Herald*, in conjunction with those of the *London Telegraph*, to place him at the head of another African Exploring Expedition, leaving him at liberty to choose his own route, the general understanding being that he should ultimately make his way from east to west across the continent. He reached Zanzibar in the autumn of 1874, and began to organize his party. Just as he was ready to set out, he learned that Cameron had sent back word from Ujiji to the effect that it was his purpose to push on to Nyangwe, and thence to descend the Luálabá, which he was now convinced was no other than the Congo. Stanley thereupon resolved to take a different route, going first northwestward to Lake Victoria Nyanza. The long journey thus commenced in November, 1874, lasted till August, 1877. During this space of two years and nine months a greater distance was traversed, more perils encountered, more difficulties overcome, and more important results attained, than have fallen to the lot of any other African explorer.

We pass briefly over the incidents of the first two years. In equatorial Africa human beings are the only beasts of burden; and to convey the beads, wire, cloth, and other bulky articles which constitute the currency of the region, requires a long train of porters, besides armed guards for the protection of the caravan. Stanley also took with him a boat, the *Lady Alice*, for exploring the great lakes. This, divided into sections, which could be speedily put together, was borne upon men's shoulders. His party, all told, numbered about three hundred persons, many of whom had accompanied him on his previous expedition. They reached the southeastern extremity of Lake Victoria at the close of February, 1875, and the *Lady Alice* was launched upon its

waters. He was fiercely attacked by the natives, whose assaults were repelled, and stern reprisals were made. Crossing the foot of the lake, he moved up its western side, to Uganda, the territory ruled by the great "sultan" Mtésa, having in the mean time lost by desertion and death one hundred and ninety-four out of his three hundred men.

This Mtésa is by far the most notable personage who has been found in Central Africa. Speke, who saw him in 1862, describes him as a tall, good-looking man of twenty-five, inordinately vain, rather good-humored, but with an underlying vein of savage ferocity cropping out at the slightest provocation. The next white man who saw him was Colonel Chaillé Long, an American officer in the service of the Khedive of Egypt. He spent a month at the capital of Mtésa in the summer of 1874, ten months before the arrival of Stanley. The sultan had developed into a politic ruler, of the African type, aggressive toward his neighbors, popular with his subjects, whom he ruled with absolute despotism; not less jovial when pleased, and still more ferocious when provoked, than he had been described by Speke a dozen years before. At this time an Arab missionary had just converted him from fetichism to Mohammedanism.

Mtésa received Stanley with unwonted kindness. He had persistently refused permission to Long to sail across the upper end of the lake to its eastern side. Stanley wished to sail clear around the lake; and Mtésa furnished him with an escort of thirty well-manned canoes for this purpose. Up to this time it had been the opinion of all speculative geographers, Speke to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Victoria Nyanza was merely a collection of small lakes and lagoons. Stanley's circumnavigation, of more than a thousand miles, showed that it is one great lake, covering an area of more than forty thousand square miles, and consequently the largest known body of fresh water on the globe, larger by a fourth than our own Lake Superior.

Stanley now wished to march northwestward to Lake Albert Nyanza, a distance of barely a hundred miles. A part of the way led through Unyoro, ruled over by Kabba Rega, who was now engaged in hostilities with Gordon Pasha, the successor of Sir Samuel Baker, as governor of the newly-annexed equatorial provinces of Egypt. Furnished by Mtésa with an escort of twenty-two hundred and eighty men, Stanley reached the lake in January, 1876, and was making preparations to cross, and then to push his way overland to the western coast. But all Unyoro was roused to exterminate the intruders; and Stanley was compelled to return to Uganda. Had he been only two months later, no such peril would have been encountered; for during that time Kabba Rega had been conquered by the forces of the khedive, and his dominions were formally annexed to Egypt. Moreover, in April Lake Albert had been circumnavigated by M. Gessi, of the Egyptian service, and its real extent for the first time ascertained. It was found to be one hundred and forty miles long and over fifty miles wide, so

that its area is about seven thousand five hundred miles, somewhat less than that of Lake Erie. Its southern extremity is very shallow, and on the south and west it is bordered by high and impassable mountains. Baker, who discovered the lake, had been told that it was well known to the natives as far as latitude 2° south, where it turned off to an unknown distance westward. Instead of this, its shallow and narrow southern extremity is in about latitude 1° north, and between this point and Lake Tanganyika is a distance of fully two hundred miles.

Uninformed of all this, Stanley returned to Uganda, dismissed the escort with which Mtésa had furnished him, and, with the remnant of his own men, went southwestward, devoting a month to the exploration of a river which he named the Alexandra, in honor of the Princess of Wales, and which he holds to be the last and ultimate source of the Nile. Absolute famine forced him to abandon the attempt to explore the region between Lakes Albert and Tanganyika, and finally to march still farther south to Ujiji, which he reached in the summer of 1876, with only a handful of men.

While waiting to refit and enlist fresh recruits, he sailed around that lower part of Lake Tanganyika which had been circumnavigated by Cameron sixteen months before, and which he himself had not seen during his former expedition. He reached the very spot where Cameron had placed his river Lukuga, the outlet of the lake. Instead of a river flowing out of the lake, Stanley found only a cove or creek, setting half a dozen miles into the western shore, with an apparently slight current into, instead of out from, the lake. Certainly no two descriptions of the same spot could well be more different than those of Cameron and Stanley. Cameron says:

"In company with the chief, I went four or five miles down the river until navigation was rendered impossible owing to the masses of floating vegetation. It might, however, be possible to cut passages for canoes. Here the depth was three fathoms, breadth six hundred yards, current one knot and a half, and sufficiently strong to drive us well into the vegetation. The first block was said to continue for four or five miles, when an open channel of about the same length would be found, and that for a very great distance alternate clear and choked portions existed. The chief informed me that the river was well known to his people, who often traveled for more than a month along its banks, until it fell into a larger river, the Ludlaba, and that in its course it received many streams."

Here—to say nothing of the statements of the chief, which, perhaps, should not go for much—would seem to be positive ocular evidence of a considerable stream, a third of a mile wide, nine feet deep, and with a strong current, flowing directly out of the lake; and, as for the obstruction of floating and matted vegetation, it is precisely what is familiar to all readers of African travel. The substance of Stanley's account is, that he walked about four miles beyond the point where Cameron's canoe had been stopped. For two or three miles the mud-bank on each side of the supposed channel inclosed pools of

still water; then came about a mile of alluvial deposit, nearly dry; after which the ground grew swampy, and in a few rods a current was perceived flowing sluggishly to the west—that is, directly away from the lake.

We fully believe both statements, and their apparent discrepancy can be easily accounted for. Lake Tanganyika is an immense mountain-tarn, two hundred and fifty miles long, with an average breadth of thirty miles, the area being nearly as large as that of Lake Erie. Being closely girt by high mountains, it receives the drainage of a limited region, in which the rainfall during the wet season is very abundant. In the two-thirds which he circumnavigated, Cameron counted ninety-six streams falling into it; there are probably in all not less than one hundred and fifty; so that in the rainy season it must receive a large amount of water. In the hot, dry season the quantity is greatly diminished, while the amount carried off by evaporation is much augmented. Quite probably in the dry season it loses more by evaporation than it receives from its affluents, and then there is no surplus to pass off through an outlet. In the rainy season the supply exceeds the evaporation, and the surplus is discharged through the outlet. Cameron was at the Lukuga near the close of the wet season, and saw the stream emerging from the lake; Stanley was there in the middle of the dry season, and saw nothing of the kind. If he had been there four months earlier, he would have seen just what Cameron saw; and Cameron in July would have seen just what Stanley saw. We have dwelt at some length upon this point, for the reason that the apparent contradiction between the two statements is really a strong proof of the trustworthiness of both narrators.

Stanley, having recruited his men, set off from Ujiji about the middle of August, 1876, and reached Nyangwe, two hundred and fifty miles to the west, late in October. Here he learned definitely that Cameron, "owing to the impossibility of getting canoes, and the savage character of the tribes below," had abandoned the hope of following the Luálaba to the sea, and was moving southwestward toward the nearest accessible coast. We are now in a position to congratulate ourselves that Cameron gave up the hope of going down the river. We think that no man, with the comparatively limited means at his command, could have succeeded; and, without disparaging the undoubtedly high qualities which he possessed, we doubt if he had either the physical stamina or the indomitable pluck necessary to carry him through, even if he had the means with which Stanley was provided. As it happened, his long sojourn and travels with the Portuguese slave-hunters enabled him to enlighten the civilized world upon a matter quite as important for Africa as the most brilliant geographical discovery. Now that Stanley has accomplished all that Cameron hoped to do, we may rest content with what Cameron has actually done.

Stanley had two courses in mind: one was to descend the Luálaba to its mouth, wherever that might

be; the other, to follow it until it began to bend to the west, and then strike northeastward toward Monbuttu, west of the Albert Nyanza, a region which had already been penetrated by Schweinfurth from the Nile. He decided upon the former course. Brief stay was made at Nyangwe. He found it impossible, as Cameron had done, to procure canoes; and, on the 5th of November, set out along the right bank of the river, bearing with him the Lady Alice, to be used as occasion served. His party consisted, as we count, of about one hundred and fifty persons, the only white man besides himself being Francis Pocock, a young Englishman, originally engaged simply as a servant, but now come to be his friend, counselor, and right-hand man. Besides these, he engaged an Arab chief with one hundred and sixty followers to go with him "sixty camps" along the river-banks, "under the idea," as he says, "that such a distance must enable us to reach some friendly tribe either west or northwest."

For three weeks they toiled through dense forests "infested with most uncharitable people." The hardships of each day's march disheartened the Arab escort, and they threatened to leave him. It was agreed to strike for the river, cross it, and try the left bank. In three weeks they had accomplished only forty-one miles¹ of the eighteen hundred which, as it proved, lay before them. The Lady Alice was put together, and launched upon the river; and six large canoes were made or procured. "Here it was," says Stanley, "that the resolution was formed never to abandon the Luálaba until it revealed its destination." He called all his people before him. "This great river," he told them, "has flowed on since the beginning, and no man, either white or black, knows whither it flows; but the one God has willed that it shall this year be opened throughout its whole length, and become known to all the world. I do not know what lies before us; but I hope for the best. As we do not come for war, we may make friends with the people; for we have enough property to last a long while, and to buy the friendship of the chiefs. You may make up your minds that I am not going to leave this river until we reach the sea. All you have to do is to say, 'In the name of God!' and follow me." About fifty of the younger men shouted, "*Inshallah*, in the name of God, master, we will follow you, and reach the sea!" But the older men shook their heads misgivingly. All, however, took their places when the order was given to move.

They crossed the river, and moved down in two divisions—one on the bank, the other in the boats. The land-division were soon lost to sight; the boats floated down some ten miles, and then laid by at the confluence with the little river Riuki to await the coming of the missing party. Two days passed with no tidings of them. Stanley, leaving twenty-five men and boys to guard the camp, went twenty miles up the Riuki in search of the missing men.

¹ By "mile" is to be understood a "geographical mile," one-sixtieth of a degree of latitude, being about one-sixth longer than the English statute mile.

This appears to be the only time they ever left the great river or its immediate vicinity. No signs of the men being found, Stanley retraced his way to the camp. He heard the sharp crack of rifles, and soon saw that the narrow mouth of the river was blockaded by canoes filled with hostile savages. At the approach of the party, the canoes put off down the Luálaba. The savages had come near enough to throw their spears into the camp before fire was opened upon them. No one of Stanley's men appears to have been hurt in this the first of the thirty-two fights which he mentions as taking place on the Luálaba. The land-party came up next day, and all again moved down the river.

Two days brought them to what Stanley calls the Falls of Ukassa. These we judge to be the same of which Livingstone had heard, and which he describes as a narrow place where "rocks jut out on both sides, not opposite, but alternate to each other, and the vast mass of the river, jammed in, rushes around one promontory to another, and a frightful whirlpool is formed." He describes this as being the place where "a canoe-party of Arabs had been foiled, after they had been gone four days; their first canoe went into the whirlpool, was overturned, and five lives were lost." Stanley, however, supposes the scene of this disaster, which drew from Livingstone the expression that he had "no intention of attempting the foolhardy feat, and no desire to become black man's meat," was another "fall" only fifteen miles below Nyangwe, whereas the Ukassa must be some sixty miles—a fair distance down-stream for a canoe-party to make in four days. At all events, these Falls of Ukassa were passed without difficulty, by "simply allowing the current to take the canoes over the falls, and picking them up below." A considerable party of natives were gathered at the foot of the fall, apparently with hostile intent; but no attack was made, although they declined all friendly overtures. Next day—it was the 6th of December—fourteen large canoes, fully manned, made their appearance, and commenced a discharge of poisoned arrows, which, however, fell short of the boats; but they were soon driven off. The land-party were also attacked by an ambuscade, and several of them were wounded.

But worse than the savages, with their flights of poisoned arrows, was the small-pox, which broke out among the Arab escort. In a few days seventy-two of them were attacked, of whom eighteen died. Fortunately, Stanley's own men had gone through this disease while at Ujiji, and were now safe from it. Dysentery and ulcerated limbs disabled many from marching, and they were taken on board the canoes, which now bore the appearance of floating hospitals.

In this woful plight the boat-party reached Vinya Njara, one hundred and twenty-five miles below Nyangwe, about the middle of December. During the last day they had again outstripped the land-party, and halted to await their coming up. Scarcely had they touched the shore when they were attacked; one man was killed, and several wounded.

They formed a camp, and cleared away the brush in front for a distance of two hundred yards; but during the night poisoned arrows were shot at random into the camp. Next morning they took possession of the native town, where for two days and nights they were assailed by land and water. The whole region was aroused against them; the bowmen climbed the tall trees, and shot arrows into the village. So persistent was the attack that they were unable to bury their dead or care for the sick and wounded. On the morning of the third day the land-party arrived. The assailants were driven back into the woods, from which they sent in proposals for peace. They were convinced that the strangers came with no hostile intent, and during the ten days more which were spent here they were unmolested.

This was the point at which the Arab escort were to leave them. The natives promised that they should not be molested on their way back, and they took their departure for Nyangwe on the 28th of December. The parting was an affecting one. Stanley's own party—now numbering one hundred and forty-six souls—took their places in the boats, as the escort, singing a wild song, filed away up the river-bank. "Children of Zanzibar," shouted Stanley to his weeping men, "lift up your heads. Cry out, 'Bismillah!' and dash your paddles into the water! Let the Wanyamwezi go back to Nyangwe, and tell there what brave men were those who took the white man down the great river to the sea!"

The old year ended, and the new year (1877) came in. The 4th of January found them at the head of what proved to be a series of six cataracts occurring in a space of forty-two miles. Here again the natives became hostile. Four times during that day they were obliged to break their way through lines of canoes drawn up to oppose their passage. Then again and again they were compelled to repulse furious attempts to drive them headlong over the cataract. They pulled first to the right bank, then across to the left, where they drew their canoes ashore, and intrenched themselves in the forest. The natives now retired, and left them in peace for a brief time.

These six falls, the very existence of which was hitherto unknown, are not mere rapids, but actual cataracts over which no boat could pass and live. The height of none of them is stated; but, judging from the difference of elevation at Nyangwe and the ocean, and knowing at least approximately the descent at the falls of Vellala, we are warranted in the conclusion that the entire descent during this forty-two miles must be fully five hundred feet. To avoid these falls they were compelled to haul the heavy canoes ashore, and drag them around by roads cut through the dense forest. In all there were thirteen miles of these roads. The entire passage occupied twenty-four days, during the whole of which they were obliged to be continually on guard against threatened attacks by day and night, procuring provisions as best they could by constant foraging. Five men lost their lives during this time.

The line of the equator runs between the fifth and the sixth of these falls. Hitherto no one had supposed that the great river went as far northward by at least three degrees of latitude; but here it was, still flowing straight north as though it never meant to turn to the west.

Below the last of the falls the aspect of the river began to change. Hitherto it had maintained a nearly uniform width of about a mile, with well-defined banks. It soon widened to three, five, and even ten miles, receiving large affluents, and assuming the aspect of a lacustrine river, studded with low islands—an appearance which it retained for nearly nine hundred miles. About one degree north of the equator the river trends from a northern to a north-western direction, and receives a great affluent from the northeast. To this affluent Stanley gives the native name of the Aruwimi, but as the united stream for some distance below the confluence is called by this name, it is safe to conclude that it means simply "The River" in the local dialect.

This river Aruwimi has a special interest from its possible identity with the mysterious river Welle, discovered by Schweinfurth in 1870, in the country of Monbuttu, just west of Lake Albert Nyanza, a region visited by no other European before or since. Whichever way the question shall finally be settled, it will go far to solve the one great, undetermined problem in African geography—the position of the water-shed, and the character of the region between the basin of the Congo on the south and the basins of the Benue and Lake Tchad on the north. Stanley suggests, but always with a doubt, that the Aruwimi and the Welle are the same river. We have precisely the same means of judging which he had or can now have. The ascertained facts are simply these: the confluence of the Aruwimi and the Luálaba is placed by Stanley in about latitude 1° south, longitude $24^{\circ} 20'$ east; Schweinfurth came upon the Welle in about latitude $3^{\circ} 30'$ north, longitude 28° east; the distance between these two points, in a straight line, is about four hundred miles northeast and southwest. Stanley, on his map, projects the Aruwimi in that direction, and almost far enough to reach the place of the Welle; but this is purely conjectural, for he merely floated past the mouth of the river, and had no means of knowing its course beyond the range of his eyesight. The Welle, where seen by Schweinfurth, was not much more than one hundred miles from its head-waters, which must be in the mountain-range bounding Lake Albert Nyanza. Here it was a moderately rapid stream, eight hundred feet broad, and, in the dry season, twelve or fifteen feet deep, flowing toward the northwest, almost directly away from the Congo; and, according to native accounts, it pursues the same direction for many days' journey, until it becomes a great river, which no man can see across. This direction, followed sufficiently far, would bring it to the Shary, which empties into Lake Tchad. Schweinfurth inclines to the belief that the Welle is the Shary. But he also suggests that it may possibly be the Benue; in which case this great stream runs nearly parallel with the

Congo for almost a thousand miles, at a general distance apart of some eight hundred miles, each forming a practical highway into the very heart of Africa, both north and south of the equator.

Passing the confluence of the Luálaba and the Aruwimi, the voyagers were fairly within the great central basin lying between the coast and the lake-regions. Here they had to fight their first great battle on the water. A fleet of canoes came pouring down upon them from the Aruwimi. The largest of them was rowed by eighty men, forty on each side; twenty more were nearly as large, the others smaller; in all there were fifty-four canoes, with from fifteen hundred to two thousand warriors and paddlers. Stanley's men dropped their stone anchors and awaited the onset. They were surrounded on all sides, and for a few minutes the air was thick with flying spears. But the assailants had not reckoned upon the reception they were to meet. Most likely they had never heard of fire-arms. Now a volley was opened upon them from twoscore repeating rifles. Ten minutes decided the unequal contest, in which Stanley lost about ten men. How many of the savages fell is untold, but they fled in wild dismay. The victors pulled up their anchoring-stones and pursued them to the shore, upon the shore, and into and out of their villages. In the principal town a strange sight presented itself. We are told that at Jerusalem, in the days of Solomon, "silver was as stones;" here in Africa ivory was as wood. The chief idol was surrounded by a Stonehenge of huge tusks; the veranda of the chief's house was supported by pillars of ivory; ivory was used for chopping-logs; there were ivory mallets and wedges, ivory pestles for pounding corn, and ivory tubes for war-horns. The victors made loot of as much as they could carry off; in all there were one hundred and thirty-three tusks to be had for the taking, worth eighteen thousand dollars in the markets of Ujiji or Nyangwe.

The cataracts once passed, there was nothing but to press forward, for it was impossible to go back. When Cortez had burned his ships behind him, he was not more effectually cut off from all possibility of retreat.

The broad river pursues its way northeastward until it reaches almost the parallel of 2° north, then bends southwestward through eight degrees more of latitude and ten of longitude. The canoes kept as near as possible in the main channel, avoiding the shores and numerous islands, from which they were continually liable to be harassed. Here and there they noticed the entrance of large affluents, and doubtless passed more without perceiving them. At intervals they were compelled to land in order to procure food. There was every indication that the whole region is densely peopled—not densely, indeed, when compared with China, India, and Western Europe, but densely when compared with any other considerable portion of the globe. Their reception was sometimes kindly, sometimes dubious, oftener hostile. Of the thirty-two fights of which Stanley speaks, we refer but to one more, the last but one of the whole:

The 14th of February had brought them to a point almost exactly equidistant between Nyangwe and the coast. The right bank of the river was inhabited by the Mangala, a people of whom he had been told that they were great traders, and from whom he consequently anticipated a favorable reception, as he was still amply supplied with beads, wire, and cloth, to exchange for food. As he neared the shore, more than sixty canoes put out to meet him. Many of those on board were gorgeous in brass ornaments, while some of them wore blankets of red cloth, which indicated that they had intercourse with Europeans—a fact of which there was soon more convincing proof. When they were still some distance off, Stanley held up a crimson cloth in one hand and a coil of wire in the other, indicating by signs that they were for them. For reply he received a shower of iron-stone slugs discharged from several muskets, by which four of his men were wounded, while shouts of exultation announced that the savages had perceived the accuracy of their aim. The battle was now fairly opened. Every rifle and revolver in Stanley's little squadron was brought into rapid play. The enemy kept up the fight with desperate courage. The action lasted from noon to almost sunset, during which time the combatants drifted ten miles down the stream. "We were touched frequently," says Stanley; "boat and canoes were pitted, but not perforated through. Dead-shots told in the end. Breech-loaders, double-barreled elephant-rifles, and Sniders, prevailed against Brown Besses, though for two hours our fate was dubious; but we captured two canoes, swift as they were. We dropped anchor for an hour to protect a storming-party, which took a village and burned it; and at sunset our people sang the song of triumph. We continued floating down in the darkness until about eight o'clock, and then encamped on an island."

Stanley has been severely censured—unreasonably as we believe, prematurely beyond all question—for his stern reprisals while near Lake Victoria; but we think that no one will find cause of blame for his doings on the Congo. We imagine that even the scrupulous Cameron, who held that the "most brilliant geographical discoveries would be dearly purchased at the cost of a single drop of native blood shed except in absolute self-defense," would not have hesitated to fight if attacked, as Stanley was, without provocation.

Let us, also, do no injustice to these wild Africans, and not impute their persistent hostility solely to their own innate ferocity. Let us put ourselves somewhat in their place. Suppose we had heard vague reports of strangers from unknown lands, armed with strange weapons, who had committed wrongs on our borders. Suppose, now, that a party of these men, having weapons as much superior to our revolvers, and rifles, and cannon, as these are superior to clubs, and spears, and bows, should attempt to descend the Mississippi, or cross from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies—how far would they go before they would be set upon as Stanley was set upon? Tidings of wrong and abuse spread swiftly

and far. Why should not tidings of kindness and justice spread as far and swiftly? We fully agree with Mr. Stanley that, by a just and wise system of intercourse, commencing with honest trading-posts near the coast, and extending them up the river as the knowledge of their beneficent intent spread from tribe to tribe, it would not be long before the whole of that vast portion of Central Africa not already cursed by Arab and Portuguese slave-hunters would be opened to the peaceful trade of the civilized world.

In about four months after leaving Nyangwe—that is, early in March, 1877—Stanley had descended the Congo to within two hundred miles of the so-called Yellala Falls, which, as he was to learn, consist of a series of more than sixty cataracts occurring in a deep cañon one hundred and eighty-five miles in length; the entire descent, as approximately ascertained by noting the boiling-point of water at the two extremities, being five hundred and eighty-five feet. To traverse this last one hundred and eighty-five miles cost more in time, more in toll and hardship, if not more in loss of life, than all the preceding fourteen hundred miles had cost. The story of these five months must here be summed up in a few words; nothing less than a volume, still to be written by its surviving hero, can narrate its details.

The lake-like river had begun slowly to narrow its channel. The low, hazy bank almost imperceptibly changed into steep slopes, precipitous cliffs, and towering mountains, between which the waters hour by hour grew narrower, deeper, and swifter. These waters, starting from toward the eastern coast, had for more than twenty-five hundred miles been seeking their devious way into the western ocean. Running by turns southwestward, northward, northwestward, and southwestward again, they had skirted the winding base of the great mountain-chain, receiving affluents from every side. The mountain-range had now bent in sharply to the south, throwing itself directly athwart the course of the river. To reach the ocean, now scarcely three hundred miles distant, the river must burst its way through the mountains. The narrow rift is one hundred and eighty-five miles long, and two thousand feet or more deep.

Perhaps the best conception of this mighty cañon may be gained by imagining the whole descent of the falls of Niagara and the rapids below, down to Lake Ontario, to be doubled and spread through a space of almost two hundred miles; then pile the cliffs on each side to a height of two thousand feet instead of two or three hundred; and through the gorge pour a river with twice or three times the volume of the Mississippi. Now place two white men with more than a hundred ignorant Africans under them, all utterly ignorant of what lay before them, in half a dozen rude canoes, and bid them make their way down this gorge, over its rapids and around its threescore cataracts. This is what Stanley undertook to do, and did. Let us here give, somewhat condensed, some of the wild and

whirling sentences, almost as wild and whirling as the scene itself, in which he describes his work :

"While we were fighting our way for five months over this long series of falls, along a space of more than one hundred and eighty miles, we lived as though we were in a tunnel, subject at intervals to the thunderous crash of passing trains. At times the water swept impetuously down in serpentine curves, heaving upward in long lines of brown billows; sometimes with a smooth, glassy fall, sometimes thundering down steep after steep, tossing upward in huge waves, with their crests dissolved in spray or mist, or boiling around isles of bowlders, which parted it into fearful whirlpools. Our days of battle and our days of hunger may be forgotten as years of peace and rest roll over our heads; but never our months of toil and wild energy in the cataracts; for each day of those months has its own terrible tale of injuries, escapes, despair, and death. . . . There is no fear that any other explorer will seek to do what we have done in the cataract-region. Such a one may travel overland, and the natives will point out the two thousand feet up which we dragged our canoes. They will, perhaps, point out the stumps of the giant trees which we cut down, and out of which we hewed our canoes in eight or ten days and nights, whereas no canoe was ever before made in that region in less than three months. They may show the craggy rocks over which we constructed tramways; or the place where we felled a grove of tall trees to fill great pits in the rocks. They may point out places where the white men entered their canoes, and brought their people down long, foaming stretches of river; or the terrible falls where the elder white chief and his boat's crew were whirled, and tossed, and smitten by the brown waves. And, finally, they may guide him to the spot where the younger white chief was carried over the falls, drawn down in a whirlpool, and was lost. But there is no fear that any other explorer will imitate our work here. It would be an act of madness. We should never have ventured upon it had we the slightest idea that such fearful impediments were before us."

On the 3d of June they had reached the head of the falls of Mowa, the thirty-fifth of the series. Frank Pocock, for two years Stanley's sole white comrade, had become utterly disabled for walking, and was left behind in a canoe, while Stanley climbed up and down the steep rocks to find some way of passing the fall. He had formed his plans, and on his way back was seated upon a cliff, spy-glass in hand, looking down into the seething whirlpool below. Something dark appeared among the boiling waters. It was made out to be a capsized canoe with several men clinging to it. He saw the men endeavoring to guide the upturned canoe; he saw some of them leap into a smoother eddy and swim ashore; and then the canoe rushed past, and was dashed over the cataract below. In a brief time the whole story was learned. There had been eleven men in that canoe. Pocock had bidden them to go down and explore a little. The canoe had been caught in the rapids, and of the eleven men three were lost, and among them was Frank Pocock. Of him Stanley writes: "Though born in a humble sphere of life, he was an extraordinary man; a man to make himself respected and beloved; a man of many fine qualities; of cool, steadfast courage that

knew no quailing; of great manliness; a cheerful, amiable companion; a gentle, pious soul, and a staunch friend."

For another two months and more, Stanley and his men kept their way through this fearful cañon. All the while he inquired of the people of the country how many more cataracts there were. The uniform answer was, "One or two more." When these were passed, still there were "one or two more;" and so on day after day. At last, on the 11th of August, he reached the Isangila Falls, apparently the greatest of all, and was told that below this there were yet five others! "Here," he says, "after five months of toil and the loss of one European and fifteen soldiers in these lower cataracts, I said 'Enough!' and drew my boat and canoes high upon the rocks above the cataract of Isangila." His entire loss during the nine months since leaving Nyangwe was thirty-five men, besides the Arabs who had died of the small-pox.

Without supplies, and having scanty means left for purchasing more, the weary and footsore explorers marched down the northern side of the river, through a country where the chiefs had been pampered by white traders with tribute in beads, and cloth, and rum. They demanded the like tribute of Stanley. Not a bead would he give in tribute. He would buy food and pay its just value, but nothing more. One king—for every petty chief is here a king—brought out his fighting-men to prevent the passage of the intruders through his country; but at the sight of their formidable array, he changed his mind, and the strangers passed on, heading for Emboma, a Portuguese settlement some fifty miles from the coast. Captain Tuckey sixty years ago went by land from the Isangila Falls to Emboma, and estimated the distance at a hundred miles in a straight line, but one hundred and thirty by the route traversed by him. Stanley fixes the absolute geographical distance at forty-five miles, or fifty-seven miles as measured by pedometer on the actual route. "The distance," he says "was traversed by our sick and starving expedition in five marches."

He had sent messengers in advance, with letters addressed to any "charitable European," setting forth his sore strait from famine and exhaustion, and imploring aid. These fell at once into the hands of some English traders at Emboma, and a prompt response was rendered. A day's march from the settlement they were met with abundant supplies. Giving themselves a single day for rest and the unwonted enjoyment of sufficient food, they set out for Emboma. A few miles from the place they were met by several gentlemen of the European colony, with hampers of good things. "What a difference," exclaims Stanley, "between those cleanly, well-fed, and well-dressed gentlemen of Emboma and myself! It was as much as distinguished their strong, healthy hammock-bearers from the bare-ribbed, gaunt soldiers of the Anglo-American Expedition." The long struggle was over, and it only remained to recuperate from the effects of the toils and hardships. Stanley had hardly reached

the period of mid-life. When he set out from the east coast there was not a gray thread in his dark hair; when, in less than three years, he reached the west coast, his head was as white as silver.

We have called the great river the "Congo," but always under mental protest. That name belongs properly only to one of its branches, a considerable river, indeed, but only a third-class affluent of the mighty stream which should have a name of its own.

No other can be so fitting as the one by which Livingstone found it called—the Luálaba. We trust, also, that the adulatory European names given to other notable features of African geography will be discarded for the native designations: that, instead of Lake "Victoria," we shall say Ukerewe; instead of Lake "Albert," Mwtan; instead of the "Zambesi," the Leambye; instead of "Victoria Falls," Mogioatunye—"The Sounding Smoke."

ANGELO.

I.

IF Angelo knew when his love for Aphia Brooke began, no one else did, I am sure. The consciousness of it overwhelmed me, one night, as a dozen of us stood together on the Pincian, watching the sun sink slowly and majestically, as became the Roman sun, behind the shining dome of St. Peter's. The city lay below us, murmurous with the steady wandering of purposeless feet and the constant chatter of aimless tongues. Overhead the sky was of that luminous blue which only changes to a richer tint with the closing of the sensuous southern twilight. Along the western horizon hung a few fringes of cloud, as if Nature were trying to soften to mortal gaze the dying splendors of an immortal day. The atmosphere, heavy with spring incense, wrapped our senses like a perfumed vestment.

For a while we were speechless from sheer delight, though we had enjoyed the same sensations nearly every evening for a month. At last Aphia spoke, slowly and reverently, as if afraid of breaking the spell that bound us. And Angelo, standing a little apart, turned upon her a look which betrayed—to me, at least—his jealous secret. For a moment I despised the moth that sought the star, and then profoundly pitied the unhappy fellow who had set his heart upon the crown, when the cross, I knew, must be his portion. I should as soon have suspected Angelo of loving the sweet princess whose simple carriage had just swept by as of loving Aphia Brooke. And, from my point of view, the princess was hardly farther beyond his reach. Not so far, in a certain way; for he could never meet the princess on equal terms. But with Aphia he might daily float on the sea of her smiles, though he could never drink at her lips; he might live every week on the fruit of her speech, but he could never feed on her love. So with my pity mingled personal sorrow; for I loved Angelo, and would have made him happy, if I could. With Aphia's hand and heart, had they been mine to bestow?

I cannot say. It is harder than might be thought to play the rôle of elderly and confidential friend to a young, sweet woman when your pulses beat at forty as quickly, if not as hotly, as at twenty. But I never felt more certain that Aphia's choice would be her own, unbiased, than at the moment when Angelo's liquid eyes confessed to me his love.

"I think I like to see Rome best at this hour," Aphia said, slowly, thinking rather than speaking aloud, with her thoughtful eyes fixed in the deepest depths of the glowing sky. "It always seems to me as if the grand old city were decked in the pomp and splendor of an imperial triumph. Look at the west! Do you not see the banners of the Cæsars flaming in the heavens? See yonder, and yonder, the gilded spoils of victory! Listen to the clatter on the pavements! It is the conqueror who comes with his train of chariots, and the conquered in grim procession! It is a pageant for a painter or a poet. Why do not you, who can, put it upon canvas?" she cried, at last, breathless, turning toward those of us who professionally wielded the brush.

Angelo looked on her, and loved; and at least two others looked, and loved also.

"Oh!" she went on, when no one spoke, "if I could but paint as some of you can, I would make a Roman triumph such as the world has never seen. I would show such grand nobility of mien in the victors, such"—she stopped, abashed, conscious, all at once, that she alone was speaking, and that a dozen people were watching, some amused at, and some admiring, her ecstasy of enthusiasm.

She moved her slender hands with a little, deprecatory motion, as if begging pardon of her friends for pressing her eager fantasies upon their notice; and gently closed her lids as if thereby she veiled her glowing cheeks.

Then Angelo, with the tender chivalry of love, came to her defense, and said, in his quaint, uncertain English: "Ah, yes, signorina, it would be great to make such picture as you say. But see not you that the poor artist, he must paint with his mind before he can make with his hands; and, if not here," drawing his hand across his handsome forehead, "it not will come from here?" opening his nervous fingers with quick emphasis.

"Angelo is right," said Frere, speaking for the first time since he had bowed good-evening half an hour before. "If a painter hasn't his subject clearly limned on his mental canvas, he never can sketch it on the material surface. He may labor and labor, set down as many lines and lay on as many colors as he chooses, but he will never make a picture if he cannot close his eyes, and see his picture clear and finished. For my own part, I do not believe that the time invites, or even suggests, such pictures

as Miss Brooke would have painted any more than it calls for Madonnas and Holy Families. I believe that every age requires in art subjects with which it has keen sympathy. To-day wants the intensely practical on the one hand, and the intensely romantic on the other. It demands a pre-Raphaelistic barn-yard or a languishing *Giulietta* wasting her midnight sweetness on a lovelorn *Romeo*. It is quite possible to find models for the barn-yard, and even for the lovers; but where in all Rome would you find a Madonna in these degenerate days?"

"There, and there, and there!" cried *Aphia*, pointing to a group of young mothers crooning to their babies in that sweetest of tongues, in itself a perpetual lullaby. "Does not the divine mother-love look out from the eyes of every one of those women? And what is the noblest Madonna ever painted but the symbol of eternal motherhood? Was the woman whom Raphael chose for his grand *Sistine* Madonna any more than one of these? Could she have been more than a mother, or less than a woman? If she seems other to us than these we see daily—superior in some ways, a creature of a different sphere—is it not because the genius of the artist has made her different? Is it the divinity of the subjects or the divinity of their genius that we worship in the works of the old masters? I hate to hear people say our time is degenerate; that there are no models for such works as have come to us from the high-priests of art. It is the manner, not the matter, that makes the worth of work, and, if it merits appreciation, it will find it in spite of the tendency toward barn-yards and lovers," with a little, defiant glance at *Frere*, who stood idly watching the passing carriages, half unconscious, to all seeming, of what Miss Brooke had been saying.

He roused himself suddenly, and said: "The chill of the evening is quite perceptible, Miss Brooke; may I not put your shawl over your shoulders?"

And, without waiting for an answer, he folded her wrap close about her, beckoned her carriage, which appeared at that moment round the curve of the drive, and put her into it, in that quiet, masterful way he had, saying, for apology, rather to the rest of us than to her:

"It is quite too damp to stand longer on the ground."

As there appeared nothing else to do, good-nights were uttered, and we went our several ways—Angelo joining me, while *Frere* swung himself along in front of us just out of conversational reach.

Angelo had never said it, but I was conscious he did not like *Frere*; nor did I like him very much. Perhaps I should say I was totally indifferent to him. He was too successful to win the regard he might have had, had his circumstances been such as to draw factitious sympathy; and to me he had never been, as I knew he was to many, personally magnetic. We were companionable enough when we met, which was often, especially in *Aphia's* drawing-room; but we rarely sought each other's society, unless for some specific purpose. *Frere* belonged to

the new school of art theorists, and I rather to the old; so that we frequently disagreed flatly in regard to our profession, and had learned to discuss it, when at all, in a bantering way that gave no opportunity for argument.

Angelo, on the other hand, was of my way of thinking, and, despite his seeming almost like a boy to me, I found him a genuine companion; and thus a really lasting friendship had insensibly grown between us. I don't remember when I first met him, and I presume I must have encountered him many times before he made any particular impression upon me—though in any other place than Italy his personal appearance must instantly have arrested my attention. When I first became conscious of his existence, he was a struggling artist, glad to obtain almost any price for his work, and nothing loath, upon occasion, to act as model to his more prosperous fellows, for he was nearly a perfect Italian type of physical beauty. Too small, perhaps, from an American point of view, the proportions of his person were ideal, and his face so regularly beautiful as often to lack expression when in repose. Had he been built on a more heroic scale, he would have made an admirable prototype for a modern *Antinous*. As it was, he reminded me of the *Apollino* in the tribune of the *Uffizi*. As I came to know more of him, it chanced to be my fortune to put some work in his way, and the spontaneous, childlike gratitude of his race he poured out upon me with such vehemence that I began to bestir myself to place him in a more hopeful position. He gave decided evidences of talent. Whether he had genius or not I could not discover. A peculiarity of his talent was that it led him, apparently with equal bias, toward both painting and sculpture. He never seemed able to tell which he liked the better, and, in spite of my most earnest endeavor, I could not induce him to choose one and devote himself wholly to that.

"You never can serve two masters well, Angelo," I used to say, impatiently. "Serve one, and you will be rewarded; but the reward of a divided duty is bitterness and dissatisfaction."

"I not serve two masters," he would return, in his pleading, honeyed voice, which always sweetened the acidity of other people's speeches; "I but serve the one master, Art, in two ways, signore. When he wishes me to stop one way, I shall feel it here"—touching his brow. "I mean some time to do so great things in the marble and with the brush, that you shall see I not make now mistake. I try, try, every day; but they not come yet. But in the what you call good time, signore—in the good time—you will see!"

Thus, perforce, as I could not win him to my opinion, I gave it up, hoping, yet doubting, that he would prove a better prophet than myself. Angelo had a singular capacity for persistent work for one of his race and calling; or I should say he developed it some while after I first came in contact with him. During our early acquaintance he was something of a dreamer. He was wont to linger in the great halls

of the Vatican, and go mooning round the private galleries, when I considered that he should have been in his studio. But people's methods of work differ as widely as their methods of thought, and dawdling may have been more beneficial to him than grubbing was to me; and, in looking back, I think I discover that Angelo began to work with a will after he had first met Aphia; and I am quite sure it was the stimulus of her gracious encouragement that first showed him the value of constant effort.

II.

ORIGINALLY the Brookes had come to Rome in the ordinary course of European sight-seeing, with no intention of remaining beyond a season at farthest. Aphia's father had died not long before, leaving his family in independent, if not affluent, circumstances; and, as her two brothers were already established in the West, she and her mother decided to execute a long-cherished plan of coming abroad.

Her eldest brother and myself had been college chums, and as long as we had remained in the little interior town, which had been our New England home, were as intimate as youths of totally different tastes could well be. From boyhood he had dreamed of a great career in business—I of the laurel-wreath in art. Thus, when we finally bade adieu to university-life, we parted on the best of terms, his face being set steadily toward the West, mine no less steadily toward the East. We had exchanged letters occasionally for years; but as we soon had little in common but reminiscences of old friends, the correspondence languished, and finally died.

For a long period I had heard nothing from John Brooke, when, one day, a letter came from him, detailing his father's death, mentioning the intention of his mother and sister to visit Europe, and bespeaking my good offices, should they chance to cross my path. He inclosed their banker's address in Paris, and, as in duty bound, I wrote to the relatives of my old friend, begging to be of any service that I could in their pilgrimage of pleasure. Aphia I remembered only as a charming child of four or five, with big, solemn, inquiring eyes, a sweet, kissable mouth, a face now all sunshine, now all sympathetic tears, according to her moods, which even then were very marked. The youngest of seven daughters, not one of whom lived beyond childhood, she inherited a delicacy of constitution which made her an object of the greatest anxiety to, as well as the idol of, her parents. During my days of intimacy in the household she was the reigning divinity; and I joined with her brothers in making her the pet of idle hours. The excuse that every one made for doing the utmost to spoil the small creature was that she was so delicate, so little likely to live to grow up, that a little petting more or less couldn't make much difference. Indeed, the belief that she would not survive her childhood became so thoroughly impressed upon my mind, that I had a dim notion, however long she might live, that she never would grow up. Therefore, when I met Aphia and her mother at the railway-station upon their arrival in

Rome, and saw in her the finest type of the young American woman, I experienced a sensation of unacquaintance which totally unfitted me for the duties of hospitality. I don't know that I had really expected to receive a little girl, but what I did receive was not the Aphia of my imagination, though she bore her name and her eyes and mouth.

At Mrs. Brooke's written request, I had engaged for them a furnished apartment upon the Quirinal in the neighborhood of the Quattro Fontane. It was the top story of a corner palace, and, as Aphia said, seemed to hang between heaven and earth. Here they at once established themselves, and in a week's time were as much at home in Rome as in Whitfield, Massachusetts, where, in defiance of all prognostications, Aphia had grown from birth to a very healthful, if also somewhat willful, womanhood.

For a month after the domiciliation of the Brookes, I nearly gave up my work, and acted as their cicerone in excursions in and out of the city; finding a campaign of sight-seeing by no means without interest under those circumstances, even to a veteran resident like myself, to whom every street we crossed was more familiar than Cornhill or Broadway. At the end of a few weeks, Mrs. Brooke's interest, and strength, too, I am afraid, began to flag; and, after a flash or two, the expiring flame of her curiosity went out altogether. Sight-seeing was, I fancy, the last occupation in the world Mrs. Brooke would naturally have chosen. To her the grandest architecture of Buonarrotti's conception was as nothing compared with the great, square homestead—a vast expanse of white clapboards and green blinds—where her children had first seen the light. In no sense a dull woman, and possessed of a good deal of book-culture, the domestic instinct so overlay everything else in her nature that, of her own volition, she would never have spent a month away from her Whitfield home. But with all her affection for her own roof, her love for Aphia was so tyrannous that, had the girl said, "Mother, let us start for the antipodes on foot, and carry our luggage in our pockets," she would have replied: "Certainly, my love; when shall we set out?" And only in the innermost corner of her tender heart would she have regretted—and that unacknowledged to herself—that Aphia cared for another sphere than the one she was born in.

It was, therefore, something of a relief, no doubt, when Mrs. Brooke decided that she could remain at home, to busy herself in housewifely ways, and over those bits of needlework which domestic women so delight to finger, without defrauding her daughter of her rightful pleasure. Thus it happened that almost daily Aphia and myself made excursions, following simply our inclination.

One morning she said: "Let us go to the Barberini to-day, and afterward to the Cenci Palace. I want to see if I can really create Beatrice from the picture, and from her home."

So we strolled along toward the palazzo, whose gate was hardly a hundred feet from Aphia's own door, and, being so near, we had left it late among

the to-be's of sight-seeing. We made our way through the little garden, which, insignificant as it is in front of the palace, still adds much to the beauty of the place. It even has a romantic aspect after the other palaces in Rome, especially if you come upon it suddenly strolling up from the Via Sistina on a moonlight night.

We hurried through narrow passages and the small succeeding rooms of the generally unimportant gallery, and quickly stood before the famous Beatrice of Guido Reni.

I said nothing, waiting for Aphia to express an opinion. At last she sighed and touched my arm, without looking up.

"We need not go to her home," she murmured. "I see it all here. Poor, poor creature! Her anguish, her entanglement, her horror, her mortal dread of her unnatural father! She could not have been guilty. I am sure she was as innocent of parricide as I am myself."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, signora!" exclaimed a voice just behind us, whose familiar tones caused me to turn, both vexed and astonished, toward the speaker.

"Pardon, pardon, signore," entreated Angelo, alarmed at my evident annoyance; "I not meant to disturb you; but it so make me happy that the signora not think the beautiful Beatrice so bad as others think, that I not could help to speak it. A little ago the Signore Frere was looking at the head, and he say things I not like to hear, for I love the Beatrice, and I not like to hear her spoken of but praisedly. And you know the Signore Frere is so sure what he thinks, I not always trust my eyes when he says they tell me not true."

Angelo's last remark was so exact a description of Frere's unimpeachable belief in his own opinion, that I smiled in spite of myself, and forgave the little Italian what in any other man I should have considered an unpardonable rudeness.

Aphia, meanwhile, had been examining the portrait more closely, and presently, turning to Angelo, asked in her sweetest voice, whose exquisite modulations were one of her chief attractions:

"Is it the woman or the picture you admire, signore?"

I felt sure at once that Angelo had made a strong and very favorable impression upon my companion, or she would never have waived the formality of an introduction, the propriety of which I was debating when she spoke.

In many ways Aphia was a woman of the world, though in no sense a worldly woman, and with all but her intimates observed the exactest conventionalities. Hence I was confident that Angelo had touched her sympathies in an unusual degree. I listened, therefore, for his reply, to discover if he were in the least aware of his honoring.

"I not know, signora," he said, at last, with an engaging unconsciousness of being especially favored. "I come here, and look, and look, and look; and I go away and worship in my heart the Cenci; and think if she live in Rome to-day, I should love for

to watch near the door of the palazzo, and see her out go and in go; and perhaps some time she would notice the poor Angelo, and smile to him. Then I think I love the woman. By-and-by I go in the street, and I see a full window of pictures, copies many of this head. The copies I see are badly bad; the face look horrible; the eyes dull so; the nose crooked so; it makes me mad that people make poor work—poor work so of my Cenci, that I think then that I love the picture, and not care for at all the lady."

"Why don't you make a copy of it yourself?" Aphia asked.

"I should like it, I should like it!" exclaimed the young Italian, enthusiastically. "Some time I think I will, and I go home; I take my brush; I then say, 'Angelo, perhaps you not like your own work so well as the others—so bad as that is,' and I throw my brush off, and not try to do it."

"But you never can paint if you do that way. You must try every day to do something. If you will begin a copy, I will come sometimes and look at it, if you would like to have me; and my friend will bring me," added Aphia, a trifle alarmed at the audaciousness of her own proposal; looking up to me for approval. I was amused, and both pleased and displeased by the prompt manner Aphia had of making Angelo's interests her own. She had talked to him ten minutes, and in that time had taken upon herself the charge of encouraging him in his professional career precisely as if she had been his oldest friend. In Angelo she found one who needed encouragement, and with her keen instinct for helpfulness, she had divined that which would be the greatest aid to him.

The young Italian gazed at the radiant creature for a single instant in self-forgotten wonder, and then, yielding to his natural emotionalness, crying: "The signora is an angel; the signora will be my patron saint!" he dropped on one knee, and touched the tips of Aphia's fingers with his lips.

Aphia drew back with a haughty gesture, as I glanced round, with the instinctive Anglo-Saxon dread of being made conspicuous. No one was within sight; but as Angelo rose, I heard in one of the outer rooms a quick, decisive tread, and in two seconds, before we had time to recover our equanimity, Frere stood before us.

"Good-morning," he said to me, not at first perceiving that Miss Brooke, whose back was turned toward him, was in my charge. "Are you here, too, wasting time over this white-turbaned woman? I've just been trying to drag Angelo away to something better worth while; but if you uphold him in his adoration, I know it's of no use to try. If you were to say that one of Cranach's Eves was a model of loveliness—from our latter-day standpoint, I mean, of course—Angelo would swear that no other artist had ever painted a beautiful woman. I am sure you two will go down to posterity in the same train as Orestes and Pylades, Æneas and Achates, David and Jonathan, and the rest of the exemplars of eternal friendship."

Frere's cheerful rattle removed the awkward silence that had succeeded Angelo's bit of sincere melodrama; and I turned to Aphia, saying:

"Miss Brooke, let me present a fellow-artist, Mr. Frere.—Mr. Frere, Miss Brooke is one of those—in your eyes—unfortunate worshipers at the shrine of the Cenci."

"I am sure Miss Brooke could never be in my eyes an unfortunate worshiper of anything," returned Frere, with a certain gay gallantry that often wrapped his speech to women like a light vestment of bantering talk which he would lay aside for something more substantial when occasion demanded.

"That would be an unwise prophecy, Mr. Frere," responded Aphia, laughing, "for my opinions upon art-questions are not at all fixed yet. I am trying to formulate my sentiments with the aid of my friend here; but, up to the present, I confess, I am a devotee in general, not in particular. I like what I like; and what I don't like, I don't."

"What critic can say more than that?" Frere questioned. "The best of critics do not get beyond that point, though they often take a very round-about way of reaching it. But, for my own part, I have spent more time, with less result, in trying to genuinely like this Beatrice, than over any picture in Rome. I have never yet felt its charm."

Aphia replied somewhat warmly in its defense, and we dawdled along through the rest of the gallery, and out into the winter sunshine; Frere in front with Aphia, whom he was conversationally absorbing, after his usual easy fashion of appropriating to his own use everything he wanted, without ever realizing that anybody could have a prior claim. He was at heart a selfish fellow; yet his selfishness sat so lightly upon him, seemed often so much like a careless habit rather than a natural instinct, that one came to regard it as a matter of course, and ceased to question or wonder at it. Besides, too, he was ready to do a kindly thing for a friend, even to take trouble about it. The difficulty seemed to be that there were always so many more chances for his friends to help him than for him to help his friends, that one felt sure he would die far more largely in debt to the world than the world could be to him. He was possessed of many social graces, and of that chief of gifts, strong personal magnetism, which made him a favorite with many men, and all women, who do not so much resent—possibly they expect—selfishness in the other sex. He had a certain half-devoted, half-commanding manner with women of all ages which is, perhaps, more winning to them than any other, and which made him both the model and the envy of his intimates. Thus I wondered, as he strolled along at Aphia's side, whether she would feel and succumb to the attraction which I had seen obscure the judgment of wiser and less impulsive women than she.

As we passed the outer door of the gallery, Angelo touched my arm, and motioned me to drop behind. The moment we were out of ear-shot he exclaimed:

"I have displeased so the signorina—I thought

she must be a signora, she is so noble and so kind! Signore, what shall I do? I mean nothing; I show her how the poor Angelo feel her goodness"—speaking of himself in the third person, as he invariably did when mentally distressed—"and it was hurt to her. Would not you tell her how it is? Would not you beg her to pardon the poor Angelo? How can I begin the Beatrice if she not come to look at it?"

"I dare say she has forgotten all about it, Angelo," I answered, hoping to soothe his distress; for there was something really pitiful in his fear of losing her approval. "You know, in our country, gentlemen are not in the habit of kissing ladies' hands, at least not in the beginning of their acquaintance," checking my first wholesale statement because of certain dimly-remembered scenes of sentimental enthusiasm in my early youth; "and never in public places. I would never refer to it if I were you, and I am sure she never will."

That was the only reference ever made to the subject; but Aphia told me, later, that the next morning she found a bunch of early flowers upon her breakfast-table, and the maid had said, upon interrogation, that they were left by a "so handsome signora, who told they were for the beautiful signorina." We knew the flowers were a peace-offering from Angelo, and Aphia bade me bring him to see her in token of her good-will. When I did so, I found that Frere had already made his footing secure in the little apartment on the Quirinal, and bore himself with as much freedom as I myself.

Pausing at the door of Angelo's studio one day, a week or two after our visit to the Barberini, I observed him within; but so intent upon his work that he did not notice my approach. Having nothing special to say, I was about to pass on, when he slowly drew back from the easel, and I saw upon it an already well-defined copy of Guido's Beatrice. Then I knew that Aphia's suggestion had borne fruit, and I gently withdrew, lest my presence should dispel the charmed influences of his recollection.

The winter waned; spring had nearly bloomed into summer. Still the Brookes lingered in Rome; still Angelo and Frere and I worked by day, and met in Aphia's drawing-room by night, or, to be candid, each sought her at such seasons as he fancied she might be free from the others' presence. She had taken a hold upon each of our lives, which, if we acknowledged it to ourselves, we acknowledged to no other. She was not an extraordinary nor even a brilliant woman; she had no genius; but she had that which appeals more deeply to the masculine heart—a sweet womanly nature. She was such a woman as a man likes to see at his own hearthstone, and to say, with a thrill, to himself, "She is mine!"

She was not beautiful; yet she had a peculiar charm of face that made people say, "How beautiful!" and half the artists in Rome had begged the privilege of taking portraits of her, not one of which had been a likeness. She had, too, the rare power of imbuing others with her own enthusiastic beliefs till they seemed like inspirations from within. It was thus that she impressed Angelo, and, under the

spell of her influence, he worked as he never had done before. The Cenci grew in the sunshine of Aphia's encouragement till it came to maturity, and was pronounced by capable judges one of the best copies that had ever been made.

This being Angelo's first genuine success, I feared it might prove too great for his simple nature, which was as easily exalted or depressed as a child's. An Italian of Italians, he had most of the traits of his race in a marked degree, though they were much tempered by the influence of his Anglo-Saxon associates. He loved his country; but he cared not a straw for his countrymen. He sought his companions invariably among the English-speaking artists, generally among the Americans, and thus he had unconsciously ingrafted upon his own temperament some of their modes of thought, as he had also nearly adopted their tongue.

Incited by that subtlest of stimulants—the praiseful sympathy of a charming woman—Angelo had done such good work before Aphia left Rome for the summer—with the promise of an early return in the autumn—that he had already begun to enjoy one of the greatest pleasures a young artist can have—that of being talked about. And when one day, after their summer's absence, Mrs. Brooke and her daughter called at Angelo's studio, they found him no longer obscure and struggling, but the recipient of inquisitive calls and incipient patrons.

III.

WE fell into our old ways that second of Aphia's seasons in Rome—working, visiting, and talking, with occasional pleasurings together, now at Albano, now at Frascati; this week at Tivoli, next at Subiaco.

One evening in Aphia's drawing-room, when we were, as usual, discussing pictures and painters, she suddenly said:

"Signore Angelo, will you paint a Madonna some time? Mr. Frere declares it can't be done because it needs faith, and he says there is no faith nowadays. You have faith, *signore*; you are a true Catholic. Paint me a Madonna, that I may refute this skepticism."

"I will try some day," replied Angelo, softly, more to himself than to her, gazing out into the slumberous, moonlit street. "I think, I know, I can paint a Madonna. Frere knows not. He no faith has to paint by. But some day I will show him what to believe is."

I expected, with Angelo's usual haste to obey Aphia's slightest wish, that he would sketch out an entire Holy Family before another evening. But he said nothing more about it, and the subject passed for a time from my mind. Later I became conscious that he was working absorbingly on something which he had not shown. When I lightly rallied him upon the suspected Madonna, he replied, gravely: "Yes, *signore*; it is the Madonna. Ask not me yet to see it. After a while, dear *signore*, I ask you to look, but not yet, not yet!"

No other allusion was made to it; and, being more than usually occupied myself, I failed to notice that my Italian friend was putting upon himself a strain he could by no means endure. Early and late he was in his studio, and suddenly, with something of a shock, his unnatural paleness and wornness arrested my attention.

On the very day of that beautiful sunset-scene on the Pincian, when he had betrayed to me his loving secret, I had said to him: "Angelo, my boy, you are overworking. You must stop. The summer is coming. We will go away early this year. Suppose you and I set out for the north next week? Suppose we should go to Norway? That is as near the end of our earth as it will be convenient for us to go. Come, will you go?"

I spoke gayly, but I felt deeply. Angelo, I was sure, stood upon the near edge of some crisis, whether of mind or health, or both, I could not determine. He was evidently living at the highest tension of every fibre of his being. The hitherto limpid waters of his nature were strangely ruffled by undercurrents of emotion which my past experience of him furnished me no spiritual lead to sound with. I had no clew to his abnormal condition; nevertheless I reached forth blindly to help him, as I had done before in a hundred lesser exigencies. I felt that the first great and vital point was to take him away from the associations which undoubtedly ministered to his disease; therefore I felt vexed as well as disappointed when, to my proposition for early departure, he said, sadly, but firmly: "Not yet, *signore*; I am unready to go. My work lets me not go. I not wish to leave Rome."

"Is it the Madonna that keeps you?" I demanded, impatiently. "You can take it along, and finish it up in the mountains. Or, better still, leave it till you come back. You will get all sorts of fresh ideas about it while we are gone. How foolish, Angelo, for you to stay here, trifling with your health for the sake of doing what can be better done another time!"

"It is the Madonna which keeps me, *signore*," he replied, simply. "I not can take her with me. I not can leave her. You think you understand; but it not is so. I not can tell you how it is; not now. Some time, perhaps, you will see. But I not leave Rome. I not wish to do it!"

He was in no mood for argument; I urged him no more. That night upon the Pincian, with the western sunlight shining full in his handsome face, I had discovered why he would not—yes, why he could not leave Rome. I sorrowed deeply for my friend. I felt more fully the dire necessity of removing him from Rome—and Aphia. As we slowly walked on, endeavoring to attune my own steps to his listless gait, which was to me but another sign of his failing vitality, I said, somewhat peremptorily, "Angelo, you must quit Rome."

He turned, and, looking steadily at me, asked, "Why must I quit Rome, *signore*?"

"You know why, Angelo," I returned, gently. "Will you promise me that, if your picture is not

completed within three days, you will go away with me?"

He gazed long and quietly into my eyes, and read there my knowledge of his love. He turned away in silence; but, just as we crossed the Piazza del Popolo toward the Corso, he slipped his arm under mine and whispered, "In three days I will go, signore!"

I saw him every morning for the next three days; but, as he begged me not to interrupt him, I barely paused at his door an instant in greeting. On the third evening I prepared to go to Aphia to bid good-by for the summer, and to tell her that Angelo was to hear me company. I had intended to ask him to accompany me; but, gaining no response to my rap upon his door, I repaired alone to the Quattro Fontane.

Aphia was in her most bewitching mood. I had never seen her so charming. Her drawing-room was half filled, many persons having come upon the same mission of farewell as myself, and she seemed to shower smiling wit upon each guest at once. Even Frere, for the first time probably, was unable to absorb her to himself, as he always did with the persons he liked. Consequently he held himself somewhat restlessly aloof, now and then uttering an absurdly cynical speech just above his breath for the edification of any one who chanced to be near him.

Seeing there would be no chance for even a quiet good-by to Aphia, I decided to leave earlier, especially as I was anxious about Angelo. It seemed to me that he should fail to secure this last opportunity of seeing Aphia before we left for the north; for, though we were not to go until late next day, I knew there would be no time for visits. Hardly able to credit him with so vast an accession of self-discipline as should enable him to withhold himself from temptation, I regarded his non-appearance as the result of some material cause. I therefore bade adieu to Mrs. Brooke, and, as I took Aphia's hand, she said, a little tremulously:

"Tell Angelo I am grieved he did not come. I wished to say good-by to him personally. He is looking ill, and I wanted to tell him to take care of himself for my sake. You know," she added, with an odd little laugh, "I feel as if I had partly made Angelo."

I looked at her narrowly to discern whether there was anything but pure friendliness in her tones. I turned away, unable to penetrate the mystery of those glowing cheeks.

A group of persons freshly arriving stopped me for a chat upon the staircase, and it was at least ten minutes before I reached the street. The opposite side was wrapped in shadow as I crossed to it, and I nearly fell over a figure, half standing, half crouching, against the wall. I began to murmur an apology, which died in a start as I discovered the figure to be Angelo's.

"Angelo!" I cried, ready to discredit my own vision, "is this really you?"

"Hush, signore!" he whispered. "I was come to beg the signorina to look at the Madonna to-morrow before we go. Yes," he said, in response to my

questioning look, "the Madonna is finished—finished for ever and ever," he repeated, bitterly. "I thought I would rest a minute here, the night is so warm, the stairs so long." Alas! he had never thought about the stairs before. "And then I saw that"—pointing up and across the street—"and I not go could."

Following the indication of his finger up the moonlit wall, I observed upon one of the balconies of Mrs. Brooke's apartment two persons, so hidden by the projected shadow of a cloud across the moon that I could only guess their sex. Another instant the cloud passed, and the figures of Frere and Aphia stood out with cameo clearness against that pulsating southern sky.

My companion grasped my arm, and, though he spoke not, for a few seconds his face was distorted with all the diabolic jealousy of his race. Not knowing just what to do, I did nothing, though I felt the gross indelicacy of witnessing that which was intended to be unseen. After a moment of speech apparently, though no sound was borne down to us, Frere stepped back in the full moonlight, and, with a passionate gesture, opened wide his arms. I could feel Angelo trembling in every nerve as he watched Aphia. She stood motionless for an age, it seemed to me; then she stepped forward, and, as Frere's arms locked themselves about her, and his lips fastened upon hers, Angelo dropped senseless at my feet.

It was the old, old story. Frere, the favorite of Fortune, had reached forth a careless hand, and into it had fallen the prize for which Angelo, possessed of little but his great love, would have surrendered every prospect.

The pain that beat within my own breast seemed to throb distantly, as though in the heart of another man, as I raised Angelo in my arms, and, hailing a passing carriage, lifted him into it. All conscious emotion was merged in grief for him. I felt that I was wronging him while doing my utmost to restore his suspended vitality. He was drenched with moisture, partly from the heavy night damps that so infest Rome even in the healthiest localities, and partly, I judged, from a penetrating perspiration, which made me fancy he did not really know how long he had been standing in the street. Before morning he had a raging fever. It required all my strength and my cleverest contrivance to keep him in bed, so formidable was the factitious power of his delirium. I never left him, except for a few moments of necessary rest. He raved constantly of Aphia and his love for her; and I felt that the one thing I could do for her and for him was to shut out the idle tongues that would carry gossip from the sick-chamber. The fever lasted a week, and, during the whole seven days of horrible anxiety, I could snatch but an instant to send a line to Aphia not to leave the city till the crisis of Angelo's illness had passed. I clung to her remaining as the one chance of saving my friend's life. Why I know not, since it needed no words to convince me that he would elect to die rather than to live without her.

There was not even a chance to look at the Madonna, which stood, still curtained, on an easel in the adjoining studio. Indeed, I should have hesitated to unveil it, though confident Angelo intended showing it to me, with Aphia, on the very morning he was taken ill. It remained covered, as it seemed to me, like a tender mother sorrowing for her stricken child. I could not rid myself of the notion that it was enduring a sentient grief at the suffering of Angelo.

On the seventh morning, the fever had nearly burned itself out, having but little fuel in the slender frame of its victim. All day my patient lay feebly breathing, now and then opening his eyes and meeting mine with recognition, and then slowly closing them, as if even so much effort were arduous. Late in the afternoon he motioned me to bend over him. With great effort he whispered:

"Do—do—you—think—she—she would—come, signore? Tell—tell—her—I—I am—dying."

Then, exhausted, he sank into a doze, as I hastily scrawled:

"DEAR APHIA: Please come instantly and alone. I fear our poor Angelo will leave us before another day."

I could not bear that his last vision of the woman he loved should be marred by the presence of the man whose gain had been his bitter loss.

When the note had sped upon its way, Angelo whispered again:

"The Ma—Madonna; bring—it."

And, in obedience, I transferred the easel, with the curtained picture still upon it, from the studio to the bedside.

The warm western light was streaming in, caressing lovingly Angelo's worn but still divinely-beautiful features. It almost seemed to tinge the pallid flesh with the hue of health, and another than myself could scarcely have believed that slender thread of life so nearly at its end. Angelo motioned me to raise him to a semi-upright posture, and, hearing the stopping of a carriage in the street below, bade me, with a look, to go down.

I met Aphia half-way up the stairs, and replied to her eager inquiry:

"Angelo is still alive. He wanted to see you once more; and I ventured to ask you to come alone. Aphia," I added, pressing her hand gently, "Angelo has loved you with a lover's love. He saw you that night upon the balcony with Frere. It was after that he was taken ill."

Aphia blushed deeply. It was the first reference between us to her changed relation to Frere. Recovering herself, she asked, gently:

"If Angelo had not known, do you think it would have made any difference now?"

"I cannot say," I returned. "He was very, very ill before. I blame myself for not seeing, understanding, and acting, long ago."

We passed through the studio to the bedside, and Angelo's face, as he saw Aphia, was illumined as with a divine emotion. With sweet, womanly instinct she knelt beside him, and for an imperceptible instant touched his forehead with her lips. He lay transfigured. At last, summoning his already paralyzed will, he took her hand, and said, slowly:

"I—promised—you—the—Madonna—signorina. It is—there. I—have loved—you;—I have—worshipped—her."

His eyes closed, the pulsations of his heart grew slower, slower, slower—presently they ceased altogether. Angelo's sweet and gentle spirit was free.

Aphia rose, and through her tears looked down upon the beautiful, soulless clay.

"Since it could not be as he would wish, perhaps it is better thus," she whispered.

"I believe it is," I answered. "But look at the picture which he made for you."

I lifted the curtain reverently.

There, looking back at us from out the form of the Holy Mother with sweet, benignant gaze, was Aphia's own face, so true a likeness that I started in amaze.

It was the Virgin whom Angelo had worshiped through life, even unto death.

FREEDOM.

FROM THE SERVIAN.

THE nightingale's sweet song
Rang through the verdant woods;
Its touching interludes
The echoing boughs prolong.

When three harsh sportsmen came
Where all this rapture led:
"Do me no harm!" she said,
"And kill me not—for shame!"

"If you will peaceful be,
I'll sing for hours and hours
Amid your garden bowers,
Within the red-rose tree."

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But her the sportsmen seize—
The singing-bird they cheat;
The cage-wires round her meet—
Fast fade the fields and trees.

No more sweet interludes,
No songs her thought engage,
Until they take her cage
Back to the native woods.

Then—what a song to sing!—
"Woes, bitter woes impend,
When friend is torn from friend,
And freedom finds no wing!"

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON is one of the few public men in this country who have never been "interviewed." His friends know that he has always respectfully and firmly declined the overtures of newspaper reporters. When he is off the stage, he retires to private life. But there are some things concerning him which, it seems to me, should not be reserved for his obituary alone—wholesome, interesting things which reflect credit upon his profession, and light upon his "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Jefferson has been called the "Sunday-school comedian," because he never says on the stage what he would not say in the family circle. He never played an old comedy, like Coleman's "Poor Gentleman," for instance, without cutting out from his part every *double entendre*, and every other matter to which the slightest exception might be taken by the most "proper" of his hearers. In "Rip Van Winkle" there is not the faintest suggestion of an impropriety, not the least allusion to a subject that might cause a blush on a woman's cheek. He recognizes the fact that nowadays a theatrical audience is made up mostly of girls and young men, and not of the experienced worldly men and women who constituted it in the days of Wycherly and Congreve; and he considers it wrong that a young lady at a theatre should be compelled to listen to words which no gentleman would think of using in the drawing-room or in the public prints. "Just think of it!" I heard him exclaim one day; "what right has a man to say on the stage what he cannot put in a newspaper?"

The only objection on moral grounds that I have ever heard made to "Rip Van Winkle" is that at the end of the last act, when Rip has been recognized by his wife and daughter, and when the former tells him in the exuberance of her delight at finding him, "Rip, you can get tipsy as often as you like," he does not refuse the cup which she offers him. Everybody who has seen the play remembers how Rip accepts the cup, and repeats his old formula, "Well, I won't count dat one, den; here's your good health, and your family, and may you live long and prosper;" and many persons, undoubtedly, are sorry that he does not refuse the cup, and assert his resolution to drink no more. Drink has been the cause of all his troubles. Now that his troubles seem to be past, and a new and better era to be beginning, why does he not bid farewell to his former habits, and determine never again to touch another drop? With such an ending the play would become a veritable temperance-lecture. Many a time have committees of ladies, and committees of gentlemen, delegations from benevolent societies, and delegations from reform societies, "waited upon" Mr. Jefferson, and urged him to make a change in that last act. "If," they have said, earnestly and imploringly—"if, Mr. Jefferson, you would only decline the cup that Gretchen offers, and announce your solemn purpose never to drink any more!" To all these entreaties the actor has turned a deaf ear.

Why? Well, in the first place, he believes that, if the drama teaches at all, it must teach only as life teaches. It holds the mirror up to Nature; it is not a moral lyceum lecture. Its influence departs when it usurps the functions of the preacher or the moralist. In the next place, he thinks that it is unfair to transform the stage into a platform, and to change himself from an actor into a temperance-lecturer. The people who listen to him have paid a dollar and a half each to go to a play, they have not paid their money for the privilege of listening to a sermon. And in the last place, and chiefly, the unity of the impersonation requires that Rip should take the cup, and not that he should reject it. Rip is a drunkard, and his life is an awful warning. Even when he knows the sorrows that his vice has produced, he is unable to rid himself of it. The great joy of refinding his home and his daughter is not his savior. Like every other confirmed inebriate, he naturally falls back into his old habits. The love of liquor is too strong for him. It is beyond his control. He hesitates a moment when the cup is handed to him—handed to him by his own wife—and then he does what one might say he cannot help doing: he receives it, and drinks as he used to drink. The thralldom of the drunkard, that is what the play teaches, if it teaches anything in this respect.

Rip is one of the most lovable of men, chiefly because he himself loves everybody, and is generous and sweet-tempered and brave. Even his breeches-wearing wife is dear to him, in spite of all her beatings, and scoldings, and hair-pullings. When her cruelty comes before him most vividly, he has only a merry laugh. When he says, "If ever Gretchen tumbles in the water, she's got to shwim, do you mind that?" there is not a taint of bitterness in the words. His dog—how he loves the poor beast! he would rather that Gretchen should "lick me than the dog." After Derrick has given him the bag of gold, he hands it to the landlord whom he owes: "I will wipe off my score, and stand treat for the whole village." In the bleak forest on that cold, awful night when Gretchen has turned him out-of-doors, he salutes the sheltering trees: "How are you, old fellows?" and then with tenderest pathos adds: "I like de trees; dey keep me from de wind and de rain, and"—poor soul!—"dey never blows me up." Hendrick Hudson and the demons of the Kaatskills provoke not his hate but his humor, even after he finds himself a captive, and unable to get out of their clutches. "Look here, old gentleman," he bravely shouts to Hendrick, "if you mean to do me any harm, just shepeak right out." He is not afraid. Drinking the liquor that Hendrick offers him—the liquor that makes his head at one moment as light as a feather, and at the next "so heavy as lead," he wishes good health to the devils themselves; and falling down under the effects of the draught, his last conscious thought as his capturers move off from

him is: "Don't go away from me, boys. Going to leave me all alone? Don't go away. I will drink your good health and your—" Before he has finished the toast, the potion has done its work. Now it is just this generous, brave, good-natured, sympathetic, lovable man who is a common drunkard, and who will die a drunkard. Reform in his case is impossible. All the trouble, the anguish, that his appetite for drink has brought upon him and his family, has been no warning whatever. In his old age, with child, wife, home, lands restored to him, he is still the slave of his passion, and he resumes his foul habit. Could the loudest advocate of temperance find a more impressive illustration than such a spectacle?

Mr. Jefferson is an artist. He is one in two senses. He is an actor, and also an oil-painter. Many of us have seen his last picture, "Forest and Stream," in the Goupil Gallery in New York—a trout-stream flowing through a forest; on its banks a solitary fisherman with rod and line; mists of early morning rising through the sunbeams; freshness and dewiness on the leaves and grasses; tall birches, oaks, and walnuts; thick undergrowths of flower and shrub; quietness, repose, sentiment, mystery:

"All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep."

I do not say that Mr. Jefferson's picture is a perfect masterpiece. It is not. But it is a truly artistic performance, full of suggestiveness and of meaning. Mr. Jefferson admires Corot; he appreciates Corot; he reveres and loves him. He would rather produce the effects that Corot produced than any other effects of any other painter, ancient or modern. He owns the palette and the brushes that Corot once used; and he has hung on the wall of his drawing-room one of the sweetest pictures that Corot ever painted—a landscape full to repletion of subtle appreciation of the spirit of Nature, careless of attention to details, rich in tenderest poetry. It is this sort of painting that Mr. Jefferson likes. He subordinates the treatment of his subject to the expression of some feeling. He despises mere imitation of natural objects, however clever and successful that imitation may be. It will never be said of him, as it has been said of a leading English pre-Raphaelite, that he "sits so long over a plant that at last it dies as if in self-defense;" or that "it takes less time to grow a weed than he requires to paint one." His "Forest and Stream" was recently on exhibition in a Pall Mall gallery in London, and while there it had the best of company and received the most cordial treatment. Mr. Jefferson says that even when acting every night he can paint all day without fatigue.

Those who have seen "Rip Van Winkle," especially during the last performances in Booth's Theatre, will remember that Mr. Jefferson is very rarely and very little applauded, and that he is never called before the curtain. The actor has so "toned down" the play that nobody cares much to applaud him in it. It would be the easiest thing in the world for him

to make a number of applause-traps—after the first act, for instance, when his wife drives him out of his home into the storm at night. After he has left the room, and hurried away alone into the darkness, how readily, by the use of a few theatrical devices, might he be followed by the thundering enthusiasm of his audience! How little trouble it would be to get himself called before the curtain amid an ovation of noise! So, at the end of the second act, when he takes the cup from Hendrick Hudson, and falls in the stupor of intoxication, a few simple contrivances might cause the curtain to drop to the most clamorous calls for his appearance. And, at the joyful consummation in the third act, when, surrounded by his family, and in full possession of his home and estate, he drinks to the health of the assembly, how easily he might arrange matters so that his hearers should insist upon calling him out, and heaping upon him the tokens of their good-will! Mr. Jefferson does not believe in such things. Being an artist as well as an actor, he recognizes the duty of self-abnegation. He puts himself in the background (or rather, quite out of sight); he puts Rip in the foreground. It is of Rip and not of Joseph Jefferson that he would have the crowd think. And the crowd goes away thinking of Rip. He purposely so fixes things that he shall not be applauded, and shall not be called before the curtain. His intention, his study, and his care are, so to speak, to de-Jeffersonize "Rip Van Winkle." The audience does not feel like cheering poor Rip when Gretchen has driven him out of his house, nor when Hendrick Hudson has given him the sleeping-draught; nor when, after his strange and sorrowful experience, he finds his home and family and fortune only to go back again to his old habits of intoxication. If they are thinking of Rip on these occasions, they certainly are not inclined to applaud him. But if, on the other hand, their thoughts are upon "Joe" Jefferson the clever actor, applause is natural and irresistible. The fact that there is no applause shows how completely Mr. Jefferson has identified himself with the character which he has undertaken to impersonate.

I well remember how earnestly Mr. Jefferson once expressed to me his delight in having learned recently that a new order in the court-theatres of Germany forbade the actors to receive flowers or to go before the curtain. "Why," he exclaimed, "that is what I have been insisting upon for twenty years. People used to tell me that I was wrong, that I was shooting over the heads of my audience, that it is impossible for an actor to succeed without such loud recognitions of success. But here they are in Germany adopting the very views that I have been urging. Wagner, you know, at the great Baireuth festival last year, refused to come before the curtain even in response to the calls of the king and the nobles. He couldn't be brought out. He said that an actor had no business to listen to such demands. I have been of the same opinion for years; and one of my principal cares in 'Rip Van Winkle' has been to prevent people from making such demands—to play my part so that they shall not think of calling for me."

Mr. Jefferson's artistic instincts control his management of the play as well as his impersonation of Rip. For example, he does not bring his dog Schneider on the stage. Why not? Other actors would do so; other actors have done so. But where would be the art of the dog? The animal is not an intelligent, responsible being; everything he did would be out of harmony with the play as an organic product of mind, as a result of intelligent cause producing a designed effect. Besides, suppose the dog should be whistled at by a boy in the gallery; he would wag his tail, and be doubtless highly amusing. But his performance would be a distraction, a diversion, an excrescence—not an integral part of a work of art; and the laugh would be sure to come in at an inopportune moment. Moreover, every person in the audience has his own idea of what sort of dog Schneider really is; and Schneider, if out of sight, does not interfere with that idea. But the instant you bring him forward, that instant you are bound to disappoint the conceptions of hundreds of spectators who had thought him to be an altogether different kind of animal. Still further, suppose that Schneider should misbehave himself on the stage, what an utter nuisance and hindrance he would be! To put him on the stage would, therefore, be an atrocious piece of pre-Raphaelitism. On the other hand, when off the stage, he can easily be imagined as running away up the hill; as knocking over the crockery in Gretchen's kitchen; as doing, in a word, whatever he is supposed to be doing.

Mr. Jefferson says that the time in the play when he experiences the highest pleasure is when he is talking to Hendrick Hudson and the demons in the second act, when there is no sound, no voice but his own; when nothing can occur to interfere with or to lessen the impression of the scene. "Sometimes I enjoy it beyond the power of expression," I once heard him exclaim. No one not an actor can appreciate how often and how sadly the subsidiary characters in a drama can hinder the acting of the leading performer. At the most critical moment, when the interest is intensest, when the audience is hanging upon the lips of the speaker, when the greatest and best effect is to be produced, one of the *dramatis personæ* may move infelicitously, or put his hand to his head, or do something or other that will attract attention to himself, and spoil half of the intended charm. In the second act of "Rip Van Winkle" Mr. Jefferson does all the talking himself; there is nobody else visible—for Hendrick Hudson and his strange companions are not bodies, but spirits. Rip is the only human being present, and he is master of the situation. And how truly a master he is!

The culmination of the play is undoubtedly not at the close, but shortly before, when Rip's daughter recognizes her father. His love is for her; his anxiety is simply that he may find her. If she can be restored to him, he must be happy. The time has gone by for either him or his audience to think much about the wife. An old man and an old woman making love to each other, after all that has occurred

between them, would be ridiculous. If Rip should play the lover, the audience would be apt to roar. When his daughter, after recognizing him, proposes to call her mother, he naturally is disinclined; for, after awaking from his twenty years' sleep, almost the first thought that came to him was that Gretchen would make it hot for him if she caught him. "No," he replies to his daughter Meenie's proposal, "call de dog Schneider; he will know me better than my wife." First his daughter; then his dog; only last his wife. He has suffered too much at her hands easily to become in ecstasy over finding her. Accordingly, the chief pathos of the closing scene centres in his conversation with Meenie, and in her fond, decisive, absorbing recognition of her father. "My dear," he says, in the tenderest tones, at the beginning of that conversation—"my dear, is your name Meenie Van Winkle? . . . Oh, ja, it is Meenie," he cries, sobbing. He holds his arms out to her, and then drops them in despair. Again he gazes into her eyes. "Either I dream, or I am mad, but I am your father, Meenie." He recounts the story of the last night he saw her, when her mother drove him from the house. He sobs again, and almost suffocates. The girl does not know him. "My home is gone," he weeps most piteously, "and my child, my own child, looks in my face and don't know who I am." "I do!" she shrieks, and rushes to his arms. When he clasps her to his heart the interest and the story culminate. The curtain might well drop at that supremest moment.

Mr. Jefferson, like most other great actors, I suppose, does not exactly repeat himself at each new impersonation of the same part. One night he pitches his performance in one key; another night in a different key; and so on. Sometimes it has more color; sometimes less color; sometimes it is very nearly without color, in simple black and white. He is anxious at each performance to keep the impersonation up to its proper tension. The proper amount of effect is what he strives to produce, and, if he has weakened at one point, he endeavors to make up the loss at another. He says that he does not act as well at a matinée as at an evening performance, the reason being that, in the former case, the brain's regular amount of rest has been cut into. For example, if he plays one night, goes to bed at twelve o'clock, and then plays again at two o'clock the next afternoon, he has had only fourteen hours of rest, instead of the twenty that he would have had had the performance taken place during the next evening, instead of the next afternoon. His fatigue after a performance depends, he says, upon how good the performance has been. The better his playing, the less is his fatigue. The most effective condition for an actor, he thinks, is to have his heart warm and his head cool. If both heart and head are warm, the action is feverish and fitful. But if a warm heart pours itself out through a cool brain, the effect is composing instead of startling. He does not lift you up, and then let you fall; he lifts you up, and then takes care of you by letting you gently down. The condition that he produces

is one of repose—the repose without which there is no art. Accidental and inharmonious sounds, like those of a child crying, or of a late-comer, or of a noisy spectator, recall the actor to self-consciousness, breaking in upon the imaginative web about him, which is so delicate and so easily severed. His faculties are nicely poised, and the slightest breath may destroy the equilibrium. How little most persons in an audience think of the annoyance they unintentionally may cause a conscientious and artistic actor! Sounds, however, like those of properly-timed laughter or sobbing, are indices of his effect, and, being natural and well meant, are helpful.

"The drama," said Mr. Jefferson, one day, when I was traveling with him, "has its ups and downs. Sheridan's 'Tom and Jerry,' in which there is not one character, male or female, that is not a rogue, a fool, or a courtesan, and in which the lowest slums in London are represented, used to be played to audiences consisting of the very best people in that city. Corinthian Tom knocked over poor apple-women, and the spectators thought it jolly. No first-class comedy would pay. Well, we have made an advance upon those times, certainly. 'The Black Crook,' at Niblo's, you say? Yes, but the people went to see it, not because it was bad, but because it had beautiful scenery and beautiful dancers and dancing. It was the beauty, not the vice, that attracted them. It was its novelty and freshness, just as an epicure often prefers a clam-bake and an ear of green-corn to the most sumptuous dinner. People really like the good better than the evil; they would rather see a man who is walking a tight rope succeed than to see him tumble. Besides, after 'The Black Crook' in New York, we had 'Julius Cæsar' for one hundred nights.

"The American and English drama," he continued, "is deficient in good plays—that is to say, in plays that are well constructed, that are full of natural and varied incidents, that, in a word, are interesting. We have some very fine ones; but we need more of the same sort. The first principle of the drama is to entertain; if it likes it may instruct, but certainly it should not degrade or demoralize. I believe that some of what are called the lower order of entertainments are of value in educating coarse men up to the point where they can appreciate a higher order. Such entertainments bring together a class of persons who are not prepared for an intellectual treat, yet who need to be amused in their leisure hours. How can a man who enjoys a brutal sport—like cock-fighting, for example—enter into the spirit of a play like 'The Rivals' or 'Julius Cæsar'? An entertainment, however, should always be a little above the audience for which it is intended; it should lead the audience slightly, not follow the audience. The future of the drama? Well, its future will be like its past—a series of ups and downs. When art is well paid, art degenerates; actors become 'stars,' and gather their several constellations. When art is badly supported by the public, actors are forced to combine; their companies are amalgamated, and their plays are better played."

It was on this occasion, I believe, that Mr. Jefferson pricked a popular story about him—the story that everybody has heard—how one day he went to a bank to get a check cashed. The paying-teller, not knowing him, of course refused to cash it. "If my dog Schneider was here," said the actor (as reported), "he would know me." The money was paid forthwith. Mr. Jefferson says that the tale is a myth. He never had any such experience. He did not think it worth while to contradict it publicly; but he considers such a piece of conduct to be beneath the dignity of an artist.

The question is often asked: "Why does not Mr. Jefferson appear in some other play than 'Rip Van Winkle'?" Why does he not try his hand at a new comedy? Is he deficient in versatility?" Especially of late have these matters engaged the attention of writers in the newspapers; and persons are beginning seriously to inquire whether or not Mr. Jefferson can act any part so well as the part of Rip. Of course, it is simply impossible to tell: it is one of those things "that no fellah can find out," to use the expression of Lord Dundreary. Neither Mr. Jefferson himself nor any one else is able to assert that any new comedy in which this actor might sustain the leading part would achieve the distinguished success of "Rip Van Winkle." In the first place, this play is the growth of many years. Washington Irving adapted the story from a German legend; Dion Boucicault adapted Irving's adaptation; Mr. Jefferson, during the last eight years, has been adapting Boucicault's adaptation. It is possible, but not probable, that a new drama which shall be its equal will leap like a full-armed Minerva from the brain of a *Jupiter scribens*. Every theatrical manager knows how limited is the supply of first-rate comedy-producing talent, and how difficult it is to obtain a new play that is just what is wanted. In the next place, Mr. Jefferson has been extraordinarily successful with "Rip Van Winkle;" and during his latest impersonation in Booth's Theatre, his audiences have been, perhaps, larger and more appreciative than ever before. People saw that impersonation with delight who had already seen it several and, in some instances, it is believed, a score of times. There were no signs that the public was getting tired of it. If Mr. Jefferson renews it next winter, he will doubtless gather again nightly a crowd as eager and as large. In London he presented it six months consecutively with unabated success. It is overflowing with human interest, and each of its touches of Nature must find a ready response. And, in the last place, it requires itself a large amount of versatility. No actor, not extremely versatile, could do what Mr. Jefferson does as Rip Van Winkle. He depicts youth, age, innocence, shrewdness, affection, sensibility, fear, bewilderment, despair, the grades of intoxication from that of the first cup to that of the last, and the drunkenness of spiritual intoxication when in the second act he takes the draught that Hendrick Hudson offers him—all these representations are given singly, and in harmony with the scope of the play.

Suppose that there was no drunkenness in the play, and that Mr. Jefferson appeared in a farce of which drunkenness was a striking feature, everybody would speak of the two impersonations as indicative of versatility on the part of the actor. Suppose Mr. Jefferson should appear in three or four farces, each one of them displaying some leading characteristic of "Rip Van Winkle," and aided by the accessories of different actors and costumes, the versatility of the player would be recognized. But because his versatility is exercised in one play, rather than in half a dozen plays, it is apt to be overlooked. It exists nevertheless. A man who has seen "Rip Van Winkle" twenty times would naturally like to see Mr. Jefferson in another comedy, and says that he would. But a new generation has grown up that wants to see Rip; and it is simply dictatorial and selfish for Rip's old admirers to demand that his young admirers should be neglected and disappointed. It will be time enough for Mr. Jefferson to throw Rip overboard when the public has done so.

I was greatly interested on one occasion in hearing Mr. Jefferson speak of how he first came to play "Rip Van Winkle." He had seen his father act the part of Rip in the old stock-comedy of that name, and the acting had impressed him deeply. Almost as far back as he can remember, he had a desire to act it himself; and especially for two years before he assumed the part, did the desire to assume it possess him. This desire became an irresistible impulse—strong, unaccountable, mysterious. A power outside of himself seemed to be impelling him. "It was a strange experience," he exclaimed; "I can scarcely recall it without a sense of awe."

The last time that I saw "Rip Van Winkle" was on a Saturday afternoon; and one of the enjoyments I then had was in observing the faces of the children in the audience. There were a great many children present, and their interest was incessant. They would lean their little heads forward on their hands, and remain absorbed throughout the whole of each act. Children, indeed, occupy a principal part in the play: Hendrick Vedder, ten years old, and Rip's daughter Meenie, six years old, are important characters in it. Rip's love for the little ones is very strikingly manifested; and the scenes where he gets Hendrick to read the document that Derrick wishes Rip to sign, and that would convey to Derrick all of Rip's property; where he first comes upon the stage surrounded by the laughing children of the village of Falling Waters; where, when his wife is driving him out of the house into the darkness and coldness of the night, he takes that affecting leave of Meenie, brushing the tears from his eyes, embracing her, and exclaiming in pitiful tones, "My child, bless you, my child!" and where, after his twenty years' absence, he comes back, asks about his child, and, when told that she is alive, responds pathetically in a low voice, "Meenie is alive, 'tis all right now, 'tis all right"—these scenes are of a sort to take a firm hold upon his youthful hearers. Rip is emphatically the children's friend. The children recognize him as such, and remember him as such;

and I have often heard Mr. Jefferson express his delight that this is so. To him it is one of the pleasures of his life. It makes him shake hands with himself.

But the children's parents and grandparents are not less affected, as any one will remember who has cast his eye over the audience during the performance, and has seen gray-haired men and women, and their grown-up children, wiping away the hot tears that coursed down their cheeks. "Rip Van Winkle" is an appeal to the heart that touches the heart, and when the heart is touched the effect is the same in the stall and in the gallery—in childhood, middle life, and old age. The pathos of a scene like that in which Rip says to Meenie, who is clinging affectionately to his knee: "Was you glad to have your fader back? You are too good for a drunken, lazy fellow like me. I have robbed you, my dear. I have taken all your things away—I gone and drunk 'em up, my darling. That's what I done. That's what liquor do"—is a pathos that is felt from floor to dome.

Of Mr. Jefferson the actor, almost everybody knows; but it is of Mr. Jefferson the man that I wish to recall my impression. His personal friends will bear me out when I say he is a singularly unaffected, truth-loving, and gentle man. I have visited him at his home in Hohokus, New Jersey, and can say of him what Matthew Arnold has recently so charmingly said of George Sand, that while, as he spoke to me, his eyes, head, bearing, were all of them striking, the main impression made upon me was an impression of *simplicity*, frank, cordial simplicity. In his own house he is the last person in the world whom one would take to be an actor. Indeed, it is in some of George Sand's writings that I find what best expresses my conception of Mr. Jefferson as a man: words that the great French novelist has put in the mouths of some of her heroes, and in the records of her own faith and feeling, adequately convey what I should like to convey were I attempting his portraiture. Suppose, for instance, that I were describing Mr. Jefferson's religious views, I should say that a "God made in our image, silly and malicious, vain and puerile, irritable or tender, after our fashion," is not his ideal of the Supreme Being; but that, if he spoke his thoughts on the subject, he might say: "God is everywhere; he is in me in a measure proportional to the little that I am; let me content myself, in all my seeking, to feel after him and to possess of him as much as this imperfect soul can take in, with the intellectual sense I have. The day will come when we shall no more talk about God idly; nay, when we shall talk about him as little as possible, and shall leave the whole business of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience." Were I describing his political and social views, I should sum them up in his belief that "the contempt of the masses is a misfortune and a crime. To execrate the people is real blasphemy; the people is worth more than we are. Genuine social renovation is far more simple than we will believe: it is a good direction given by ourselves to our hearts

and consciences. To love our fellow-men means to help one another, to have joint aspirations, to act in concert, to labor for the same end, to develop to its ideal consummation the fraternal instinct, thanks to which mankind have brought the earth under their dominion." Were I to describe Nature as she appears in his eyes, I would say that to him "Nature is eternally young, beautiful, and bountiful. She pours out beauty and poetry for all that live: she pours them out on all plants, and the plants are permitted to expand in it freely. She possesses the secret of happiness, and no man has been able to take it from her." But, were I to speak of his most vital personal trait, I should say that it was a love of truth, and should repeat what I once heard himself exclaim: "The blessed truth! I tell my children, 'For God's sake, tell the truth!'—the greatest armor man ever put on him."

Mr. Jefferson's home at Hohokus is a fine old partly-modernized farm-house, surrounded by hundreds of acres in a rolling country, where are trout-streams, forests, hills, and level fields. The rooms in the building are large, many, and with low ceilings. Some of the furniture and tapestries are from Holland. A quaint old clock, with chimes, stands in the wide hall—wide enough to make a room by itself. On the parlor-walls are some notable oil-paintings. One of them, the Corot, I have already mentioned. Inman's portrait of Macready as William Tell is another—one of the best things that Inman ever did. Two charming portraits, by Nagle, of Mr. Jefferson's mother and his grandfather stand in a recess in the room; while near a front window is a large Gustave Doré, representing a scene in "Don Quixote." A luminous picture of Corot's lovely lake, by Le Fasseur, is one of Mr. Jefferson's most valued works of art. In front of and behind the house are evergreens planted by the owner's hands; off to the right stretches an undulating plain ending in a forest; on the left is a quiet, shaded, English lane, by the side of which—or rather, a score of feet below it—flows a stream, dammed so as to make a fish-pond, and draining a meadow where cows are pasturing. Not far off are Mr. Jefferson's trout-preserves, where there can be had excellent sport in fly-fishing. The barn is a farmer's barn, well stocked with hay and stalks and farm-implements. A Scotch shepherd's dog, of playful, affectionate disposition, and bright, handsome face, is a chief pet of the proprietor, who brought him from over the seas. Rip loves Schneider. When

we took a drive through the neighboring region, the cool, gray November day, wrapping the fields, the trees, and the hill-tops in neutral tints, suggested several scenes that Corot would have liked to paint, and it was of Corot, again, that the genial artist-host often spoke. "There," he would exclaim, pointing to one of the more characteristic natural effects, to which the red shawl and dull gown of a distant countrywoman lent the quietly decorative charm that the French landscape-painter so loved, "there is a Corot, isn't it?" It was just that. At luncheon, the host and his lovely wife and daughter made part of a picture not often seen outside the covers of a romance; and of his fresh and vivacious anecdotes I remember best one about an old, withered, patriarchally-bearded Scotchman, sententious and on his death-bed, who, in response to the question of a friend, "How do you feel to-night?" replied: "I am better to-night, thank you; but I thought yesterday that God was going to make a sweet little angel of me." In Hawthorne's fine and subtle description of his visit to Leigh Hunt at Hammersmith, after telling about the poet's rather straitened circumstances, "his little study—a very forlorn room—with poor paper-hangings and carpet, few books, no pictures that I remember, and an awful lack of upholstery;" the slatternly maid-servant that opened the door; "the ugly village street, and nothing to gratify his craving for a tasteful environment, inside or out;" his cleaning of his own boots, and performing of other little ordinary offices for himself—himself, whose nature was "light, mildly joyous, gentle, graceful," who loved dearly to be praised, who "desired sympathy as a flower seeks sunshine," whose pen worked "soft miracles by a life-process like the growth of grass and flowers," and who was "born with such a faculty of enjoying all beautiful things that it seemed as if Fortune did him as much wrong in not supplying them as in withholding ordinary vital breath from other men," the American novelist very feelingly expresses a wish that Leigh Hunt "could have had one full draught of prosperity before he died." The wish was profoundly natural, and I could not but feel glad that there was no occasion for it in the case of a man like Joseph Jefferson, whose temperament so much resembles that of the English poet. Fortune has been kind to him, and has surrounded him with all beautiful things. Smiling and with golden beaker in her hand, she looks into his eyes and echoes Rip's favorite toast: "Here's your good health, and your family, and may you live long and prosper!"

THREE RINGS.

I WEAR a simple round of solid gold
Upon my finger, where all eyes may see—
A tiny circlet, yet it doth infold
A world of peace and happiness for me:
Husband and home, the angel ministry
Of children, and sweet household joys that ne'er grow old!
A ring is mine, a diamond large and clear,
Like a sun-flash incrystaled, which I keep
Because I loved the giver once; I fear

His love was light, but mine, I know, was deep;
Oh, true love dies not, though true love may sleep!
And still, for true love's sake, this old-time ring is dear.

Sacred I hold this emerald, pearl-beset,
The pledge of one who sleeps beneath the wave;
He loved me best: I think he loves me yet,
Purely, as souls may love beyond the grave.
God took him from me, but 'twas God who gave—
And God is good: he will not let the dead forget!

MEMENTOS OF MYCENÆ.

WHETHER Troy was, whether it was besieged, whether there once existed an heroic Hector, and a sulking Achilles, and a grumbling Thersites, are matters, after all, of but trifling importance, in an historic sense, to the modern world. It would be hard to point out what substantial benefit would be gained from the certainty that these men and events were, by our practical civilization. Even taking for granted that what has been held as myth concerning Troy and its warriors should be elevated to the dignity of established history, the contribution even to the world's historic annals would not be a very momentous one. If we accept Dr. Schliemann's theories regarding Troy, in their entirety; if we believe his figures as to the number of men engaged on either side, and his theories of the real site of the Troad, the existence of Priam, Hector, Paris, and Cassandra, and the lost royal diadem refound—we only arrive at the conclusion that a siege in no wise remarkable among other sieges, heroism in no wise more signal than the heroisms of our own time, were enacted several thousand years ago, on a small scale, in a picturesque valley of Asia Minor. We may believe that the cause of the war was, if trifling, romantic; a woman was "at the bottom of it;" a thrilling tale, even a noble epic, may be made of it. But a very cursory survey of more modern wars and sieges will show us that, in romance itself, the war of Troy was not at all unique. It was, at best, but a petty war of revenge, waged by a mere handful of venturesome Greeks, with rude weapons, and after a rude fashion. It did not change the destinies of the world, or even of a race; scarcely those of a small and obscure Asiatic town.

As an historical fact, therefore, we have reason to care but little whether even such an event happened or not. Osman Pasha was no doubt as lusty a fighter and as brave a hero as Achilles or Hector; and the Turks are as doughty and as unfortunate in defending their firesides as were old Priam and his warlike sons.

Yet the world has, for two reasons, a right to regard with profound interest any light which the researches of the antiquarian may shed upon the siege of Troy, its actors, and its progress. It is not as a history of events, but as a contribution to the history of literature, and of manners and customs, that an affair in itself so devoid of anything remarkable becomes important. It is of moment whether the "Iliad" is history or fiction; whether Homer wrote entirely from imagination, or whether he narrated that which occurred not many years before his time.

So magnificent is the genius of that epic as a literary production, so noble is the verse, so exquisitely graphic are the delineations of persons and places, so lofty is the thought, that the poem compels an absorbing curiosity as to its motive and design, the fidelity of its claimed narration of facts,

and even as to the person, character, and condition, of its author.

In this light, it becomes a matter of almost thrilling interest to know how far the discovery of ancient remains, on the various sites connected more or less with the "Iliad" story, confirms or dissipates its truth as an historical record.

There are not a few difficulties, however, in the way of accepting the plea of scholars and antiquaries, in favor of Homer's historic truth. It may be that, in these days of the "materialization of spirits," a sect may arise to claim authenticity even for the old Greek and Roman mythologies; to assert the existence of a thunder-compelling Jove and a dragon-killing Hercules. But, until the world is converted to such a theory, Homer will present the problem of a story in which what are claimed as historical events are inextricably mixed up with mythological impossibilities. It seems to have been fairly established, at least, that a siege of Troy actually occurred; and that, if the writer of the "Iliad" was not himself present, he lived near enough to the period to have heard minute and circumstantial accounts of it, and perhaps from the lips of some of Agamemnon's own soldiers. But if we accept the siege, we are almost forced to accept also its leading characters; to believe in Priam and Paris, in Hector and Helen, in Agamemnon and Achilles. Thence we must make a short and sudden halt, if we do not go on, and yield to the existence of Juno, Minerva, and Venus, of Aphrodite and Leda, and perhaps the swan itself. In days when marvels not less abhorred by sound reason are accepted, why should skepticism become cynical when it approaches the Greek mythology? If credence is to be given to Mohammed's coffin and Gargantua's skittle-pins, to the mysterious footprints of Crusoe and Captain Cook's club, to the steps of Pontius Pilate and the portrait of Christ painted by St. Luke, why not also put faith in the more poetic legends of Leda and the swan, of Europa and the bull, of the egg-hatched Helen, the magic wand of Circe, and the single-eyed Cyclops?

Dr. Schliemann is in a fair way, perhaps, to disentangle us from the obstacles which prevent a full and ready admission of the historic truth of many portions of Homer's wonderful narrative. It will not be his fault if the unbelievable is not separated from the credible; and the one ascribed to Homer's heathenism and poetic fancy, while the other is proved to be the result of knowledge seriously gathered and laboriously made up into an epical record of fact. After some years spent in discovering the site of Troy, which, contrary to the idea of later antiquaries, he found on the hill of Hisarlik, and in making excavations which most abundantly rewarded his toil and expenditure, he passed across the Ægean, and took up his researches in the vicinity whence came the besieging Greeks. Here, too, at Mycenæ and Tiryns, his triumph, as far as the finding of

remains of buildings, walls, and tombs, and precious treasures, is concerned, has been signal. He has accumulated a mass of substantial and tangible evidence, which fits wonderfully into his theories, and these theories, with their reasonings supported at each point by ocular proofs, have won many converts among the learned in Europe and America.

Before proceeding to consider the results of Dr. Schliemann's researches in Argos, let us say that it is easier, in presence of brilliant discoveries such as he has made, to hastily believe, than to pause in doubt. Yet there is a law of historical research that should always be applied, and which should be open to no exception; and that is, that a discovered fact proves nothing beyond itself. The tests in seeking for historical facts which have hitherto lain dormant, obscure, forgotten, the link of transmission lost, should be as severe as those which the lawyer applies to the testimony of a witness in court. The deductive method will scarcely avail to settle such facts. Because the indefatigable Schliemann finds walls, and *agoræ*, and tombs, and even diadems, it will not do to conclude off-hand that Perseus built the walls, or Atreus the treasure-house, or that Agamemnon wore the bejeweled and glittering crowns. Some years ago an Englishman traveling in Armenia took it into his head to ascend Mount Ararat. On the summit he stumbled on some decaying timbers studded with rusty nails. His heart thrilled as the thought struck him that he had perhaps found the remains of Noah's Ark! There are lofty edifices of rough-hewed stone in the land of Bashan; we cannot therefore hastily decide that Og and his brethren once existed. Offensively-smelling crystals are even now sometimes picked up on the strand of the Dead Sea; but these scarcely prove the ugly traditions of Sodom and Gomorrah. Just so, when Dr. Schliemann digs out a beautifully-chased goblet, we need be in no hurry to assert that it was the very goblet out of which the monarch of Mycenæ quaffed Cyprian wine before he sailed for Besika Bay to avenge his outraged brother Menelaus. An English writer thus forcibly puts the point of how careful it is wise to be before we hasten to romantic truths on seductive evidence. He remarks that Mycenæ, like Stonehenge, has, properly speaking, no history. Speaking of Stonehenge, he says: "Centuries ago the big stones were put together; there was some motive for their erection; money, or what went for money, and with it labor, must have been spent over the task; more than this, so big a work must, at the time, have had a national significance. Properly speaking, however, Stonehenge has no history. King Arthur may have built it—if there ever was a King Arthur at all—or he may not. Lancelot may have jousted there, and Galahad may have shown his pure, boyish face under his white plumes; and Modred may have twined his foxy brows, Guinevere may have shown herself in white samite, and Vivien may have flaunted in cloth of gold. All this may have happened; but, on the other hand, it is—from the purely critical and historical point of view—a somewhat large demand upon our faith to insist that we are to accept Tennyson's

'Idylls of the King,' from title-page to colophon, as sober and credible history, simply because a lot of big stones happen to be standing on Salisbury Plain. Dr. Schliemann's discoveries place all people who have any knowledge of the kind of evidence upon which ancient history is founded in a somewhat similar difficulty."

What was historical, or even legendary or traditional, about Mycenæ, before Dr. Schliemann's appearance on the long-deserted scene, was at best but brief and slight. A city of the Argolid, northeastward from Argos, and not very distant from Corinth, it is said to have been founded by Perseus. Perseus, it will be remembered, did more wonderful things than to found a city. He killed the famous sea-dragon, half dolphin and half sea-serpent, which had a perpetual grudge against the Mycenæans, who mollified him by giving him a daily meal of little girls, among them Andromeda. Third or fourth in the line of kings of Mycenæ came Agamemnon, under whom the empire of the city reached its height of power, that warrior-monarch extending his sway throughout Greece. His return from the Trojan War, however, was signalized by the murder of himself and a number of his companions by his wicked wife Clytemnestra. From that tragedy was dated the decline and ruin of Mycenæ. Its people fought so brilliantly at Thermopylæ and Plataea that their jealous neighbors, the Argives, resolved upon their destruction. The city was besieged and taken, its buildings leveled to the ground, and its inhabitants enslaved. This is, perhaps, the first clear and hitherto-accepted historical event in the annals of Mycenæ: it occurred in 468 B. C. A few vestiges of the city, however, survived the unsparing vengeance of the Argives. A noble gate, called "The Gate of the Lions" from the sculptures over the arch, still remained standing; and there it is to this day. Another edifice, called, on somewhat unsubstantial grounds, "The Treasury of Atreus," likewise defied the leveling foe; and this, too, forms the subject of one of Schliemann's most minute and interesting descriptions. Here and there a bit of wall projected from the *débris* and accumulated rubbish and earth. Otherwise Mycenæ, when Schliemann arrived, was but a dreary waste and blank.

The first thing that strikes one on reading Dr. Schliemann's elaborate accounts of his achievements in the Troad and in Argos is the marvelous success which has attended his every research. Niebuhr used to say that "he had a personal faculty of his own, which led him right in the investigation of historical problems wherein everybody else went astray." Some such gift seems to have been conferred on the learned grocer of Germany, who has an absolute genius for digging among ruins. Others delve and excavate, and are rewarded with nothing but ever-increasing heaps of rubbish, and go empty-handed away. Schliemann plies his spade, and lo! the earth yields up diadems and goblets, amphoræ and bracelets, clusters of glittering gems, and marvels of the ancient artificers' handiwork. Many pages of print are required merely to catalogue the treasure-trove

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Of two of the most prominent objects investigated by Schliemann on the Acropolis, account had already been given, seventeen centuries before, by Pausanias, who, disputing Strabo's assertion that Mycenæ had been utterly razed from the face of the earth by the envious Argives, declared that at least the "Gate of the Lions," and the "Treasury of Atreus," were still plainly visible, and capable of identification, in his day. Schliemann's first work was to clear away the rubbish from the Gate of the Lions. It was encumbered with huge blocks of stone, which seem to have been thrown down by the victorious besiegers in their destructive rage; and, when the gate was once cleared, the excavator was able to gaze upon certainly one of the most romantic relics of antiquity extant. The gate appeared like a sort of triumphal arch, through which access was had to the Acropolis. Upon its pillars rested a high slab, which must have been worked to great smoothness, and upon which were sculptured two lions, standing on their hind-paws, and apparently supporting with their fore-paws a kind of altar. This sculpture, chiseled with excellent skill, is taken to be symbolical of Apollo as the guardian of the gateway, and the lions to be the sacred beasts of the goddess Rhea. Thence Schliemann proceeded to the excavation of some half-hidden buildings near the Gate of the Lions, where, so soon, he began to find material evidences of habitation and hasty flight. Next, he brought out of its labyrinth of *débris* the still stately edifice known as the Treasury of Atreus. This name, as has already been said, is not justified by any very substantial historical evidence; it seems probable, however, that it was used for some purpose similar to that implied by the word "treasury." The building is subterranean, fifty feet in height and fifty in diameter, walled with well-wrought blocks of breccia-stone, placed symmetrically in equal layers, and joined with rare skill of masonry, no cement or other binding-material being used.

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termined. It must have been a thrilling and anxious moment when one morning he marshaled his sixty-four workmen, with their spades and picks, within the designated plot. Under his supervision and that of Mrs. Schliemann, who proved to be a most valuable lieutenant from first to last, the men began to delve into the *débris*. Even in the time of Pausanias "the sepulchral monuments had for centuries been covered with prehistoric *débris* from eight to ten feet thick;" and added to these were the ruins of a later Hellenic city, which had been built, had flourished, and then been left in its turn to decay. The faith of the explorer, however, only intensified his zeal in presence of these obstacles. The excavations went rapidly forward. "Mrs. Schliemann and I," says the doctor, "superintend the excavations from morning till night, and we suffer severely from the scorching sun and incessant wind; but, in spite of annoyances, nothing more interesting can be imagined than the excavation of a prehistoric city of immortal glory, where nearly every object, even to the fragments of pottery, reveals a new page of history." It was not long before the labors of the men were rewarded by the unearthing of objects undoubtedly very ancient, beautiful in workmanship, and intrinsically valuable. Fragments of pottery, images, idols, terra-cotta vases; then utensils and implements and sculptured tombstones; finally jewels and gems, were turned up into the sunlight by the indefatigable spades, and quickly seized on and carefully preserved by the delighted explorer. Two months of this work revealed in all its parts the *agora*, or forum, of Mycenæ. As this *agora* appeared when it had been quite cleared out, it formed a large circle within a wall twelve feet high. This wall comprised a double row of heavy stone slabs slanting inward at a large angle, upon the top of which were placed, horizontally, other slabs. The horizontal slabs were held in their places on the slanting slabs by grooves cut in the stone. Here, then, was the place of meeting of the people—the place where the public discussions took place, where the kings were received by their subjects on their triumphant return from the wars, and where, mayhap, Agamemnon himself may have received the plaudits due to victory when he came back from Troy. The wall of slabs around the circle were doubtless the benches where sat the chief men of war and state, and the slant inward of the lower slabs was intended, probably, as a convenience for their sandaled feet.

The *agora* was, however, to reveal to the explorer relics far more important to his theories, far more inspiration to his Homeric championship, than the seats of nobles or the scene of public gatherings. Working not far from the walls of the citadel, he came upon the ruins of a building which, from its size, character, and the objects found within it, he became convinced was the palace of the Atreidae. This brought to his mind with thrilling force the legend of the murder of Agamemnon and his companions. It was, according to the legend, in this palace that the foul deed was committed. How Cassandra, falling to the lot of Agamemnon after the

destruction of Troy, warned him, in sombre prophecy, not to return to Mycenæ; how he disregarded her warning, and carried her back with him; how his wife, Clytemnestra, and her paramour, resolving upon the death not only of the king himself but of Cassandra and their companions, sewed his garments together while he was in his bath, and, when he came forth and tried to put them on, dealt him his death-blow with an axe; how Cassandra and the others were afterward assassinated; and how these royal bodies were, with little doubt, burned and buried near the palace itself—these thoughts must have crowded fast upon Schliemann's mind, and incited him to feverish haste in the researches about to be resumed.

True enough, within the *agora*, and not far from the palace-ruin, his perseverance was at last rewarded by the discovery which, whether we give full credit to Schliemann's theory and its confirmation or not, must be regarded as one of the most intensely interesting archæological revelations on record. Just below where the sculptured tombstones had been found early in the excavation, no less than five tombs were unearthed. We can easily fancy with what eagerness Schliemann pushed on their excavation; with what delight he came, first, upon a layer of black ashes, in which were found some gold buttons and objects carved in ivory, metal, and bone; and then upon three bodies, all of "men of large size." This was in the first of the five tombs excavated. Perhaps there lay before his very eyes, and within reach of the touch of his finger, the mortal remains of Agamemnon, "king of men," who had died at least thirty centuries before!

Each of the three bodies wore a heavy mask of pure gold. The first body, as soon as it was exposed to the air, crumbled away at once, leaving nothing but the mask and a few bones. The same fate awaited the second body; but the third and last resisted the usually fatal contact of the air, retained its form, and was now carefully protected. The description of this body can be best given in Schliemann's own words: "Of the third body, which lay at the north end of the tomb, the round face with all its flesh had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous gold mask. There was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, owing to the enormous weight that had pressed upon it, was wide open, and showed thirty-two beautiful teeth. From these all the physicians who came to see the body were led to believe that the man must have died at the early age of thirty-five. The nose was entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a way on the breast that the upper part of the shoulders was nearly in an horizontal line with the vertex of the head. Notwithstanding the large golden breastplate, so little had been preserved of the breast, that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places."

Was this, then, the mighty Agamemnon, and has he indeed come to be this horrible scarecrow, so vividly represented in the illustration in Schliemann's

book? "Cæsar turned to clay" would be a more venerable object than Agamemnon mummified, and thus made a hideous hunchback by his golden burden.

But whoever might have been this super-ancient worthy, probable at least it is that no less than twelve centuries before Christ he was a great dignitary, and, no doubt, a king or prince of high degree in Mycenæ. This is evident from the really splendid ornaments of gold and gems which were found buried in the tomb in which he and his two companions had been laid. Golden crowns by the dozen, diadems studded with precious stones, vessels, vases, and goblets of rare and delicate workmanship, breast-ornaments, wreaths and garlands of finely-wrought gold, crosses, ear-rings and necklaces, breastpins, sceptres and wands, pottery and precious woods, the mere enumeration of which occupies whole printed pages, were taken by Schliemann from this wonderful, long-hidden sepulchre. The bodies themselves had been covered by layers of stones, and on these, according to Schliemann, the funeral piles had been prepared. "This was proved as well by the evident marks of the fire on the pebble-stones below and around every one of the bodies, as by the marks of the fire and smoke on the walls to the right and the left, and by the masses of wood-ashes which lay on or around the corpses."

The astonishment created by the discovery of a clearly recognizable form of a man, with many features still preserved, who must have lived centuries before Pericles, Plato, or Solon, brought multitudes of Greeks from every part of the Argolid to the scene of exploration. No fact could more significantly mark the importance of Schliemann's "find;" for the Greeks thereabout are in these days but a dullish and not very curious race, who have always remained apparently indifferent to the rare antiquarian treasures with which their country abounds. Meanwhile, Schliemann feared lest any hour he might see the body crumble away and disappear, as its companions had done. In all haste he secured an artist to take an oil likeness, in case of catastrophe, and sent to all the villages near by for some one skilled in the art of preservation. Two days after the discovery, he had the good-fortune to find a druggist in Argos, who succeeded in hardening the ancient corpse by bathing it in a mixture of alcohol and gum-sandarac, which made it, as it were, air-tight. The difficulty then was to remove it from its resting-place without injury. This could only be done by cutting a trench in the rock completely around the body and then cutting horizontally beneath, so that a slab two inches thick was cut out, and upon this the body was lifted and removed from the tomb. Thence it was taken to the neighboring village of Charvati, and ere this probably forms the most interesting curiosity of the collection of antiquities of Mycenæ at Athens.

In the third of the five tombs unearthed by Schliemann were also three bodies, "literally laden with jewels," which proved to be those of three women. "All had," as in the case of the second tomb, "the head turned to the east and the feet to the west." They lay about three feet from each

other, and "bore evident signs of the fire and smoke to which they had been exposed on the funeral-pyres." The mass of precious ornaments and curious objects found in this tomb was bewildering in number and in beauty of workmanship; among them were some gold, perforated ornaments, representing two warriors in combat, a man fighting a lion, and the figure of a lion kneeling on a rock. The first is conjectured by Schliemann to represent the deadly duel between the young and handsome Achilles and Hector, "of the dancing helmet-crest." We are tempted to ask why he does not go further, and identify one of these female bodies as that of the tragic and luckless Cassandra? Proceeding with the excavations, Schliemann came next upon a primitive altar for funereal rites, and just beneath this a fourth tomb, which proved to contain the remains of five men, "smothered in jewels;" and here again, piled in heaps in the tomb, were discovered wash-basins of copper, a wonderful cow's-head of silver with golden horns, bronze swords and lances, signet-rings, bracelets and crowns, goblets and wine-flagons, and deftly-adorned porcelain. In the fifth and last tomb was found but one body, crowned with a magnificent diadem, and attended also by the most amazing variety of beautiful objects.

We cannot pass from this rapid survey of the astonishing researches of Schliemann among the tombs of Mycenæ, without briefly referring to the masks which covered the faces of these probably royal victims of the funeral-pyre. These masks were remarkable for two things: the skill and beauty of their workmanship, and the great probability that they are graphic likenesses of the men whose faces they covered in the tombs. The mask found on the most perfectly preserved body of the first tomb is massive, but has been pressed out of shape. Still, "very characteristic is the large, round head, the enormous forehead, and the small mouth with the thin lips." The most perfectly preserved of all the masks is that found on one of the bodies of the first tomb, which crumbled away upon contact with the air. "Its features," says Schliemann, "are altogether Hellenic, and I call particular attention to the long, thin nose, running in a direct line with the forehead, which is but small. The eyes, which are shut, are large, and well represented by the eyelids; very characteristic, also, is the large mouth, with its well-proportioned lips. The beard is also well represented, and particularly the mustache, whose extremities are turned upward to a point, in the form of crescents. Both masks are of *repoussé* work, and certainly nobody will for a moment doubt that they were intended to represent the portraits of the deceased, whose faces they have covered for ages."

The description given by Schliemann of the rich and curious treasures found in the tombs is so fascinating that it is with difficulty that we break away from the glittering catalogue and the thrilling narration of each successive discovery, and pass to the enthusiastic archaeologist's deductions from his researches. What his deductions are is, of course, a foregone conclusion. With a sturdy faith in the

historic truth of the siege of Troy, and in the actual existence and exploits of its leading figures; coming to his work with this faith fully established, and confidently anticipating the discoveries he was about to make—we find him arguing impetuously that every new-discovered fact fits into and is amply confirmed by the Homeric story. Homer, indeed, says that Agamemnon was murdered, not after his bath, but at a banquet; and this discrepancy Schliemann treats, and probably has a right to treat, as a proper use of poetic license. The post-Homeric poets, at least, agree in placing the murder at the bath; and Homer and his successors are of one accord as to Agamemnon's existence, and his assassination by Clytemnestra. Pausanias declared that the king and his companions were entombed in the Acropolis; and there Schliemann disinters them. He finds, too, that, as the relics found in the tombs were evidently made in the same period of art, as the cremation of the bodies found was evidently simultaneous, and as it is improbable that "three or even five royal personages of immeasurable wealth, who had died a natural death at long intervals of time, should have been huddled together in the same tomb," it is therefore proved that all these men and women were murdered and burned at the same time. And, in this case, who could they be but Agamemnon and his party from Troy? The veneration which has always been shown for these tombs in the Argolid is adduced as further proof of the veracity of the tradition; the care with which the burials were made is emphasized to show the high, the probably royal, rank of the buried. Homer bears evidence to the form and use of the *agora* as it was in the heroic age; and he might have made his description, sitting with Schliemann on the *debris* of Mycenæ, and noting the characteristics of the *agora* as revealed there. The poet speaks of the *agora* as a "sacred circle," around which were "smoothed slabs" for the seats of the elders. It reads as if Homer had seen this very forum; and Schliemann brings evidence to prove that Euripides must have visited Mycenæ, for he describes not only the *agora*, but the Cyclopean walls, and even the palace of Agamemnon. To the objection that the assassins of Agamemnon and his companions would not have buried them with immense treasures, Schliemann responds by producing Homer as a witness that, "through the restraint of a religious awe," the heroic warrior, after killing his foe, "burning him with all his panoply, heaped high his tomb;" and cites the prayers of Elpenor and Ajax to be buried with their arms. Therefore, "in burying the fifteen royal personages with immense treasures, the murderers merely acted according to an ancient custom, and only fulfilled a sacred duty."

Schliemann, in thus attempting to connect his discoveries with the heroic age and events described in the "Iliad," has found a powerful ally in Mr. Gladstone, whose profound learning in that part of antiquities which relates to "the youth of the world" has long been recognized. Mr. Gladstone supplies

to Schliemann's book a long and elaborate preface, in which he finds a number of "items of evidence," connecting Schliemann's discoveries with the Homeric poems. The first of these is the discovery of rude figures of cows. Hera, or Juno, was worshiped in Argolis; Homer calls Hera *boeopis*, or "cow-eyed;" moreover, Hera was the special guardian of Agamemnon. Mr. Gladstone's second item is the Cyclopean walls, described in the "Iliad," and found at Mycenæ; his third, the characteristics of the "beehive-like" Treasury of Atreus, constructed in accordance with the Homeric description; his fourth, the rarity of iron at Mycenæ in the heroic age; his fifth, the resemblance of the sculptured chariot

on one of the tombstones to that depicted in the "Iliad;" and his sixth, the *agora*.

A great number of the treasures and other objects found at Mycenæ have been collected in the Polytechnic building at Athens. They form, undoubtedly, the most curious collection in the world; and, as one wanders among them, he must be tempted, despite the doubts which may arise in colder moments of reflection, to fancy that "those wrought vessels of pure gold were, perhaps, those which Ægisthus and Clytemnestra used in their revels; those swords, the ones that drank the life-blood of the Trojans; those mouldering bones, the framework of the stature of Agamemnon and Cassandra."

THE DYING ACTOR.

WHAT time is it?—Seven o'clock, you say?
Why, then I should be at the theatre soon.
Ah, no! . . . lying here day after day
Has set my intellect out of tune.
I remember now . . . it was weeks ago . . .
Thank God, I have savings left me still!
We actors were always given, you know,
To die without paying the doctor's bill!

Nay, life has not blended, at the last,
That bitter torment with wasted health;
And yet, as I search the perished past,
How I seem to have flung away my wealth!
It was easily gained, 'twas rashly spent,
In times when my looks were a thing to laud,
When a bevy of fragrant notes were sent
On the mornings after I played in *Claude*!

How the stubborn critics would wage their fight
As to what had made me the people's choice!
Some swore 'twas merely my stately height,
And a sort of throb in my mellow voice;
Yet I thrilled my hearers and moved to tears,
And I charmed them whether they would or no:
There were nights in those distant youthful years
When the whole house rang to my *Romeo*!

Yet none could chide me for being proud
While the fame I won was most broadly spread;
Though the women's praises were always loud,
It is certain they never turned my head.
I was stanch to my friends through worst and best;
That truth is my life's one spotless page;
They have played their parts and gone home to rest . . .
I am talking here on an empty stage!

'Tis a sombre end for so bright a piece,
This dull *fifth act* of the parting soul,
Ere the last sad *exil* has brought release,
And the great green curtain begins to roll!
Yet, though they have left me, those trusted friends,
I cannot but fancy their absence means
That they wait outside till my own part ends,
And will join me somewhere behind the scenes.

I see them here while I dream and doze . . .
There was Ralph, too reckless and wild by half,

With his ludicrous Punchinello nose,
And his full superb light-comedy laugh!
There was chubby Larry, with flaxen hair,
Who secretly longed to be dark and slight,
And believed his *Hamlet* a great affair,
But was better in *Falstaff* any night!

There was lean grim Peter, so much in vogue,
Who could govern an audience by his wink;
There was brilliant Hugh, with his witty brogue,
His leaky purse, and his love for drink;
And then there was rosy old Robert, too,
With whom bitter fortunes were hard at strife,
Who felt himself born a Macready, and who
Had been handing in letters all his life.

But, more than these, there was brown-eyed Kate,
True, generous, brave, and her own worst foe,
With a love no insults could alienate
From the bad little husband who wronged her so!
Poor Kate! she would call to her lovely face
That radiant smile, in the nights long fled,
And act *Lady Teazle* with dazzling grace,
While the heart in her bosom ached and bled!

There was ancient Clarissa, feeble, gray,
Who had kept to the last her queenly ease,
And held herself still in so grand a way
As an English duchess or French marquise.
There was plump little Emily, hailed with roars,
At the best, in manners not over-nice,
But who counted her loyal slaves by scores
Up-stairs in the gloom of the paradise!

And one . . . O Amy, I dare not own
Your love as a friend's love, weak of worth,
Though we swore the most sacred promise known,
And were bound by the strongest bond on earth!
Ah, me! at the summons of Death's weird spell,
I can see you, while pangs of memory start,
In the waiting-maid *rôles* you did so well,
Pirouetting with sweet unconscious art!

I remember the play where first we met . . .
How your glad eyes haunted me from afar
As you tripped and prattled, a pert *soubrette*,
While I was a grave majestic "star."

I remember when wedded joys were new . . .
 The dawn of the troubles, the scandals coarse,
 The last mad passionate interview,
 The wrangle of lawyers, the stern divorce !

With wrathful scorn I have cursed your name ;
 Yet if truth be said, as I here avow,
 We were both to blame, we were both to blame . . .
 In my soul I know it and feel it now !
 Another light seems to break and shine
 On that dreary story of woful shame :

If the sin was yours, it was also mine . . .
 We were both to blame, we were both to blame !

Those dear, lost friends, they have grouped afresh
 In the green-room quite as they used to do,
 And Ralph has been laughing at Larry's flesh,
 And Peter is growling a joke to Hugh,
 And Robert complains of his lowly lot,
 And Emily gossips with Kate . . . Ah, well,
 You may all be shadow, but I am not,
 While I listen here for the Prompter's bell !

THE BATTLES OF THE BIRDS.

THE history of battles has always been full of fascination. From the simple sentences of the Old Testament and the rolling phrases of Homer, wherein are embodied the exploits of king, patriarch, and demi-god, down to the carefully-worded and prosaic modern histories, those records are most interesting which treat of conflict and death ; and especially attractive are the accounts of single combats, in which individual meets individual, and the strongest, quickest, or cleverest, wins the field. More than half the charm of chivalry lay in these contests. Knight met knight with a crash, and he went down who could not bear the shock. Who of us does not still love the old tales of our youth—"The Scottish Chiefs," "Ivanhoe," and all those romances whose central figure is an athletic hero who always slays everything before him? And who of us, if he will make free confession, can deny that often and often he has longed to be a "free lance" in a country of romance—a Robin Hood in a Sherwood Forest, or a mighty prince in disguise, riding away as a common knight to the Holy Land to fight for the sepulchre of Christ?

Whence comes this universal spirit of combativeness and love of mastery over our fellows—this secret or only half-hidden defiance of law and common right? It is not peculiar to mankind. The fishes, the beasts, the birds, the reptiles, the insects, everything possessed of the ordinary animal powers, all love adventure on the field of fight. It has been for years a part of my recreation in the wild woods to study with minute care the habits of birds ; and some notes with pen and pencil, illustrating their battles, might, I have thought, make an interesting paper.

One whose acquaintance with the beautiful and happy songsters of the May groves has not been of the most intimate and unreserved sort cannot readily be made to believe that the quiet and innocent-mannered nuthatch, the demure pewee, and the tender-eyed dove, to say nothing of the robins, the finches, the thrushes, and the starlings, sometimes give themselves over to the most vulgar brawls and cruel combats ever witnessed by human eyes. Yet it is true beyond hint of dispute.

That trim, gentle-looking, drab-colored bird, erroneously called turtle-dove by dwellers in the

United States, and generally deemed so utterly innocent and pure that to kill it for the table or any other use is branded as heinous in the extreme, is not so innocent after all. Its moaning, sad-sounding voice is a mockery and a cheat. Its soft, dark eyes are a sham ; its sober, Quaker garb is calculated to deceive ; its timid movements are not to be trusted. When once it has been insulted or injured by one of its kind the dove becomes as cruel and outrageously heartless as any murderer can be. Some years ago I witnessed a fight between two female moaning-doves which for utter barbarousness could not be exceeded. I was angling in a brook for sun-perch, half prone on a grassy bank, lost in a brown study, with a cigar between my lips, when I happened to see a dove alight on a gnarled bough of a plane-tree a few yards distant. Immediately it began to coo in that dolefully-plaintive strain so well known to every lover of Nature, and was soon joined by a male, who perched himself within a foot or two of her. I espied their nest, not yet finished, in the fork of an iron-wood tree near by. The birds made very expressive signs to each other with their heads by a series of bows, nods, and sidewise motions, of which I understood enough to know that some intruder was near—perhaps they meant me. The fish were not biting any too well, but the shade was pleasant and the grass fragrant, the sound of the water very soothing, and the flow of the wind steady and cooling, so I did not care to move just to humor the whim of a pair of billing doves. It proved, however, after all, that I was not the cause of alarm. Another female dove presently dropped like a hawk from a dark, dense mass of leaves above the pair, and struck the first on the back with beak and wings. A fight ensued, witnessed with calm interest by myself and the male dove.

At first the combatants struggled desperately together on the bough, fiercely beating each other with their wings, and plucking out the feathers from breast and neck, all the time uttering low, querulous notes different from anything I had ever before heard. Pretty soon they fell off the bough, and came whirling down upon the ground, where they continued the battle with constantly-increasing fury, their eyes fairly flashing fire, and cutting and thrusting with their beaks like swordsmen. Blood began

to show itself about their heads, and in places their necks were quite bare of feathers. When at last one of them became so exhausted that further struggle was impossible, the other proceeded to take its stand upon its helpless opponent, and would have quickly made an end of it had I not interfered. The vanquished bird was minus an eye, and was unable to fly for some minutes. The secret of the battle was jealousy. The male sat by, and watched in a nonchalant way until it was all over, when he very lovingly strutted up to the victorious dove, and began cooing in a low, soothing tone. From that day to this I have repudiated the figure "innocent as a dove," and, whenever opportunity offered, have sped a two-ounce arrow full at the breast of the bird, widow or no widow. When properly cooked by parboiling, stuffing, and baking, a dove is a choice bit for the table. While on this subject I may add that in the Southern States of our country doves often congregate in innumerable swarms, like pigeons, and do great damage to the pea-fields, yet even there the prejudice against killing them is so great that you rarely see a trap or spring set for them, or a gun leveled at them.

Many of our merriest singing-birds are very ill-tempered little vixens, spending full a quarter of their time in noisy quarrels and stubborn assaults and defenses. The catbird, that sleek, slate-colored little mocker, which haunts our privet-hedges and red-haw bushes, is an inveterate brawler and bully. I saw one attack a blue-jay once, and get killed in a twinkling for its pains. When first assaulted the jay evidently thought his assailant a hawk. He fled precipitately, squealing out his terror vociferously; but no sooner did he discover his mistake than he whirled furiously about, and broke the catbird's neck with one snap of his powerful bill. I have often seen a catbird dog at the heels, so to speak, of a brown thrush or a great crested fly-catcher, and never rest satisfied till it received a sound drubbing, and had to fly ingloriously away to save its scalp from being pecked off.

By a fiction of the poets birds all sing praise, if they sing at all, to the great Creator. Of course, this sounds well, and may have some moral foundation; but I can come as near proving that a catbird curses, and swears, and flings out all sorts of abusive epithets at its enemies, when angry, as any one can come to establishing the song-praise theory. How these little fellows can fret, and scold, and hiss, and imprecate—yes, imprecate! Let a sparrow-hawk, or screech-owl, or butcher-bird, go near one's nest, and, if you observe closely, your imagination must be very torpid, indeed, if you cannot hear "*Sacrebleu!*" and all that, scattered around pretty freely. I have seen one fairly dance in ecstasy of anger when nothing but a poor, little brown lizard came near it. A pair of catbirds had their nest and young in a currant-hedge of the garden belonging to a farm-house where I was lodging one spring, and I used to amuse myself by exciting the anger of the mother-bird. To do this I had only to hang a bit of red cloth near the nest in her absence, and await the result. No sooner would she

return than such a twittering, and squeaking, and scolding, would begin as only a catbird could generate, and, when she found out that there was "no fight" in the rag, she would eye me sitting at my window, and mew triumphantly, as if she well knew who it was had thus troubled her equanimity. A war of words—or rather a war of notes—is a thing of frequent occurrence between a catbird and the common brown thrush. Early in the morning through the month of May they may be heard screaming their respective medleys at the extreme pitch of their voices from neighboring trees, each songster maliciously bent on drowning the others' voice. The common barn-yard cock is given to a like ambition in the matter of "crowing down" all competitors. Speaking of the brown thrush reminds me that I ought to record right here a very singular combat, witnessed by myself and brother, between one of these gay singers and a blue-jay (what bird is not compelled to fight the latter?), and in which the jay was finally discomfited and beaten. We were lying in the shade of a wide-spreading wild-plum tree on the edge of a little glade. Near us was a clump of sugar-haw bushes, in one of which we had discovered a brown thrush's nest. The bird was incubating. A blue-jay, flitting about on mischief intent, as, in fact, a blue-jay always is, happened to spy her, and immediately attacked her, driving her for refuge into the thick, thorny foliage above the nest. This seemed an easy turn for the jay, which at once prepared to have a feast of the eggs. But no sooner had it perched on the rim of the nest than the thrush, with a savage squall, plunged down from its hiding-place, and struck it a heavy blow in the back. The jay retreated in disorder, but warily returned again when all seemed still. With infinite caution in every movement, it hopped from twig to twig, turning its crested head this way and that, till it reached the nest. Again, with a shrill scream, the thrush pounced from its hiding-place, using its long, sharp beak for a sword to stab the jay's exposed and defenseless back. Again and again the would-be robber fled and returned, each time to get rougher usage; and, finally, as if utterly outdone, with rapidly-repeated cries of "De-jay! de-jay! de-jay!" it flitted away into the depths of the woods, to come no more.

It would fill quite a volume to tell the many atrocities I have seen committed by blue-jays. These birds are the cunningest, smartest, most wise, and the least scrupulous, of all feathered things. There is no depth of infamy and outrage to which the jay has not descended. I have seen one deliberately devour, one by one, a nest full of young sparrows, and then chase their mother for a like purpose. Another was caught in the act of pecking, with savage brutality, at the eyes of a hare fast in a negro's steel trap; while such tricks as wantonly destroying a finch's or a pewee's nest are of daily occurrence with the bird in spring and summer. No wild thing, feathered or furred, less than an eagle or a fox, escapes this universal tormentor and executioner. The owls and hawks are, however, his special objects of hate, and

the observant sportsman or naturalist rarely spends a day in the woods without seeing a hen-hawk, a great horned-owl, or an unfortunate screech-owl, surrounded and assailed by a noisy pack of blue-jays. For hours they will follow one of these victims, screaming at it, pouncing upon it at every safe opportunity, their numbers constantly increasing, until finally the hawk or owl, by a long, strong flight, or by diving into some hollow tree, evades and frustrates them. I once saw a great swarm of jays thus annoying and maltreating a little screech-owl, and I was delighted to the full when the big-eyed victim of their malignity suddenly pounced upon one of them, and, despite their screams and attacks, deliberately devoured it. It is not often that a screech-owl can master so large a prey, which leads me to believe that desperation gave it unwonted courage and strength. Not unfrequently a pack of blue-jays will spend the larger portion of a day vainly squealing and chattering about the hollow of a tree or bough in which a flying-squirrel has taken up its abode; and one of the commonest sights in Western or Southern woods in summer is a poor, jaded, and worried whippoorwill, or bull-bat, beating blindly about from place to place, with a jeering swarm of merciless jays following it. But the yellow-billed cuckoo has a most summary process of dealing with jays which works like a charm. No sooner does the latter appear in the vicinity of the yellow-bill's nest than, without warning or a moment's time for preparation, it is vigorously assailed and beaten off to a great distance, glad to escape alive. Blue-jays destroy large numbers of eggs and young birds every season, and not unfrequently the weaker finches, even when full grown, are killed and eaten by them. Their victims are held between their feet, and plucked to pieces as a hawk or owl does it. In the Middle and Southern States, where the cardinal red-bird is abundant, fierce battles constantly occur between them and the jays.

The season of love-making is the season of song, and likewise the season of battles, among the birds. About the time that the males begin to strut and look about them for wives, rumors of strife and hints of war begin to pervade the sweet air and sunshine of spring. The males fight for possession of the comely females, and in turn the females struggle and boldly battle for queenship of the gayly-feathered males. Then the woods are stirred with song and shaken with combat. The rustle of wings is continuous, and the cries of triumph, and shrieks of defeat, are blended together into what the pious have named "anthems of praise." Here sits a yellow-throated warbler, rocking on a green spray of young leaves, gurgling a very rapture of music in his tiny mouth, and in answer to his sweetly erotic song a soberest-tinted mate comes to rock by his side. Like a flash of flame, another male strikes him, and the two roll over and over in the air, fighting desperately. The female joins the victor, and away they go on their love-journey through the cool, green groves. Another female comes along, like the looks of Mr. Yellow-throat, and forthwith attacks. If victorious,

she joins wings with her lord, and floats away down a current of bloom-scented air, to find a good place for a nest. So with all the wild gay singers of the woods. Their days of glory are their day of battle. Like earnest knights of fairy-land, tricked in shining armor and richly-tinted plumes, these little adventurers of the groves charge down the dusky aisles and across the bright glades to cross lances with all comers of whatever prowess or renown. You hear a sharp cry and a little crash, as of suddenly-crumpled velvet, when the tiny combatants collide in the lists, and, after the fight is over, a brilliant feather, slowly falling through the soft air, is left as a souvenir of the momentous conflict. Two male orioles fighting in mid-air is a pretty sight. Think of animated "flakes of flame," as Dr. Holmes names them, whirling over and over, and round and round, now rushing together with a flash and a hiss, now flying apart to seek a better advantage, and anon beginning a sparring process, with wing and beak, so rapid and involved that no human eye can follow the manœuvres! Sharp, quick, snapping sounds of crossing quills and closing mandibles tell of sincere work going on in that revolving mist of jet and gold.

Birds seem to hold the law of hereditary right in high esteem, contesting every adversary claim to the death. The golden-winged woodpecker, though by no means an aggressive warrior, fights yearly battles for his ancestral hall in some half-decayed tree, defending his hereditament against the repeated and well-planned attacks of the white-tailed woodpecker and the common bluebird. Naturalists have quite pardonably fallen into a mistake in attempting to explain this golden-wing's object in nearly always excavating the receptacle for its nest close up under a projecting knot or limb. This is not done in order to have a water-shed above the hole, but is a military precaution to prevent the white-tail and bluebird from stationing themselves directly above, while the golden-wing is in the cavity, and pecking his defenseless head as he comes out. I have often witnessed with great interest the efforts of bluebirds to dislodge a flicker in order to occupy its excavation for their own purposes. For days together a pair of bluebirds will worry and scold and peck at and in every possible way annoy their victim, and if for a single moment it leaves the hole, in goes a bluebird and its home is gone! Nor is the flicker or golden-wing the bluebird's only subject of outrage and ouster. The little, hairy woodpeckers, the chickadees, and even the swallows and martins, are driven from their homes without being allowed to remove so much as the soft lining thereof. Then, in turn, these beautiful little vandals fight with each other for possession of the conquered castle.

The wrens and chickadees and pewees have their battles, and even the humming-birds are extremely bellicose. By watching diligently in a flower-garden for a few hours in fine spring weather, any one may see two humming-birds take a tilt in a style worthy of admiration. Usually, one bird sits on a flower-stem, holding his long, sharp bill in a perpendicular

attitude, while the other sweeps back and forth, like an animated pendulum, through the arc of a circle, subtended by a cord of about ten feet in length, the middle point of which rests on the extremity of the sitting bird's bill. With each vibration the attacking party utters a keen, rasping chirp, and tries to strike its antagonist with its wings; but the bill is always presented, like a lance, on which to receive all the blows. These Lilliputian battles are of short duration, and rarely end in noticeable damage to either combatant. The animus, however, is present, the birds giving every evidence of supreme anger and malice.

A few of the stronger of our small birds are famous for their prowess in battle, and the black-headed fly-catcher is commonly called king-bird, on account of its ability to put to flight even the great hen-hawk. By some this fly-catcher is called "bee-martin," as it sometimes sits near a hive and destroys great numbers of the little workers. I have seen a pair of these birds assailing a large hawk in mid-air and forcing it to mount higher and higher, till at length it looked no larger than a swallow assailed by a couple of hornets. When an intelligent farmer finds that a bee-martin's nest is near his house he has no fear that the hawks will feast upon his barn-yard fowls, or the crows get away with many eggs; nor will the woodpeckers have peaceful possession of his apple and cherry trees.

Speaking of woodpeckers, the red-headed, white-tailed variety is the most unruly, ill-tempered, and hopelessly-quarrelsome bird in the world. He quarrels and fights for mere love of the business. He fights for cause and without pretense of cause. He actually neglects taking sufficient food in his hurry to be all the time in a brawl, consequently half the specimens I have taken were poor to emaciation when killed. I do not exaggerate in the least. For example, I once watched a white-tail for three hours constantly, during which time it did not take a morsel of food. I killed it, and found its stomach (craw) quite empty and its intestines almost so. But all this time it had been excitedly busying itself with attacking every bird it could find, all the time chattering and screaming at the top of its voice. It was late in autumn, and the oak and beech trees were loaded with mast, and these woodpeckers were pretending to store the acorns and beechnuts away in every crevice they could find. My particular bird seemed to have taken upon himself the task of bothering every other one all he could, while all the rest seemed bent on the same errand. Such a noise as they made! Black-birds would have been shamed into silence. A house full of women hungry for a chat would have been silence impersonated beside them! One bird could not perch upon a limb or alight on the side of a tree-trunk for a single moment without being furiously assailed by from one to five others. Their continuous cries of "Che-e-e-w, chew, che-e-w!" were next to equaled by the ceaseless flapping of their gay wings. One little incident I well remember: I was closely following the movements of my bird and noting his plan of attack and defense, when suddenly

he hid himself, as if from fear of attack, under a projecting knot. At the same time another one flew to the knot and perched himself on the top of it, holding an acorn in his bill. How closely my bird drew himself up to hide! How perfectly still he sat! I could not understand the game. The other bird, all unconscious of the proximity of mine, proceeded to pound the acorn into a crevice in the knot, then flew away. Instantly my bird took the vacated place, and, with one twitch of his beak, tweaked out the acorn and flung it away, screaming like a delighted demon. His ill-gotten joy was of short duration, however, for the wronged woodpecker knew the import of that scream and came back like a bolt, striking my bird from the knot, and chasing him vigorously away. Evidently my bird was a coward, wreaking a mean revenge for some past indignity at the other's hands—or rather, beak—by thus watching his chance to rob his little treasure-houses.

It is something remarkable that our great destructive birds of prey, the eagles, hawks, and owls, are not at all quarrelsome or bellicose, excepting when in search of food or when attacked. True, they are all pirates and robbers, never hesitating to acquire food by any foul means; but they rarely unbend their dignity and reserve enough to engage in foolish brawls. An eagle will strike a fish-hawk, but it is only to make him give up his fish; and the great horned bird of night will occasionally make the screech-owl hand over its field-rat. In these cases there is no fight. The weaker is simply robbed by the stronger bird. But occasionally these mighty kings of the air undertake to do battle. At such times they perform no mincing work. They literally tear each other into shreds. One of the combatants must die, sometimes even both. A friend of mine described to me a contest he had witnessed between a great horned-owl and a hen-hawk. It arose from a struggle over a hare which the owl had seized and which the hawk attempted to take possession of. The sun was down, but it was not yet dark. In the struggle the hare escaped, and the powerful birds, enraged at being cheated out of an excellent supper, fell at each other with the fury of demons. The owl soon destroyed the hawk; but while the fight lasted it was, as my friend described it, desperately cruel and bloody. He said that the carcass of that unfortunate hawk looked, after death, much as if it "had been run through a dull sausage-grinding machine!" An old negro, whose reputation for "truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which he lived" was above the average, is my authority for the following: The aforesaid negro was somewhat of a chicken-fancier in his humble way, and among a small collection of poultry was a red game-cock possessed of great strength and dangerous spurs. The chicken-house was an old log-cabin, with no shutters to door and window. One bright moonlight night in the wee sma' hours our colored friend heard a hen squall. Suspecting that some of his brethren were making too free with his property, he leaped out of bed and rushed to his poultry-house. Just as he reached the door his

game-cock rushed out bearing an owl upon his back. Taken somewhat aback by this strange display, the old negro stood gazing in mute surprise, till the cock, bearing his heavy burden, had run far out from the shadows of the house into the bright moonlight, where he suddenly stopped and shook off his assailant, and then, quick as lightning, dealt it a blow with his spurs in the head. According to my informant, "Dat rooster did eberlastin'ly knock dat owl to hell an' back!" But I cannot vouch for the literal truth of his phrase.

The aquatic birds have generally been considered among the inoffensive creatures, and consequently very little is to be found in the books of natural history touching their ways of warfare. But the herons and cranes, the geese and ducks, the plovers and rails—in fact, all the water-birds, great and small—are good fighters, and much given to squabbling. It has often chanced, in my wanderings by the streams and lakes of the West and South, that combats, especially in the heron family, have taken place directly under my sight. The common green heron, or fly-up-the-creek, is a notorious bully among the lesser fry of aquatic birds—the sand-pipers, kildees, teeter-snipes, and small plovers, having a deadly fear of him; while the great blue heron, though much inclined to a dignified, musing-alone way of deporting himself, is quite often guilty of assault and battery upon the person of any and every one of the whole list of swimmers and waders. In the heron nesting-places on the borders of the Southern lagoons and lakes, where every tree is heavy with great, uncouth stick-heaps having each a heron on it, occasionally everything goes wrong with the rookery—and then what muttering and fighting! what flapping of long wings, and what wriggling of serpent-like necks! what darting of sharp, cruel beaks! It is a free, promiscuous fight, and soon over, without much hurt being done to any of the contestants.

The pretty wood-ducks and green and blue winged teals, the tiny buffle-head ducks and the tidy scaup-ducks, all are given to insulting and wantonly injuring each other, whether of kin or not. The drakes, especially of the wood-ducks, do some desperate fighting, though from the nature of things they cannot inflict serious injury.

I could fill a volume with the wars of the feathered tribes; but I have already given enough to set the reader to thinking. I feel a little like an iconoclast in thus breaking up one of the prettiest of the fictions of poets and rhapsodists; but it is the business of the investigator to blow the mist off from things, even if it is rose-colored.

The conclusion I have reached is, that bird-life, so far from being that happy, song-glorified, praiseworthy existence so extolled by poets, sacred and profane, is one scene of restless struggle and strife, hunger, and dread, and fear, and pain. Beset on all sides by deadly foes, continually pressed by hunger, all the time under the influence of some controlling passion, roaming continually by day, and hovering in dark dread by night, how can they be happy? Look closely at the eyes of the canary or mocking-bird

while it is singing in the cage. Is the expression there a happy one? You see a sad, worried, longing gleam that has no joy at its root. Just so with the wild ones. Their eyes betray the soulless shallowness of their so-called songs. Do not dispute this until you have investigated for yourself, and then you will not. Go lie in the shadow of a hedge bordering a wheat or oats plat in early summer, and wait till a meadow-lark or a field-sparrow perches near you, then with a good opera-glass scan him while he sings. Once you have caught the expression of his eyes, his song never again will sound the same. Ever afterward you will hear in it nothing but meaningless, inarticulate, rasping, or, at best, a liquid medley of involuntary notes. Put yourself in the oriole's place. It is May. The leaves are coming out on the maples, and the tassels adorn the oaks. It is early morning of a cloudless day. You spread your bright wings, and start in search of breakfast. From twig to twig, from spray to spray, you flit, finding here a little larva, and there a bit of worm—just enough to keep you hungry. A blue-jay attacks you and drubs you, a house-cat makes a lunge at you as you fly past a garden-wall, a boy throws a stone at you. Frightened almost to death, you seek the depths of a thick grove, where a goshawk tries to catch you, and, escaping from it, you come near flying right into the claws of a blue-tailed darter! And so all day you flit from place to place, all the time in deadly fear, till night comes and hangs its shadows in the woods. Then from dusk to dawn you sit on a bough, and hear the owls hoot, and the foxes patter about, and the raccoons clamber among the neighboring tree-tops. What a day of watchfulness and terror—what a night of awful fear! Day comes again, and with it hunger, and strife, and danger, and consequent restlessness. Who would be an oriole, with its three or four years of trouble? Let its nest swing in the sunshine of May, with the bird on its rim like a flame—I would rather be a lonely, naked, weaponless man in the savagest forest of Africa than to be that bird!

But, to close this paper, I will give an account of a battle, witnessed by my brother and me, in which quite an army of birds were engaged on each side. We were mere boys, just beginning our life in the woods with bow and quiver, and, early in the morning of one of the first days of June, were in a vast forest in a valley of North Georgia. We came upon a sort of natural orchard of wild-mulberry trees upon which the fruit was beginning to ripen. The sedge-grass of that region grew in dense tufts under the trees, and between these was spread a carpet of short wire-grass. Through the midst of all this ran a clear spring-stream, a yard or so in width, tumbling among its stones with much bubbling and gurgling, as it sought the Coosawattee, a small river whose white plane-trees we could see a little way off. Here in this orchard the battle was raging. We had heard it long before we reached the spot. Woodpeckers, blue-jays, grosbeaks, bluebirds, cuckoos, thrushes of three or four kinds, fly-catchers, and che-winks, all flying back and forth, in and out, round

and round, their feathers turned the wrong way, and their voices apparently hoarse with rage. Here a sap-sucker and a nuthatch fluttered together on the grass engaged in madly pecking at each other's eyes; there a blue-jay and a grosbeak, like muffs of turquoise and ruby sprays, gayly exchanged blows; yonder a knot composed of two or three chewinks, a brown thrush, a fly-catcher, and a cuckoo, waged a genuine riot; while all around, everywhere, the rustle of struggling wings and the vicious shrieking of infuriated songsters stirred the air into martial ripples. Now and then a cowed and defeated bird, followed by its victorious enemy, whisked past us into the dark recesses of the woods. The reddening mulberries hung untouched on the dusky trees. The dancing swarms of ephemeral flies had their will of the sunshine undisturbed by the red-eyed fly-catcher or sober-feathered pewee. The pots of the sap-sucker were full to overflowing with the sweet juice of the vigorous young trees, but he noticed them not. All business was forgotten. It was a carnival of fight. The painted finches swept this way, the som-

bre thrushes flew that way; and now and then, careering through the orchard like some black-mailed, red-plumed knight of old, we saw a great *Hylotomus pileatus*, that giant of the woodpecker tribe, charging upon the lines of his foes, uttering his loud battle-cry. What this was all about we could not ascertain. The price of a wooden bucket has caused a bloody war among men; no doubt something less noteworthy had started this tumultuous struggle between the birds. But the end of the battle came in a most mysterious way. Suddenly, as if by some spell of magic, the din ceased, the wings were still, and then one by one and two by two the birds flitted away till in all the orchard a jay uttering its mellow too-loo-loo, and a sap-sucker tending his pots, were all we could see or hear. There were no dead or wounded, not even a broken feather, left on the field of battle.

We ate our fill of mulberries, took a shot each at the sap-sucker, and then strayed down to the Coosawattee, and enjoyed a swim as only healthy and happy boys can. *O le bon temps!*

A NEW-YEAR GREETING.

I.

"A HAPPY New Year!" So we lightly cry
To those around, in careless, idle phrase.
But, ah! what years are happy 'neath the sky?
Whose paths are altogether pleasant ways?

II.

And so to you, my friend, I fain would give
Another greeting for the coming year—
A greeting that through all its days may live
As tender music lingers on the ear.

III.

We know the year that holds the summer's prime—
Holds, too, the winter's icy storm and frost,
The changing blasts of spring's capricious time,
The mellow autumn, when the world is lost

IV.

In beauty like a dream, when golden days
Fall softly on us with the falling leaves,
And purple hills are wrapped in radiant haze,
Like the enchanted mist that Fancy weaves.

V.

So, too, the years of changing human life
Hold many a season clasped in their embrace—
Days bright with hope, days dark with weary strife,
And days serene with fair, pathetic grace.

VI.

Shall I, who fain would call upon your way
Life's highest blessing, wish for smiles alone
From sunny skies on flowery meadows? Nay,
Not so God blesses those he makes his own.

VII.

Souls lapped in glowing sunshine seldom rise
To face unblenched the driving storm and rain;
And hearts most truly and most gently wise
Have learned their wisdom in the school of pain.

VIII.

Therefore, O steadfast soul! I ask for you
Courage and strength to meet the fiercest blast;
And God's best sunshine, faithful heart and true,
To gild your pathway when the storm is past.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

" . . . Cease, no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose."

"IT is not spring-time, Miss Mignon," said Prue, trembling violently; "it is night, little mistress. See, how dark it grows—'tis only by the fire-light I can see your face."

The girl looked vacantly around her, shivered, moved her head about restlessly, then took to plucking again at her poor, soiled cloak.

"Yes," she said, "it is cold—but not so cold as out there where the leaves are falling, always—always—and at night the rain will come and soak through."

She looked down at her hands, rubbing them stiffly over each other; then, seeming to miss something from the left one, she held it up close to her eyes, seemed to puzzle over it, knitted her brows, shook her head, and sighed.

"A ring!" said Prue, supplying the thought for which the disordered wits were groping. "You used to wear one; is that what you mean, little mistress?"

"A ring!" said Mignon, catching at the woman's words. "I lost it—a long, long while ago. I put it away somewhere, but I can't remember."

She lifted her hand to her head so piteously, that Prue, to whom had come the courage with which some women are gifted in an emergency, almost lost her self-command in tears.

"We will go and look for it," she said, having the sense to humor the girl's fancy; then, taking a light with her, she led her mistress up-stairs, pausing by the way to bolt and bar the door that need be set open no longer, either by day or night, for the expected guest.

When they reached Mignon's bedroom, the girl wandered aimlessly about for some time, but at last came to the dressing-table, with its pink china tray in the centre. On this latter she looked down fixedly, then lifting her finger pointed at it, and again seemed struggling to remember something. Prue, too, drew near and looked, and the sight of the tray recalled something to her mind that she had forgotten. She had seen the wedding-ring lying there after her mistress's flight—it had disappeared on the day her master returned; evidently some memory of it was working in and troubling her mistress's mind.

"We will seek it by-and-by," said Prue, soothingly, and drew the unresisting girl down into a seat, then with loving hands proceeded to draw off the dusty boots, to remove cloak, hat, and gloves, to bathe her face, hands, and feet (the latter all swollen and blistered, as though they had walked many miles), and by slow degrees to completely reclothe her in fresh linen and garments.

The girl passively endured all Prue's ministrations, only once seeming to heed her, and that was when she sought to remove from her bosom a small packet wrapped in silk, and that from the touch seemed to Prue to contain a letter. This the girl jealously guarded, both then and after, and it was many days before Prue found out what it contained.

The poor woman's heart lightened somewhat over her loving toil, and, as she gazed with passionate love into her mistress's unconscious face, she tried to persuade herself that the cloud now obscuring her brain was but temporary, and might pass from her; for the blank look on the girl's face was far less terrible than that which she had worn ere the mind fled away; and whereas the creature who had come upon Prue in her panic had seemed altogether strange to and removed from her, *this* one was her mistress, distraught, indeed, but her very self. When Mignon was dressed she returned to the table, and seemed to puzzle over it for a few moments, then turned to the door and Prue followed.

She went with those uncertain, lagging feet down-stairs into the study, seeming to miss the crowd of books and papers with which the room had formerly been full, sitting down at last in the arm-chair in which Adam had sat for those long three days and nights, keeping his vigil, and seeking to root her from his heart.

Prue placed the light upon the table, and, going into the hall, withdrew the key from the hall-door, ran down-stairs, fastened the other entrance, and went up-stairs again. She had not been a moment too soon in her precautions, for on her return she found that Mignon had removed the door-chain, and was tugging at the fastenings.

"Where are you going, Miss Mignon?" said Prue, her voice full of fear. "'Tis too late for you to be going out; to-morrow we'll go together, but not to-night."

"Don't you hear somebody calling me?" said the girl, lifting her hand and standing in an attitude of listening; "up yonder in the big town, they are calling, always calling, and I must go, for I've got something to tell—to tell—"

"To-morrow we'll go," said Prue, gently, "but now you're worn out and must take food and rest; and, if you're ill, how will you ever be able to go at all?"

Mignon left off pulling at the chain; a ray of comprehension struggled into her blue eyes.

"If I'm ill, I shall not be able to go at all," she repeated, then went away quietly enough with Prue.

The girl required food and warmth; the woman therefore took her to the kitchen, established her in a chair beside the hearth, and, closing the shutters, made of the room a picture of homely brightness and comfort.

The firelight shone, and leaped, and reflected itself in the numberless tins and pipkins ranged around, and flickered with many circles on the polished sides of the dish-covers, and deep-bodied jugs and basins.

But Mignon, as she held out her slender hands to the crackling blaze, shivered still, and her vacant, ashen face took no tint of color from the warmth. Prue served and brought to her food, but the girl only shook her head, never even glancing at it, only keeping her blank gaze fixed steadily upon the burning coals. How loud the clock ticked, how briskly and incessantly the crickets talked! Surely, they must say one or two things well worth listening to in the course of these long autumn and winter nights, through which they gossip so garrulously? Prue had taken some work in her hands, lest Mignon should think she was being watched, but by degrees the slowly-moving needle ceased altogether, and the woman sat with dry eyes and heavy heart, looking across at the little silent figure before her.

There sat her mistress, disgraced, ruined, ill in body, stricken in mind, with a future stretching out before her of bitter repentance and miserable regrets, of an alienation from all God's choicest gifts; yet as the woman looked at her, she blessed Heaven that had given her darling back to her, even though she was restored to her—thus.

What would her life have been, she asked herself wildly, without this idolized little creature to tend, to watch over, to love? She would have lost her wits in longing for her, or worn her body out in seeking her; and in her breast there beat as profound and wondering a gratitude as he may know who has found the cage-door of his wild bird open, and, while he is mourning for it, discovers that it has suddenly returned of its own free-will.

That terrible things had befallen the girl, things at which she could only fearfully and dimly guess, Prue was certain; but was not even this thought bearable, compared with the suspense and agony that would have been hers, had Mignon staid away, in the power of the villain who had destroyed her?

And seeing her so quiet and gentle, some of the first horror that had fallen on Prue, when she saw the girl, faded, for, strange though it might appear, Mignon's face was now far less suggestive of woe and terrible things than it had been before her wits left her.

A veil was mercifully drawn between the girl and the scenes that had produced upon her so terrible an effect, and Prue sadly wondered what might be the tale of temptation, of force, and of speedy disillusionment, that perchance would fall from the pale lips had they the power to utter reason.

Surely this man had used her in some cruel fashion, that so soon, so incredibly soon, she crept back to the home she had shamed, as being the only refuge open to her.

It was no longer a childish face upon which Prue looked; it had aged four or five years in the past week, and the simple, trusting look was, so to speak, burned out of it, while in her eyes, before the blank-

ness of madness fell upon them, was the look that says: "I have seen; I know"—the look that comes to no man or woman until he has bitten deep into the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that is never effaced from the features upon which it has once been imprinted.

For half an hour, perhaps, Mignon sat with her gaze upon the fire, then the warmth and her fatigue seemed suddenly to overcome her, her head fell back upon the cushioned chair, she was asleep. Her face grew more peaceful, yet upon it was still that indescribable air of something *missing*, that unerringly informs us when we stand in the presence of the human shell, not the spirit—the casket, not the jewel.

For hours Prue sat, scarcely daring to move, so fearful was she of awakening her mistress. Then, as the latter slept soundly on as one who has not slept for many nights, the woman dared at length to give vent to her grief, and noiselessly, and with many queer twists and contortions of the face and body, wept. She knew nothing of the writings of—probably she had never even heard of such a person as—our immortal bard of Avon; but in her homely way her heart was crying out against the pity of it, oh! the pity of it all! and she was contrasting, in all its vividness, the future that she had believed to be Mignon's, with the reality as it now confronted her. Was there indeed a curse upon this family, as Silas Sorel had said, that compelled them all to fulfill their fates? and if this was the end of the one sister, what might not be that of the other?

They would never find each other now, these two sisters, who had loved each other so fondly; or, if they met, would it not be as the dead meeting the living, since all communion of spirit would be denied to them?

The one drop of honey in Prue's cup was that she had the girl under her care, that not among strangers or oppressors had her madness come upon her, but in her own home, and with some one to tend her who would do so faithfully.

By degrees her tears ceased, her thoughts grew indistinct; sitting bolt upright, she began to nod, her chin by successive stages almost touching her work. She roused herself, for she must not sleep. Mignon might awake, and fancy herself beckoned out into the night by those ghostly voices, and—and—the woman's head fell back instead of forward, nodding no longer; a moment and she was in a slumber as profound as was that of her mistress.

She awakened with a violent start to find the broad daylight streaming in, and a chilly morning wind blowing upon her from the open window, to find the fire extinguished, the gas still burning, and Mignon—gone!

The woman started up, and, dashing the sleep from her eyes, sprang through the low window into the garden beyond. Surely, she would find her mistress there; but no, it was empty, and she was not at the gate. Was it possible that she had come out, reentered the house, and was now wandering within it? With a failing heart, Prue returned to the kitch-

en, and searched the house from attic to basement in vain. Mignon was not there, although her hat and cloak were in her room, just as they had been thrown down the night before. The woman clasped her hands in a paroxysm of despair. Where should she seek the girl? and how long ago might she have departed? A terrible picture presented itself of the poor, bewildered creature setting out on foot for some far-away place that she was dimly conscious it was necessary she must reach; though if this were the case would she not most likely go along the high-road from mere force of habit, and might it not be possible to overtake her?

She flung on shawl and bonnet, locked the door behind her, and ran out of the gates. She met but few people, and nobody whom she knew, and she ran on and on until she got to the high-road and in sight of the station. The latter put an idea into her head. Mignon had always gone by train on her school-girl trips, and it was just possible that she had wandered in there, and, if so, her being without money, her forlorn state, would have attracted attention and caused her to be detained.

The trains ran but infrequently, one in every hour. The clock outside informed Prue that one would be due in twenty minutes.

She flew up the stairs, meeting no one by the way, and drew a long breath of relief and joy as, at the farther end of the empty platform, she descried Mignon. She looked cold and pinched, the wind was blowing her yellow hair all about her eyes, that were anxiously fixed on what appeared to be an approaching train, but in reality was a pilot-engine just emerging from an archway.

"Miss Mignon," said Prue, taking firm hold of the girl's arm, scarcely able to articulate through the greatness of her relief, "what are you doing here all alone? and why did you come away without me when I promised you I'd come anywhere with you you liked?"

"I couldn't wait," said the girl, restlessly. "Don't you hear a voice calling loud, oh! so loud? 'Come and sit beside me,' it says, 'for it is cold, bitter cold, and I am lonely! don't forget me so quickly!'—That is what it says, over and over again."

"I hear it," said Prue, appearing to listen, "but it says that you're not to go alone, I'm to come with you, that we're to go *together*, and not now, but later on in the day."

Mignon ceased to try and free herself from Prue's grasp.

"Does it say that?" she said, sinking her voice to a whisper. "Then you must come, but soon, or she will be angry, and call me again."

"We will go soon," said Prue, soothingly, as she unfastened her shawl, wrapped it round her mistress's figure, and covered her head with a portion of it; "we'll go home directly, dear heart, and pack up, and come back here again by-and-by."

Mignon, making no resistance, suffered herself to be led away, and they reached Rosemary in a few minutes; but as Prue followed the girl into the house, she wrung her hands in despair. What could she do

without a soul to help her, and compelled to watch Mignon night and day, lest she should again make her escape? There would be no peace till she departed, though could there be a madder wild-goose chase than to follow this girl's vagrant fancies up hill and down dale? Yet to use force, restraint—Prue's heart sickened at the thought; come what might, that should never be. So long as her mistress was under her care, she should do as she listed, subject only to such controlling power as love might possess.

After five minutes' hard thinking, Prue came to a decision. That it was one person's work to watch Mignon was plain, and this she could not do with the house and its work upon her hands. She would go to London. In a quiet, decent part of the town she had a friend who let lodgings, and would indeed be willing to do her any good turn, or render her any assistance that she was able, and she herself would be free to devote all her time to Mignon. If she grew very restless, and still insisted on wandering, then Prue must even go with her, and guard her as best she might. To stay here was plainly out of the question, and she set to work at packing her mistress's clothes with a vigor and rapidity that seemed to calm Mignon's restlessness. She even in a fitful, uncertain way rendered some assistance, and seemed satisfied and pleased when all was finished. It was a less easy matter to keep her quiet, when Prue had to go from one room to another, locking up and setting in order, arranging everything for the long absence that she felt to be inevitable. She had thought of an arrangement by which the house would not be without a guardian; and, though it gave her a sharp twinge to leave, even for a short time, that unprotected which had been given into her charge, she yet said to herself that her duty was to her mistress first, and that duty she would perform to the best of her power.

She managed to pack her own modest trunk, and to write two letters, one of which, unseen by Mignon, she addressed to her master, and placed on the table in his study; the other she stamped, and put in her pocket.

She then prepared food for her mistress and herself, but could not prevail on Mignon to take more than a few scanty mouthfuls. All being ready, and Mignon growing restless, Prue put on the girl's hat and cloak, dressed herself, and went down to the gate. After ten minutes' waiting, Providence sent that way a youth of tender years, who undertook, on the promise of sixpence (not to be made over till his return), to go to the Lilytown livery-stables and dispatch to Rosemary a horse and fly.

The biped, quadruped, and conveyance, with a driver to boot, arrived in due season; the luggage was fetched out, and the kitchen-door locked. Mignon, all impatience, had already taken her seat, and in a few moments Rosemary was left behind, and for the third time within four months the girl had set out again on her travels, while Prue, looking back, asked herself, with dim eyes and a foreboding heart, was it even possible or likely that this last journey should have a happier ending than had the two preceding ones?

CHAPTER XLV.

" . . . O perilous mouths
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval,
Bidding the law make courtesy to the will!"

Two months had gone by since mistress and maid had left their safe home-shelter to wander out into the world in search of adventure. A poor, distraught pilgrim, a stupid, faithful follower—what chance had these of success in their quest? And would they not infallibly come to grief and confusion, as do most earnest, simple folk nowadays who ride a tilt at a world that has no sympathy with romance, or pity for misfortune?

As yet, however, the adventures of the pair had been neither dangerous nor exciting; they had simply been profoundly, prosaically miserable.

"The world seemed to be standing still," Prue sometimes said to herself, with a dismal shake of the head; she only wished *she* could, but she had by this time almost come to believe that her feet were doomed to go dancing on forever, like the girl who was vain of her red shoes, in Hans Andersen's story. And even if there were a woodman by to cut them off for her, she thought that it would still be her doom to go dancing on, rain or shine, day or night, following her mistress, who in her turn was beckoned forward by some will-o'-the-wisp, whose glimmer pierced with baneful light the poor, clouded brain.

Two months of wandering as vagabonds in the streets of London, up and down, round and about those dirty, crowded paths that Prue had come to know by heart, and at which her soul sickened as she asked herself, was this woful search, after she knew not what, to go on forever? or would the end come but with the cessation of her little mistress's already slender hold upon life?

For no farther than the great city had those indefinite travels to which Prue had resigned herself the day she left Rosemary been extended. Whoever or whatever might be the object of Mignon's search was contained in the town, and when once the girl had left Waterloo, and found herself among the roar of traffic and sea of passing faces, she had grown calmer, and, looking eagerly about, had seemed to recognize things, although, when later they came to a quiet part of the town, she turned restless again and appeared distressed. And from that day, from the moment when, with infinite difficulty, Prue had prevailed upon her to enter the modest rooms tenanted by Prue's old friend, there had been no keeping the girl within-doors; let them watch her as they chose, seek to amuse her as they listed, she would glide out of their midst like a shadow, and be in the streets again, turning her head from side to side—looking, looking for something that she could not find. It was all in vain that Prue followed and brought her home; the girl displayed such skill in eluding her again that Prue gave up all attempt at coercing her, and did the sole thing possible to her: let the girl go where she would, and herself—followed.

All Mignon's heart was bound up in this mysterious quest: she seldom noticed Prue, rarely spoke to her, and seemed to have lost all her former affection for the woman. And with that marvelous instinct, which in mad people almost takes the place of sense, Mignon, no matter how far she went, or by what devious streets and ways, invariably found her way home again, without any reference to the patient shadow that followed at her heels.

Prue sometimes rubbed her eyes and pinched herself to make sure that it was not all a dream, that this girl, clad like herself in the coarse, unlovely dress of the poorest classes, had once been tenderly nurtured, fondly cherished; moreover, the centre to at least four people of such love as is rarely, indeed, called forth or given. Truly, love had been to her no blessing, but a curse—else had she not come to such a pass of wretchedness and vagabondage to which she had now fallen. Was it possible that she had ever been winsome and laughter-loving and lovely, this girl with the worn and wintry face, that was like a beaten-down snow-drop, and from which her blue eyes, no longer beautiful, looked out upon the passing world with blank and wandering gaze?

As she went to and fro in her shabby, shapeless clothes, the beauty that had once been hers was so hidden and dimmed as to be wellnigh lost, and men's eyes, resting carelessly on her face, seldom or never gave it a second glance, unless for the sake of the misery written upon it. And of insult or molestation from the lower classes, into whose haunts she often strayed, she was entirely free. Her apparent poverty, her wretchedness, made her one of themselves; and, having breathed upon and made her one of their own, she was henceforth a child of the people, and heeded by them no whit. In those days it seemed a good thing to Prue that Mignon's sweet looks had so utterly departed from her, for how else could she have failed to be exposed to a thousand perils against which Prue's weak arm would have been powerless to shield her?

When first the pair had come to London, Prue had dressed her mistress as became her station, but on discovering how much attention the girl had attracted to herself in her wanderings, the woman, with some of that rare good sense that is usually called "common," for the sole reason apparently that it is the most precious and uncommon of all qualities, saw the necessity for change. Hence those miserable garments, sodden and worn by wind and weather, that the girl wore abroad, and beneath which she was as delicately and fastidiously cared for as heart could wish.

For whom was the girl looking? That was the question that Prue asked herself with weary iteration, as she walked in her mistress's track day after day. She scarcely thought it was for Muriel, since now and again, and in her sleep, there had fallen from Mignon's lips words that seemed to reveal a strange fear and dread of her sister, while of the love that had formerly been the religion of her life there seemed to remain not a trace. And if Mignon were not looking for Muriel, all thought of the latter be-

ing for the time driven out by a later and more engrossing idea, then could it be for her betrayer, Philip La Mert, or for her husband, Adam?

Every one seemed to be looking for somebody else, nothing sorted itself or came straight, and life just then was to Prue a mental rag-bag, in which she plunged her hand only to bring out a bundle of odds and ends.

Where was her master? and had he yet come up with the man upon whom he had vowed vengeance? And where was Mr. La Mert now? and how came it that he had made not an effort to overtake and recapture the girl whom he had taken such desperate pains to win?

Utterly bewildered, Prue's mind revolved every possibility till she became as giddy as a blue-bottle fly imprisoned in a glass tumbler, and at last gave up attempting to find the key to the mystery. From Rosemary had come not one word of news, good, bad, or indifferent. The woman in whose care Prue had placed the house, and who reached it the day after Prue's departure, reported the arrival of sundry letters for Mr. Montrose, all of which awaited him, together with Prue's announcing Mignon's return; but from Mr. Montrose himself had come no sign or word, although sixty long days had passed since he set out.

And in all this time Mignon had ceased not from her mysterious search, save when, worn out with bodily fatigue, she would sleep profoundly, or sit, folding and unfolding her restless hands, staring out of the narrow window at the stunted evergreens in their pots. I wonder what goes on within the clouded brain of such a one, whether all is darkness and quietude, save when some glimmer of reason pierces through to it; or whether all is wild hurry and chaos, idea succeeding idea, in lavish profusion, yet all alike unsatisfactory and impossible to grasp?

Only once had the girl shown herself moved by aught that she had seen or heard abroad, and that was the sound of church-bells. She would start up, trembling all over, when she heard them; and on Sundays it was impossible, no matter what the weather might be, to keep her within-doors, for to church after church she would find her way, only to look eagerly at it and turn away again, as though disappointed. Evidently the sound of bells suggested some memory to her, that she was incessantly trying to puzzle out, but could not. Prue sometimes wept when the girl turned her wistful eyes upon her, with the look in them of a dumb creature who seeks to express himself, yet cannot; and would have given ten years of her life to be able to supply the answer after which the toiling brain sought. One day the girl came and laid her slender hand upon the woman's.

"Do you hear a bell," she said, "that tolls, tolls always by day and night? It is loud and deep, as though it came out of the clouds, and, if I could hear it, I should be able to find—to find—"

She paused, grew confused, lost the thread of what she had been saying, fell to plucking at her gown in the old restless fashion.

Was there some method in the girl's madness after all? Had she gone no farther than London in her flight with Mr. La Mert, and had something actually happened to her there to account for this persistent search?

These were the questions that Prue was now asking herself; and the thought came into her head that she would make an experiment.

"Come with me, Miss Mignon," she said, rising; "and we will see if we cannot find this great bell together;" and there and then she took her mistress within both sight and hearing of Big Ben.

They had never gone within reach of it before; the girl's wanderings, though so long-continued, had covered no great area, and, as the first great note rolled out on the air, she started violently, and listened intently; then her face clouded with disappointment.

She shook her head, and pulled at Prue's hand to come away. The woman was not yet disheartened, only half of her experiment was over; and a little later she stood with Mignon beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, awaiting the stroke of the half-hour. It came; and as the solemn boom! pealed out, Mignon's face changed as though by magic.

"I shall find it now—I shall find it now!" she cried, running from Prue's side, and looking eagerly at the great shops all about, as though she expected to find what she sought among them, growing puzzled and sorrowful at last, as seeming to understand that her search was not over yet. It was with difficulty that Prue could persuade her to go home at all that day; and on the morrow she was back again almost as soon as it was light, wandering through by-streets and alleys, and all manner of strange places, that she had never trodden safely but for her poor dress and lack of comeliness and grace.

She seemed to grow brighter and happier after that day; and Prue, in the midst of all her weary discomfort and fatigue, took heart, and began to hope for better times.

Some curious instinct or cunning apparently guided the girl in her wanderings, for she never went beyond a certain radius; and Prue observed that directly the sound of the great bell came to her muffled, she invariably turned back, so that it would appear the object of her search lay somewhere within its full sound.

It was after a week of this perplexing, round-about search, which, like the crab's progress, seemed to be two steps forward and one back, that Mignon one day turned into a decent, seemingly ancient street, at one end of which was a small church, that lay back at some little distance, having a graveyard before it.

Like an arrow shot from a bow, Mignon sped forward, and in another moment had reached the rusty iron gates, that stood partially open. Plainly she recognized, remembered the place; but "What," asked Prue, as she curiously followed her, "could she want *there*?"

She leaned her head against the gates and looked

in. It appeared to be a disused burying-ground, or so she thought, until she saw in the distance two or three recently-made graves. Apparently a small strip of new ground had been added that made the church-yard, disused for many years, again available.

It was not to these newly-opened mounds that Mignon made her way, but to one whose unsightly outline the grass had covered, and falling on her knees beside it, the girl pressed her brow, her lips, her bosom against it, murmuring indistinct words and cries; while Prue, standing afar off, with the long, dank grass under her feet, the murky December sky above her, beginning to understand, asked herself, "Was this the grave of Muriel, or of Mr. La Mert?"

There fell upon Mignon, after the discovery of that nameless grave, a peace and quiet that were almost happiness.

No longer she led poor Prue's aching feet on an endless chase, no longer the two passed their lives in the streets, jostled by the busy crowds; the girl would every day pay a visit of longer or shorter duration to the graveyard, then come away home with Prue, and sit for hours together perfectly still. Sometimes a look of horror struggled across the blankness of her face, once or twice she had swerved away from the grave as though some ugly thought or idea had stung her; but for the most part she seemed to have a weight removed from her, and to have attained to what she desired.

It was now close upon Christmas, and the streets were full of that sweetest and best-beloved of flowers, the violet, that bloomed from every nook and corner, filling the hands of countless poor women, to whom its perfume and beauty meant no more and no less than—bread. Of these gentle wayfarers, messages of love from Nature in her haunts to the men who toiled in the great city, Mignon bought great bunches daily, or rather she made Prue do so, passing by all but the freshest, and then going away with her hands filled, to lay them upon that mysterious grave.

Prue from a distance used to look and look, and wonder with all her might whom this violet-decked mound contained. It was a long one, quite long enough to hold a man, and Muriel had been tall for a woman, while Mr. La Mert had not been tall for a man, so that it was impossible for her unpractised eye to decide which of them might be sleeping there.

It was not very long, however, before her doubts were set at rest, and the fashion of it was in this wise:

One day Mignon, during her accustomed visit, appeared for the first time to take heed of the surrounding tombstones, and the sight of them seemed to suggest something to her mind that had hitherto entirely escaped it. Then began one of those efforts at remembering that were so piteous and painful to witness; the fugitive idea that disappeared just as she was about to grasp it, the precious half-thought that she was not able to complete, these irritated and

distressed her almost to frenzy. She began her wanderings again, but the area of them was so circumscribed, and that which she sought so near at hand, that on the third day she found it.

Prue marvelled what was going to happen next, as her mistress stopped at a curious little yard lying back from the houses in the narrow street where it was situated, and as she drew nearer perceived that it was that of a stone-cutter and tombstone-maker.

Blocks and fragments of stone, statues, tablets roughly hewn and not yet inscribed, others half completed, and some all discolored and defaced, entirely filled the inclosure, while below a plaster bust of the first Napoleon leaned a small wooden board, on which was inscribed—

"MANGLING DONE HERE."

A tipsy, wretched-looking man, who supported himself with one hand against the low palings, and swayed to and fro, occasionally doubling up altogether, was extending his right hand toward the grimy stones and statues, and shaking his head sadly, as though he were philosophizing on the mutability of all things, and applying the lesson to himself. Mignon slipped past the poor maudlin wretch, to whom, nevertheless, there came in his cups gleams of understanding, to which he was a stranger when sober, and, passing with swift feet in among the dismal, heterogeneous collection, looked about her until she espied a pure, snow-white marble tablet that showed out like a lily from its dusty and mutilated surroundings. She flew to it, paused breathless before it, and clasped her hands with joy. Again the poor witless creature had been guided to the object of her search, again instinct had asserted itself successfully.

Prue, her heart beating, certain that at length she was on the brink of a discovery, drawing near, looked over the girl's shoulder, and read the following inscription:

"MURIEL: AGED 20."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."

THE stone-cutter at this moment appeared upon the scene, and, concluding the oration in course of delivery outside the railings by summarily bidding the man to move on, he turned to give his attention to the two shabby women who stood looking at the marble tablet. Mignon's face was hidden by the ugly, down-bent hat she wore, but to Prue he looked for speech.

"Anything I can do for you to-day in the tombstone line, ma'am?" he said, deciding in his own mind that here was a customer whose order (if any) would be of the most modest and humble description.

Prue answered his question with another.

"Who ordered that tombstone?" she said, pointing at the one which bore Muriel's name.

The man's face, an ordinarily good-humored one, took a gloomy expression as his eyes followed Prue's finger.

"Oh! *that*?" he said; "that's a sore question, mistress, for I'm out o' pocket by that stone to the tune of more pounds than you'd ever guess on. 'Twas ordered come nigh on three months ago, and, as my wife says, more fool I to go to hexecute a horder like that without ever a-taking of the lady's name as hordered it."

"A lady ordered it," said Prue, beginning to see daylight; "can you mind just what she was like?"

"Ay," said the man; "for, spite of all the trouble she war in, she was jest the purtiest critter I ever clapped these eyes upon, she war. She come in all of a tremble, and as white as that there stone, and, sed she, 'Will you make me the whitest, beautifullest tombstone to be got in all the world, for the sweetest soul to lie under as ever lived? for,' sed she, 'I can't a-bear to think she's a-lying all out there in the cold without nothing over her to show as there are them above-ground as rek'lects her.' I asked her what the 'scription should be, and she sed, 'Mural, aged 20;' just that, and no more, and when I said a comfortin' verse out o' Scripture 'ud look well, something about a broken lily or the shorn lamb, or sich, she said, 'No; nothing but them three words, Mural, aged 20.' Had to look it out in a dickshunary, cos I thought she meant a mural tablet, but found 'twas a woman's name—and an outlandish one, too—I'm thinkin'."

"And did she say she'd come back?" said Prue.

"She seemed all lost and dazed like," said the man, who leaned across a broken column, with a wisp of straw between his lips, seemingly taking a satisfaction in repeating the story, "as if she'd got a bad blow and didn't rightly know which way to turn, nor what to be about. Sed she, 'I've got no money, not even none to take me home,' and she looked down at her little feet as though they was a-going to carry her there; 'but I'll come back,' sez she, 'to-morrow or next day with the money,' and then I thought she said suffink about her 'usband.—But, lor! that must ha' been just a slip, for only to think of that young lass with a 'usband; why, 'twas downright larfable! There might be one a-growing up for her somewheres, and maybe more nor one sweetheart to fight over her—but *that* bit of a thing married! No, no! 'Tain't possible,' sez I. Howsumdover, I made it, and there 'tis, and there 'tis like to stop till Doomsday, for I hain't seen or heard a word more of her, nor don't reckon as I ever shall."

Mignon at that moment turned her face away from the tombstone and toward the man; he saw her and started.

"If it worn't that yon young woman's so pale and sick-lookin', and dressed so different to t'oth—the lady who came, for she war dressed very handsome, though dusty, I'd say that them two was the very moral of each other," he said, in a startled tone.

A thorough waiting-woman's pang for her mis-

tress's poor shabby clothes touched Prue, as she said, shortly:

"Yon is my young lady, Mrs. Montrose, the same as come to you three months ago; she'd have come before, but she've had other things to think of. And what may be the price of the stone as she ordered?"

The man looked dumfounded—astonishment, relief, anxiety, succeeded each other on his countenance, the last expression finally predominating. This young lady had grown poor, as her clothes sufficiently attested, and she was not likely to be able or willing to pay the large price that he had set upon it, for in obeying her orders no possible expense had been spared. He opened his lips at last, and named a sum that to Prue's modest notions seemed fabulous, and yet that was a fairly honest charge, as charges go.

"That's a deal of money," she said, pursing up her lips, "and I don't know nothing 'bout such things. I'll ask somebody who does, and see what they say."

But Prue had reckoned without her host. Mignon at that moment approached, and drew her toward the stone.

"Help me to carry it," she said; "don't you see that it is for her? She has waited for it such a long, long while, and now we will take it to her."

She put her frail arms round the heavy slab, sighed, and looked piteously for help at Prue, the man, who had followed, staring at her in wonder.

"Her mind is gone," said Prue, gently; "I reckon 'twas *that*—she pointed toward the tombstone—"that did it. Yon was her sister."

The man, stroking his chin thoughtfully, looked pityingly at the girl, but his mind was evidently much exercised with his own affairs. Would he get rid of this white elephant, or would he not? And, if this young lady were not right in her head, could she be made to pay the debts that she had incurred?

He was not long kept in suspense. A very few moments' reflection had convinced Prue that there would be no moving her mistress from that spot unless the gravestone went with her, therefore the sooner she went home and got the money the better.

"My mistress'll not stir from here—still you'd best watch her," she said to the man, with a heavy sigh. "I'm going to get the money, and'll be back in an hour or so."

She departed, leaving the stone-cutter still leaning against the broken column, twirling the bit of straw between his lips, and regarding the little figure that sat on a block of stone hard by, as though it were by far the most interesting study in his collection.

When Prue returned, she found both in precisely the same attitude as she had left them. Business, mangling included, was apparently slack that morning, and no other customers seemed to have appeared. Vanishing into the limbo beyond, the man presently returned, bearing a small ink-bottle, a pen, and paper. Squaring his elbows, and sticking his tongue into alternate cheeks, while his head rested

on his right shoulder, he made out the bill (using a discolored slab for a table), receipted, and handed it back to Prue.

"You'll have it put up now—directly?" said Prue, before parting with the money, knowing that Mignon would stay there all night were her humor not fallen in with.

The man looked doubtful, he didn't know if he'd got anybody near by to help him—he would see—and again departing, he presently reappeared with a youth who answered to the name of "Sam."

The money paid over, they took up the tombstone between them and went their way, Mignon and Prue following.

It was a sad little procession enough, but it had not far to go, and before the short December day had quite closed in, the stone gleamed in all its flawless purity at the head of the hitherto nameless grave, over which Prue had so long and vainly pondered.

But as the woman marked the large expanse of white that was as yet bare of inscription, she said to herself, with a terrible tightening at the heart, that there was ample room for yet another, and that when the daisies would be springing over Muriel's grave, they would be springing over Mignon also, and that though in life they had been parted by cruel Fate, in death they would not be divided.

CHAPTER XLVII.

" . . . The gods die first ;
And they whose heart is dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket."

NIGHT in the streets of London, and the great hush and peace of a universal rest spread like a mantle over the silent, sleeping city. Night—that comes to all, to the oppressed, the poor, the weary, as to the light-hearted who take no thought for the morrow, and sleep—that is the one good gift of God of which no tyrant or taskmaster, however cruel, has power to deprive us. For a few hours, at least, the bitter tongue that has all day scourged and stung, will move no longer, but hang dumb and devoid of venom; the harsh hand that has driven and chastised will lie nerveless as an infant's, and the busy, plotting brain lose its cunning in idle, harmless dreams; yea, until the morrow, prince and peasant, tormentor and victim, murderer and saint, will alike be infolded in the innocence of God-given sleep, and for these few hours at least are equal in the one blessing that is common to all.

And what a clean, white, beautiful city had not the moonbeams made of it on the night of which I write! How deceitfully in their white splendor had they glorified all that was picturesque, ennobled all that was mean and sordid, until the rudest objects were sightly and pleasant to behold!

Prue, awakened by that pure and brilliant shining, or by some unusual sound, felt herself turn cold with dread as she perceived that the door of the

inner room in which Mignon slept, and across which her own bed was drawn, stood a little way open. Starting up, she at once discovered that room to be empty. The girl must have stepped over the sleeping woman, and so made her escape. Hastily dressing herself, Prue, wasting no time in searching the house, and finding, as she expected, the front-door unfastened, sped on, like one possessed, through the streets, clear as daylight, to the place, nigh upon two miles away, to which she felt certain the girl had gone.

Her mistress alone in the streets of London at this hour! Moreover, with her woman's strength, her wits gone from her, into what peril might she not run, or what might not befall her, all defenseless and astray as she was? And so, as the woman hurried on, she took no heed of the beauty of the night, save inasmuch as it afforded more light, and therefore more safety, as she hoped, to her darling. Except the policemen on their beats she met scarcely a soul, for there is no place quieter than the heart of the city after midnight, and Prue's heart gave a great jump as, passing under the shadow of St. Paul's, the great clock above rang out the hour of *two*.

In a few minutes she had gained the church-yard, and, making her way to the stone that shone pure as snow in the moonlight, drew a deep breath of relief as she saw a dark form stretched beside it, whose cold cheek rested against the yet colder marble, while her arms were thrown around it, as though in protection.

The night was intensely cold, every star burned clear and intense as a jewel in the sky overhead.

The girl might well die of this exposure, thought Prue, fearfully, as she made her way through the long grass to Mignon. What could have possessed her to come out at such a time, unless, indeed, she had been beckoned forth by that mysterious power said to be exercised by the moon over all mad people, and that compels them to gaze upon her, even against their will?

Of the strange and baleful effects produced by the beautiful queen of night whole volumes have been written, and eerie and spectral are some of the stories told of her.

Ambroise Paré has proved how it excites the spirits; Pliny relates how drowsiness, stupor, and mysterious disorders, are produced by sleeping in its beams; while Van Helmont asserts that a wound inflicted by moonlight is so obstinate and difficult to treat as to be wellnigh incurable; and Arabs and Egyptians alike are careful to hide their features when sleeping beneath it in the open air, lest they receive one of those treacherous moon-blows that will turn one half of the face a different color from that of the other.

As Prue drew nearer she made two discoveries: her mistress was fast asleep, and she was not alone.

A man's figure, divided from Mignon by Muriel's narrow grave, knelt, his left hand pressed palm downward against the grass, his right half hidden in his breast, as though he sought something, or was trying to keep back some gnawing pain or hunger.

"Was he seeking a weapon with which to strike the sleeping, defenseless girl yonder?" Prue asked herself, as she swiftly approached; "had this man met her in the brightly-illuminated streets, and, taking advantage of her loneliness, followed her even here?"

She was but a few yards away when the man, abandoning his intent watch of Mignon, suddenly flung his arms high above his head, his face being for a moment lifted to the sky, then, swaying forward, fell across the grave, his head almost at the girl's feet.

Prue paused abruptly, all fear of violence or insult gone from her heart, but in its place an intense loathing and hatred that made her tremble like a leaf as she stood, for she had recognized, in the man before her, him who had blighted her mistress's life, making of her an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth, and all the misery of the past, all the dreary desolation of the future, the work of this man's hands, rose up before the woman, moving her to a strength of anger that Adam himself could scarcely have surpassed.

It seemed unnatural to her that Mignon could sleep on in the neighborhood of this traitor, that the mere fact of his breathing the same air had not power to awaken her as with a sense of suffocation; and the woman was passing away on to her mistress's side, meaning to take her, when something arrested her steps, and she stood irresolute, looking down on the motionless figure of the man and girl before her.

For, somehow, it was conveyed to Prue's mind, as such things mysteriously are conveyed, perchance by the quiver of a lip, the motion of a hand, or the utter abandonment of an attitude, that she stood in the presence of one of those soul-paroxysms that for the time being annihilate the identity of the onlooker, compelling him to see, think, move, even breathe, only at the volition of the person he is watching.

A few moments, and the bowed head was lifted, once more the grave divided the man and girl; and the woman, standing a few yards behind him, saw him stretch out his hand and cautiously, curiously touch a fold of Mignon's coarse stuff gown—then, withdrawing it, shuddered, crouched downward, as one smitten to earth by conscience and God alike, anon lifting his haggard eyes to the wan and weary face that scarcely made a stain on the marble tablet, and that no man would love for its beauty now; yet about whose forlornness there still hung a wistful, girlish look of youth and innocence, that, God knows how, had clung to it through all her shame.

The touch of that coarse clothing seemed to burn his hand. She was clad thus, *she*—she was alone at this hour of the night, alone she must have traversed the streets of London; and was that look upon that white and wasted face grief or—starvation?

To the girl who filled the mound between them he had brought—death! and now, secure from further storm and shipwreck, she slept, let us hope, soundly and well, but to this other who survived he had brought—what?

He looked downward at his hands, surely there should be blood upon them; was he not as much the

murderer of these hapless sisters as any doomed wretch who lay awaiting the consummation of his sentence on the morrow?

Like twin-flowers formed out of dew and sweetness, and sunshine, the sisters' faces rose up before him, as he had once beheld them, and now a mound of crumbling earth represented the one, yon poor, frail outcast the other; and for the life that had gone out in darkness, for the one that yet more miserably dragged on, should not a heavy reckoning be required before the tribunal of God, if not of man? From the dead lips now mouldered away beneath, no shriving syllables of peace or pardon had fallen, while from those of the girl who lived, would not words infinitely more terrible than any the dead could speak issue, when she should awaken and recognize his features?

And he must awaken her, he said, with a shiver that was partly physical cold, she would die else of the exposure; but with his return to the consciousness of bodily discomfort, the subtle influence that had held Prue captive ceased, and, noiselessly as a shadow, she passed him, and, kneeling down by her mistress's side, put both arms around her:

"Waken, mistress," she said, "waken, waken—come away home, come away—"

Slowly, drowsily, for exhaustion and the intense cold had almost thrown her into a lethargy, Mignon opened her blue eyes full upon Philip. He still knelt on the other side of the grave. Upon his face, upturned to hers, the moonlight shone clear as day.

Her eyes became fixed; a look of knowledge, of recognition, flashed to them with the speed of electricity. Dashing aside Prue's arm, she sprang to her feet like a panther, her nostrils dilated, her breath coming in quick, short pants, then her hand went faltering sideways downward, as though seeking a knife; she drew back a step, and—

"You!" she cried, in a low, harsh whisper, and the unutterable loathing, hatred, and passion expressed in that one whispered word absolutely appalled Prue with their intensity. Then the fire so fiercely kindled went out like a suddenly-extinguished torch, and the cloud that for one moment's space had been dispersed by some lightning intuition or memory closed round her again; she stood irresolute, as one from whose hand the weapon has been struck without which she is powerless to fight.

Philip, who had covered his face with his hands, as though cowering under the anticipated shock of her next words, curiously surprised at the halt, the stillness that followed on that one burning syllable, lifted his head, looked, and saw in her face that which in her slumber had been hidden from him—how it was but a mindless body that stood on the opposite side of the grave; how the essence that had made her what she was—in short, Mignon—had fled, leaving but the husk that had contained it. I think that as he realized the truth, as he beheld in the eyes of the girl he had so madly loved the doom brought down by his sin upon her, the bitter cup that had been filling, filling always since that May-day when he had first beheld her,

received its last drop, and that thenceforth, no matter what further blows Fate might be pleased to inflict upon him, he was absolutely proof against them. He had reached the limit of human suffering, when, with a ghastly cry, he fell all his length along the grave, and in his agony bit the grass and earth between his teeth, praying that God would strike him dead as he lay, nor ever again compel his eyes to rest on that living mockery of the thing that had once represented to him all the beauty, the sweetness, and the joy, of earth.

Was it so very long ago that the mere sight of a simple, sweet-faced flower would bring her to his thoughts, when the faint sigh and murmur of the summer breeze would be to him as her gentle voice, the rustle of a leaf as the sound of her foot-fall, and all things fair, and gay, and blooming, suggested her in myriad shapes of delight?

"Tell him he must go away," said Mignon, pulling at Prue's hand, a confused look of horror and aversion upon her face; "he must not come here. No one must come but me."

"You hear what my mistress says, sir," said Prue, overcoming by a violent effort the distaste she felt to addressing Philip—"you're to go away; and sure," she added, bitterly, "'tis the least you can do to respect her wishes."

He rose, not looking at Mignon, but downward at the grave that by the sovereignty of crime was surely his, and with one yearning, hopeless look at Mignon, he turned, and, as though the grace of obedience alone were left to him, went slowly away, and passed out through the open gates.

As he disappeared, Mignon pressed both hands hard against her brows, and for the second time that night there came into her eyes a flickering ray of reason.

"I remember now," she said, slowly and painfully, "he is a murderer; and," she took one hand from her brow, and pointed her forefinger downward at the grave at their feet, "he killed—*her!*"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow."

MURDERER or no murderer, Philip La Mert was fast approaching a higher tribunal than that of man, and if Adam would wreak his vengeance upon him, then must he come quickly, or his enemy would have escaped him, sailing out on the tide of that mysterious ocean that returns no mariners, nor ever in its ebb and flow casts back to us one sign to tell if the departed ones have safely reached the opposite shores, or, object of our more earnest question still, of what those shores and the land that lies beyond may consist.

And when Prue, on the day following that meeting at the grave, had again found herself face to face with him, and from his lips heard the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, her

woman's heart had gone out in pity to the man whom she so well remembered in the heyday of his boldness and beauty, and whose physical sufferings at least might compel ruth from those who would have denied all pity to his mental ones.

With a great dread had Prue been aware, on the preceding night, of those steps tracking her own and Mignon's homeward, that she knew to belong to Philip. It had been with a positive determination to go away on the morrow that she had at last lain down to rest, for how could she doubt but that once again he would seek to establish his power over her mistress, and how was the girl to resist him in her forlorn, defenseless state?

But when that morrow came, and with it the enemy against whom all her energies were for the time being bent, she had found herself compelled to hearken to him, and, at his miserable tale, amazement, joy, despair, relief, had succeeded each other so rapidly in her breast as to leave her breathless at the last.

Her first impulse, when all was told, had been to rush straight to her adored little mistress, to kiss her hands, her feet, the very hem of her garment, and implore forgiveness for the readiness with which she had accepted the fact of Mignon's guilt; her second, to burst into passionate weeping as the thought struck her that the truth came too late—too late to save her mistress from the hearing of those cruel words that had overturned her reason—too late to save her from the terrible curse of God that had fallen upon her.

"If master only knew—if he only knew!"

These were the first words that uttered themselves out of all the confusion of thoughts that distracted her.

And then it had been Philip's turn to listen to a story—to have, if possible, the darkness of the shades about him deepened as he hearkened; to find how Mignon had been beggared of all, even to her reason, through him; to discover that, in bitterest irony of Fate, she had been believed to have lost herself for love of one whom she loathed above all things created under heaven.

If aught could animate with strength that feeble frame, so gallantly struggling against the mortal weakness that beset it, it would be the wild longing that now possessed him to come face to face with Adam, to commit the one act of reparation that lay in his power ere death placed it beyond his reach forever; so that now, if Adam were desirous of meeting Philip, the latter was even more imperatively desirous of meeting him, and henceforth in the streets of London a double search was being prosecuted, while poor mad Mignon's life was wearing away under the fever of a longing that she could not utter, and one only of the four people whose lives had been so closely intertwined soundly slept, her troubles over, in her lonely grave in the churchyard in the city.

When Philip had returned home on the morning

following the day when he believed himself to have made the discovery of Mignon's love for him, he had returned victor, his higher nature having at length conquered his lower in the protracted struggle of the night. He had renounced this sweet, strange, precious gift that had fallen to him; he had sworn, with his whole strength of body and soul, that, of his own will, he would never look upon her face again; that he would not have the sin upon his soul of encouraging this love that was pure, because unconscious, by either look or word—nay, that it should be left to wither, and gradually die for lack of sustenance, to be replaced by-and-by with that love for her husband that bears the same relation as fruit to blossom, and that is so infinitely better worth the taking, but so immeasurably less lovely and pleasant to the eye!

Did he contemplate this later love with calmness? or did not flesh and blood rebel fiercely against this relinquishment to another of that for which he had longed as he had longed for naught else in the course of his life?

I trow not. Only when daybreak came he had cast out the devils in his heart, and taken one more step upon that path of atonement of which the first had been planted when on that day in Paris he had resolved to disobey the beckoning finger of Passion to follow that of Duty.

And then he had reached home, and thrown himself down to a heavy, dreamless slumber that had lasted all day, and from that sleep he had been awakened by a summons so urgent that his servant had at last, through the messenger's very importunity, been compelled to convey to him, and Philip had become aware that not one moment of breathing-space had been allowed to him; that his vows of never seeing Mignon again were vain as wind, for that into her presence he was, by the compelling force of his vow to her, now bound to go—to go with the death-warrant of Muriel upon his lips, with that upon his soul which when uttered would shrivel all her love as the lightning blackens and kills the green tree, the pride of the forest. Even as the messenger spoke, he saw (and, alas! it was always thus to the end—it was Mignon first, Muriel last in everything, and his sin was heinous in his own eyes only as regarded its effects upon her sister) the look that he had last seen in Mignon's eyes, the look that would grow in them when she knew the truth, though not for one moment did the dastard idea cross his mind of breaking the promise that he had given in Mr. Montrose's house but a few days past. Without the loss of a moment he must fetch her to her sister's death-bed; there must be no delay, for, if the sisters met not now, then they never would upon earth. Yet, as he dismissed the messenger and gave the requisite orders for his departure for Rosemary, he found himself stupidly wondering in what form of words he would utter the summons—nay, as his horses bore him swiftly through the night, and each moment brought him nearer to Mignon, his mind seemed absolutely to lose the capacity for thought, and memory alone placed certain words in his power,

so that he began mechanically to mutter over and over again, "Come, Mignon, come!"

These words were graven on his heart; they now, by no effort of will, rose to his lips, and he found himself clutching at and clinging to them as one who knows himself to be helpless without their aid. When he reached Rosemary, as one who walks in a dream, he had, without consciously thinking, gone straight to the garden, feeling no surprise at finding Mignon there, and, as a child repeating a lesson, he had said, "Come, Mignon, come!"

As to thought of the possible misconstruction placed on the girl's hasty departure with him, that which then stood to him for his mind was as blank of any such thought as of the vision of the death-bed to which he was going; he just then felt, saw, and comprehended solely with the senses, and was conscious of nothing in heaven or earth but that he now owned Mignon's love, and that in the space of a couple of hours he would be vile in her eyes. Even when the girl was seated beside him in the carriage, her hand upon his arm, her passionate questions raining upon his ears, he was not able to drag his regard from those two fatal facts; a reply of some sort he must have given her, and one that conveyed the knowledge of her sister's danger to her mind; for she had covered her face and shrunk back into a corner, asking no more. Nevertheless he was neither then nor afterward aware of the exact words that he used.

When they were in the train the attitude of the two remained the same. The girl asked no further questions, seemingly fearful of the replies that she might receive, but, with convulsively-clasped hands, and fixed eyes looking out into the blackness of the night, endured that intolerable fever which surely we have all known when on some desperate errand, the issue of which is life or death to that which we passionately love.

The heart and soul, annihilating space, traverse the journey in an instant; the helpless, longing body, no matter at how swift a rate it may actually be progressing, seems to stand stock-still, and the enforced inaction becomes a physical torture that is to a certain extent merciful, since for the time it partially paralyzes the action of the brain.

Thus Mignon, by some curious process that almost reduced her mind to the same level as Philip's, seemed to see the end of her journey resolved into a grotesque question of ribbons. She wore mauve ones that day; when she set out on her homeward journey—would they be the same color, or—black? Mauve or black, mauve or black; that was the question that she asked of herself over and over again, with the dull persistence of a child or an idiot, as she stared alternately at the black window-pane or the cushioned carriage before her.

If they were mauve still, she would have got her darling safe again; if they were black . . .

She clasped her hands wildly together, and looked at Philip, who sat, his hat pulled low over his brows, his arms folded on his breast, motionless as a figure

carved out of stone, and the words that trembled on her lips died unspoken.

Had he not told her too much already? She would still cheat herself with a doubt, a hope; she would still hug that "if" to her breast, which interposed itself as a shield between her and the certitude of accomplished fate, and then her eyes returned to the black window-pane, and her poor lips began dumbly to murmur over and over again the question of the ribbons—black or mauve, mauve or black?

To Philip the moments tarried not, but sped swift as lightning. He would have held time back had he possessed the power, and he shrank, as may the craven malefactor at his approaching doom, from the moment when the sisters should be face to face with each other, and when upon Mignon's eyes, but yesterday so exquisite with love, should grow the awful look of hatred that would surely strike him dead as he stood.

And even as the incongruous thought of the ribbons had intruded itself into Mignon's intense absorption of mind and body, so Philip, whose whole faculties were bent to one point, found himself remembering something that he had heard or read a long time ago, and yet that he had never thought of since, but which now seemed to exactly symbol forth this precious love of Mignon for him that was truly to endure but for a night, and vanish with the first chill light of day. Some one, he could not remember whether he who told him had witnessed, or was merely describing, the phenomenon, had related how, of all ravishing sights in the flower kingdom, there is nothing that can compare with the sight of a coffee-plantation in full bloom. The snowy blossoms do not steal forth in niggardly, hesitating fashion, but bursting simultaneously from their sheaths, the fields are in a single night covered by a spotless mantle of white that exhales an indescribable but exquisite fragrance.

But it is a beauty so ephemeral that eagerly, indeed, lest he lose it forever, must it be drunk into the gazer's soul; it is a fragrance that he who would taste it to the uttermost must quaff without delay—for, alas! within the space of twenty-four hours the snow-white flowers wither, the subtle odor passes away, and only a memory and a dream is left of that which was but a moment ago so matchless a reality. And even thus, he said to himself, would be Mignon's love for him. Yea, even as these flowers, it would wither, it would fade, it would be as though it had never existed, and, unlike those harder blossoms that slowly swell to maturity, and abide with us for a while, *this* dazzling, fragrant flower would lie in his hand barely so long as should suffice to him to realize its exceeding preciousness and beauty, then he would be left worse than empty-handed, and without even the memory of a vanished joy to fill the void.

For he knew that after this night he should never again be able to take that exultant pride in Mignon's love that had intoxicated him the preceding evening; that, after the disclosure so inevitably near at hand,

her passion, even if it still struggled feebly on, three parts quenched in hatred, could never be the same as it had been when she believed him to be her friend, and—Muriel's.

Presently he found himself dully wondering that she did not speak; that she did not torture him with her questions, her guesses; and then it came into his mind that, perhaps, since she had heard his story (had she not once told him so with her own lips?), she was now connecting it with that of Muriel, and even blindly groping her way to a dim suspicion of the truth.

Almost without his own volition he abruptly left his seat, and crossed over to the one opposite hers.

She looked up into his face, not speaking, her whole bearing one agonized question, but he did not reply to it; only with a great yearning and passion in his eyes gazed at her, asking himself for one brief moment, might she not, for love's sake, forgive him this sin that he had committed?

And yet she guessed nothing—so much he knew by the simple trust of her gesture, her attitude—and once again the demon within him whispered, "Why do you tell her the truth? do not take her to Muriel, but make her your own now while she is safely in your power, and beyond the possible intervention of friendly aid."

Of the deadly peril in which Mignon stood in that moment she never knew: only wonder filled her heart when Philip, rising as abruptly as he had approached her, set the full space of the carriage between himself and her, and, until the train finally stopped, neither moved nor spoke.

In a few moments they were on their way to Muriel, although up to the moment of the man asking whither he should drive them Philip could not have told what direction his tongue would bid the man to take.

On, on through the crowded streets they sped, and Philip observed, what Mignon did not, how that each moment they were leaving the wide, well-lit thoroughfare behind, and plunging into those purgatories of poverty, vice, and ruffianism, into which a prudent man would think twice before venturing in broad daylight.

Mignon, whose suspense had now reached the point of positive agony, looked at, without heeding, the sordid streets, the barrows with their guttering candles, the slatternly, half-dressed women, chaffing with the hucksters over their wares, at all the unsavory, unlovely sights and sounds of a London back-street, and found herself, like a parrot with its one cry, dumbly asking over again the question of the ribbons—black or mauve, mauve or black?

The driver stopped at the door of a mean, miserable-looking tenement, of which the door stood open, while a sickly glimmer of light shone here and there in the dingy windows.

"It is a mistake," cried Mignon, trembling, and leaning out. "She cannot be *here*."

Philip, who had alighted on the other side, now opened the door, and without a word held out his hand to assist her to alight.

His silence—more than this, the ominous look in his set face—sent a strange chill through her, and, as mechanically she descended, hope died in her breast, and Muriel, a moment ago so near, seemed to recede from and stand at a great distance from her. Trembling, she looked upward at the narrow, many-windowed house, then started violently, as from a lower room there pealed out a hoarse shout of tipsy laughter, while on the pavement hard by a hurdy-gurdy man set his barrel to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home!"

As she crossed the dismal threshold a dirty woman came out of a room at hand, and stared at her with a mingled familiarity and surprise that puzzled yet did not affright the girl, as, swiftly advancing, she said:

"My sister?—she is here; she is ill, will you take me to her at once?"

The woman looked over the girl's head at Philip, who now entered, and repeated incredulously:

"Your sister?" then with an appraising glance at the girl's dress, and another at that of her companion, shook her head, and set her arms akimbo. "You've made a mistake, miss," she said, coarsely, yet not ill-naturedly; "'tis not the likes o' you as has sisters stoppin' in this house, leastways—"

"I told you it was a mistake," said Mignon, turning to Philip, feverishly; "oh! do not lose a moment, or we may get to her too late—"

But Philip had drawn from his breast-pocket the written address that had been furnished him, and the name under which Muriel was then passing.

He handed it in silence to the woman, upon whose face, as she read, there dawned a stupid, dazed wonder; then she looked from the paper to Mignon, from Mignon to the paper back again.

"She is here!" cried Mignon, seizing the woman's arm in her excitement, and shaking it. "Oh! tell me, she is not—she is not—dead?"

For reply the woman lifted her grimy forefinger, and pointed upward.

"Her as you're asking for, she's there," she said; "there's no missing the way—she lies in the attic.—Stop here, sir," she cried, in quite a different tone, as the girl, swift as lightning, sped up the narrow stairs, and disappeared from her sight.

If the house had seemed full of waking, noisy people to Mignon a moment ago, it was none the less full of sleepers, she thought, as she passed upward through the heavy breathings of seemingly countless human beings—women who lay, as sometimes she perceived through the open doors, herded together like wild beasts, in all the grotesque ugliness of profound slumber, a squalid, grewsome sight that turned her sick, as, still mounting higher and higher, she pushed on to that attic where she had been told she should find her darling.

Surely, surely the air would be purer up there, and these noisome fumes would be left behind, else Muriel, who loved all sweet smells and pleasant sights, must find it hard to breathe; and so thinking, and clinging resolutely to the belief that her sister was still quick, and able to discern between good

and evil, she found herself standing before a shut door, and knew that she had reached her long journey's end, and that on the other side of it was—*what?*

For a moment she hesitated, covering her face with her hands, then, softly turning the handle, she found herself in a narrow, bare room, lit by a skylight, through which there showed the sapphire of God's sky, while by the light of a dimly-burning lamp she discerned the outline of a rude pallet, upon which was stretched the body of a lifeless woman with a dead infant lying on her breast.

CHAPTER XLIX.

" . . . Night will strew

On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves,
To die, when summer dies on the cold sward."

WITH a terrible cry the girl fell on her knees beside the pallet, and flung her arms about the inanimate forms of mother and child.

A shiver ran through her at the contact of the babe's chill body, but in Muriel the spark of life still flickered, for as Mignon called upon her in a thousand wild and tender words of love and pity, two dark eyes opened slowly in the corpse-like face, and stared fixedly at her, with an awful mingling of horror, fear, and a something not far removed in its expression from churlish unwelcome.

Feebly seeking to free herself from that close, importunate embrace, Muriel's head recoiled sideways on the pillow, and, thus lying with half-averted face, she flung one wasted arm across her eyes, while with the other she clutched at and drew upward the ragged sheet, as though to hide from her sister's eyes that which lay upon her breast. That averted face, that significant gesture—they told Mignon all, and hope and she had done with each other forever when she stooped and laid her lips against that thin and toil-worn hand.

Hope was dead, but love remained—love that could be turned aside by no shame or sin in the creature beloved, and that dumbly expressed itself in the passionate strength with which the girl's arms closed once more about that unresponsive, silent form.

"Muriel! my love, my darling!" cried Mignon, in a voice of anguish, "look at me—speak to me! It is your little sister—your Gabrielle."

Slowly, sullenly, Muriel drew from her eyes the arm that shielded them, and, still with that hard look of unwelcome in her eyes, said:

"You can kiss me. You can put your arms about me. Do you know what I am? A lost woman, an outcast—a mother who is no wife. A mother! Dare I even claim that title? Ronald says: '*N'en croyez pas les romans—il faut être épouse pour être mère.*'"

Appalled by her sister's words, her tone, Mignon drew back, trembling. Was this the sweet-

voiced sister of her love, whose nature had been all gentle, and good, and tender?

"You should not have come," went on Muriel, in that unfamiliar voice; "your coming gives me no joy, and adds but one more pang to my death-bed. It was my one prayer, my one desire, to die as I have lived—alone."

Her great, hollow eyes strayed upward to the blue patch of sky above her head, where shone those dazzling points of brightness, of which a little child once said that "they were gimlet-holes made by God to let the glory through."

"Since I could not come back to you as I had promised—honest—I swore that I would never come back to you at all. From my place out in the cold and the darkness I have watched you in the sunlight, happy and innocent; and my one joy has been that you did not know, that you never would know, the truth."

"And you call that love?" said Mignon, with a very bitter cry. "Ah! had you longed for me as I for you, you would have heeded nothing; you would have come to me straight—for how could the sin of a bad man turn my love from you, or make you any other to me than what you have ever been?"

"Think you I had no pride," cried Muriel, "that I would have mingled my ruined, smirched life with that happy, pure one upon the threshold of which you were standing? My sin and shame were my own, their shadow should never rest upon you; and, since it is in the nature of all things to forget, I knew that time would heal the wound my loss inflicted upon you. But now—now I die, enduring the inconceivable misery of beholding you. You are acquainted, in all its wretched details, with the story of my degradation, and—for I know your heart—long after I am gone you will remember, and suffer—suffer!"

With the last words her voice had changed, had faltered, and now slow, painful tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the hand that still held the sheet below her chin.

She lifted this hand, and held it before her eyes.

"Tears!" she said. "How long is it since my woes have been so light as to enable me to weep? When one's heart is breaking one does not weep, one prays; when it has broken, and God has hid his face from us, one neither weeps nor prays; one breathes, lives, *is* a curse! To the woman who lives, the hand of every man against her, save when to serve his own vile ends he offers her a tainted kindness; to struggle daily and hourly in the teeth of every obstacle to support the life that she desires only to see annihilated, with a memory that not for one moment permits forgetfulness, but rather stings her through and through to intensest consciousness, think you so human, so easy a relief as tears is permitted?"

"It is all over now!" said Mignon, wildly. "You will grow strong and well; you will come away with me, and, once together, we will forget the past."

"Well!—happy!" repeated Muriel; the words leaving her lips with a strange intonation, as though unfamiliar alike to her ears and lips.

No need for Mignon to paint alluring pictures of the future, all the loud-voiced renunciation in the world could not preach so stern, so brief, so pitiful a homily as did the tone in which Muriel had uttered those two words. For her was no possibility of health of body or soul on this side the grave; and something of this fact was borne in upon Mignon's mind as she looked upon her sister's face.

"And *he*!" she exclaimed, involuntarily. "Is there a God in heaven that he goes his way unpunished while you are—thus?"

"He lives," cried Muriel, every trace of softness vanishing from her voice and manner, "absolutely indifferent to my fate, with heart, brain, soul, possessed by love of a woman who, living or dying, has my deepest curse, my undying hatred, a woman but for whom, and her theft of that which was mine, I should be happy with you now, and to whom I owe all, all that in these past miserable months has befallen me. For every misery I have endured, every degradation through which I have passed, for every cruel pang of hunger and sting of cold that have assailed me, I thank her, and pray that even such may she endure a hundred-fold, and may her last end be even as mine!"

She paused, livid as the little shrouded face that lay on her breast, and utterly exhausted by the fearful energy with which she had uttered the above words.

"She may not have known," said Mignon, in a very low voice, and staring straight before her; "but *he*—O my God! *he*—I have heard of such men, I have been told that such as he existed, but I did not believe it until now!"

"It was not his fault," cried Muriel, swiftly, and somehow, she could not have told why, Mignon knew then that whatever this man may have been, her sister had once, nay, still, loved him. "It was hers: she must have known his story, all the world knew it, and she should have scorned to steal him from a poor creature who had lost all for his sake. Any other lover would have done as well for her; there was only one man on earth who could enable me to retrieve *my* past."

"Do not blame *her*," said Mignon, her young stern face lifted as though in invocation of God's vengeance to heaven; "blame *him*—tell me his name, that I may seek him out, that I may bring him face to face with the ruin he has worked, that living and dying its memory may be a curse to prevent and follow him, that he may never know happiness with any woman living, but be shunned and abhorred by all who value honor and truth!"

But Muriel made no reply, a deathly pallor had spread over her wasted face, and as Mignon, believing her to be dying, chafed her cold hands, the door opened, and a middle-aged man entered the garret who looked scrutinizingly at the sick girl. He shook his head as he sat down beside her, then took that slender wrist in his hand, and shook his head for the second time.

"She will die?" exclaimed Mignon, passionately. He had not thought so young a voice could express such depths of misery; he looked from the one sister's face to the other with a profound pity, perceiving that some tragedy was being played out here; then he rose and beckoned her to follow him.

Without the door, Mignon's question took another form of vehement appeal.

"She will live?" she cried.

"She may live till morning," he said, reluctantly; "beyond that, I can encourage you to hope nothing."

Cowering beneath the surgeon's words, Mignon leaned against the wall, her hands raised and pressing her ears, as though to shut out by sheer force the intelligence just conveyed to her.

The great bell of St. Paul's hard by rang out its solemn note; it had at intervals sounded in her ears for the past hour, but now it seemed to fall on her heart with dull and dreadful meaning, to toll for the spirit so soon to set forth on its last awful journey alone!

She could not have told how or when the surgeon departed, only her senses seemed to come back to her when once more kneeling down by Muriel's side she laid her arms about her neck. The real parting between the sisters was then, not later, and, as their eyes met, all the stubborn pride and the fierceness died out of Muriel's, and the two poor creatures clung together in an embrace in which the bitterness of death strove to, yet could not, cast out all the sweetness of love.

Side by side their heads lay on the pillow, as they had so often lain in the days when, as little children, they had dwelt in love together, and, though in thought each was living over again the cruel years that they had been divided, no word was spoken between them, for heart spoke unto heart, and the mute language of eye, and lip, and body, told their own tale only too eloquently.

Yet was not the meed of their anguish equal, for on the heart of the one already lay the numbing shadow of death, while that of the other, being vigorous with the pulses of life, was keen to suffer, strong to endure; and something of this, Muriel perhaps understood, as she laid her thin hand on her young sister's shining hair, and smoothed it from her brow.

"My little one, my heart!" she said, tenderly, "and must we part so soon?"

"Take me with you," cried Mignon, passionately. "O my love—my love, take me with you!"

"No," said Muriel; "you cannot come with me, little sister, and you would not even if you could, for you have other ties, other hopes than these that have been blighted in me, and the love of a sister is not so deep and close as is the love of a husband."

Mignon covered her face with her hands, confounded, ashamed, stricken dumb with a sense of disloyalty that showed in the light of a crime, for, even as Muriel spoke, the moment of revelation had come, the moment that told her how, not in the sister here dying before her was her life centred, but

in one whom, until now, she could not be said to have consciously loved.

She slipped to the ground and knelt there, her face hidden, but on her head Muriel's hand still moved gently to and fro. Did the poor, hardened heart take an added bitterness at finding how of no love on earth, not even that of her sister's in its entirety, did she die the possessor?

"I have seen him," said Muriel, after a short pause, "I have even heard his voice, and, myself hidden, watched his features, weighed his words; and I thank God that you are in hands so strong to protect and guard you as are his. And, he being what he is, you do well to love him with your whole heart and soul; though, were he false or bad, I would say, charm his fancy, delight his senses; but never give him that hold over you that your love, once irrevocably given, will afford to him!"

The bitterness had returned to her voice, the hardness to her eyes and lips; it was as one who thinks aloud that Mignon, lifting her head, exclaimed:

"You loved—him?"

"Can you understand a love," said the dying woman, turning the restless fire of her dark eyes upon the white misery of her sister's face, "that tortures, embitters, shames, the giver, that is so dark and harsh and strange a potion to the receiver that he turns from it with hatred and loathing? It was thus that I loved him when the first headlong, passionate impulse of pity and tenderness that I had felt for him vanished, when I found that, whereas he had been the one man the earth held for me, I had been but one out of many women to him, and that, not out of love, but for the purpose of freeing himself from the wife he so hated, had he taken me away with him, and that, though he meant to abide by the vow he had sworn to me, it would be from a sense of honor, not love, that he would fulfill it!"

Mignon started, and looked around, as one who in a dream hearkens to the sound of words that she has with her actual ears heard but a short time before.

Surely she had heard this story somewhere, or one strangely like it—she tried to remember where and when, but something seemed to hold her back and prevent her.

"He came into my life like a storm-wind, in a moment he seemed to turn the dull sands of my life to gold, he swept me off my feet on the tide of his bold, impetuous wooing, and, for the sovereign charm that was in him, and for the great pity I bore him, and for that I was so young and inexperienced in the ways of men, I was undone; and, never pausing to think, forgetful of my God, myself, all, my love for you being faint and chill (since there is not room for two human idols in one heart), when he beckoned to me I went, and in the self-same hour repented.

"A woman who gives all, leaves herself forever a beggar, and henceforth, love as she will, her hand is empty of good to the man for whom she has stepped off her pedestal of purity.

"And so it came to pass that when the first girl-

ish passion that so sweetly fed his vanity had passed, to be replaced by that bitter, tormenting love of which I have spoken, he ceased to care for me, and even believed me to have wearied of him as rapidly as he had done of me. I did not undecieve him, I scorned to pray for that which I could not win, and so we went from bad to worse, till our existence side by side daily became more and more unendurable, and neither dared to look ahead at the future we seemed doomed to drag out together. One joy in the future, at least, I possessed; *he* could look forward to none. Mine was that, once the period of waiting was past, and his vow to me redeemed, I should be free to go to you, my sister—rehabilitated. I was dwelling near you, I was eagerly anticipating the day, now not far distant, when I should be able to visit you, not by stealth, but openly, when I made two discoveries.

"The first—" She shuddered, her eyes traveling downward to that shrouded outline on her breast. "The second, that the man for whom I had yielded up all, the man who had sworn to make me his wife when he should be free, not only loved another woman, but had resolved to break that vow, since thus, and thus alone, could he be happy with—*her*."

"Not all at once did this latter knowledge dawn upon me. The first warning came when I heard him murmuring over and over again in his sleep some woman's name, and the fashion of his uttering it convinced me that this was no passing caprice, but that he *loved* her. It was his custom to keep a diary, safely secured under lock and key, and to this, during his absence in town, on the eve of his divorce-suit, I found access, and, beginning with a certain entry in May, I read straight through to the last line, written no longer ago than the night before.

"I saw myself condemned to everlasting shame. I saw the stranger snatching from me my last hope of redemption; and I lifted my brows to heaven, and called down God's heaviest curse upon this woman who cast me out to perdition, who sundered me forever from the sister who, but an hour ago, had at length seemed to be within my grasp.

"Never pausing to think, only wishful to escape the degradation of the offer of money that he would inevitably make, I left his house and came to London alone, penniless, my face, the beauty of which I loathed, since it had been so powerless to bind him to me, at once a source of help and danger. I obtained employment, I lost it; at every turn I found false friends and abundant enemies; my hand was against every man and woman, as their hands were against me; and by successive stages of poverty and misery I have come to—this.

"Yesternight I laid down the work upon which depended the morsel of bread that would keep body and soul together, for some instinct told me that my time of peril was nigh at hand, and I would see you if possible once more; so on foot I made my way to you, and, as though in answer to my prayer, you came to your bedroom-window, and looked out.

"I returned here at daybreak, and then—and then—" (she shuddered, and looked downward)

"this poor, blighted child of sin, prematurely born, saw the light. It just breathed and died, and I bade them lay it in my arms and leave us in peace, and that thus we might be buried together."

"And you were near me last night," cried Mignon. "You saw—you heard me—you could turn away from the home that so long has waited for you, to endure your agony *alone*!"

"To die would have been no such great thing," said Muriel, faintly, her brow damp and chill with the dews of exhaustion; "more bitter to me than any approaching pang of death was the thought of your presence at my side, my sister; but now, thank God for this little space that we have had together, and in the days to come perhaps you will be able to forget all the sin and the shame, and think of Muriel as she—used to be."

Her head fell back, the beautiful wan face took a grayer pallor, the dark eyes closed, she had slipped away into unconsciousness.

In vain Mignon cried, with every fond, foolish word of love her heart could fashion, upon her sister to speak, to awaken. Muriel lay quite still and silent; on brow and lip the foreshadowing of that peace which comes to all in the hour of death. Presently the garret-door was pushed gently open, and the woman of the house entered. She came to the side of the bed, and stood, an uncouth and slovenly figure, looking down, with a shake of the head and a sigh, at the dying girl.

"She'll not last till morning," she said, "and mayhap she'll be pleased to go, for 'tis a hard and weariful life she's lived, and an honest, all but for the sin o' one bad man; and I guess *that* won't be reckoned agin her up yon where she's goin' safe enough."

A tear rolled down her dirty, raddled cheek, then another and another; she wiped them away as though ashamed at displaying so much emotion, and added:

"Him as you come with, he's down below, and just wild to know how she is—and will she live or die?—and I'm to take him word, though I told him what the doctor said, and how there worn't nothing as even the queen herself could do, if she wished it ever so, for the poor creature."

"*Him?*" repeated Mignon, staring at the woman with her miserable blue eyes. "I don't know whom you mean; but yes, yes—I remember. Tell him—tell him" (a sob rose in her throat, and seemed to strangle her) "that she is *dying*. And go away," she added, feverishly: "let me have her all to myself for the little time that is left to us."

A hoarse shout of tipsy laughter from some place below ascended the stairs, and came in at the open door. At sound of it, the woman, with one backward glance at Muriel, went quickly away.

The dying girl opened her eyes as the door closed.

"The man below—is your husband," she said, a burning blush covering her face, for a moment cheating Mignon's eye with the bright hues of returning health.

"My husband? No," said Mignon, coloring in her turn. "He does not know—he is away in Scot-

land. He who brought me (God bless him for it!) is one who has been a friend to both you and me, Muriel; indeed, but for him, my darling, I should not be with you now—"

"And how came this stranger to know that I was your sister?" said Muriel, slowly. "How came he to know where to find me, hidden as I have been here?"

"I cannot tell," said Mignon, sadly; "only I made him promise me once that if ever he should meet you he would come straight away and fetch me to you; he knew how I had been longing and *wearied* after you."

"Do you tell to all men the story of your sister's shame?" cried Muriel, with a passion beneath which her weak frame trembled.

"God forbid!" said Mignon, swiftly. "So far as I could understand, he knew but little of you; and yet—and yet he brought me here," she added, thoughtfully.

"And his name?" said Muriel; "is it possible that out of all the world I have one friend?"

"His name is Philip La Mert," said Mignon, gently; "and, indeed, he is your friend, as he has been mine always—"

She paused, terrified, for Muriel's weak hand had closed upon her arm with a clutch so strong, so unexpected, as to chill the very blood in her veins.

"You are mad!" said Muriel—"mad! Do you know what you are saying? *Philip La Mert!* You are mad—mad!"

She nipped the girl's arm close, flung it from her, laughing harshly the while, then cried:

"Who taught you to say that name so glibly, child? It is a pretty one, is it not? You are mad; I say mad!" she muttered; "or did my ears play me a trick, and was it some other name you spoke?"

"But he is here," said Mignon, trembling. "Did you not hear what the woman said? how *anxious* he was about you, how miserable—"

But Muriel only stared at the girl like a woman bewitched, then, waving her back, cried:

"And you have let me tell you my wretched story when you knew it already; when you had made him promise that, when he should have found me, he should *bring* you to me."

"He promised," said Mignon, "because—because he was so sorry for me, and—and for you."

"He is sorry for me," repeated Muriel, below her breath, her haggard eyes uplifted to the stars; "and he is my friend—my friend and yours. Go to him," she cried, sitting suddenly erect, her right arm holding the dead child to her breast, "and say that '*Muriel would like to bid her friend, and her sister's friend, good-by.*'"

"You would see him," said Mignon, withdrawing a step in her amazement, "*here—in this room?*" Involuntarily her glance had fallen upon the dead child, and Muriel caught and interpreted her meaning.

"Ay, I will see him here!" said Muriel, sternly, "and at once, or it will be too late. Go! deliver the exact words I told you, and do not return with-

out him. Unless cowardice be added to his other vices, he will obey my summons, as you will my command."

As Mignon still hesitated—shocked and amazed—scarcely believing the evidence of her ears, Muriel lifted her hand and pointed to the door, through which the girl slowly and unwillingly passed.

There was to Mignon a profound indelicacy in this summons of an almost stranger to her sister's chamber, and her cheek burned as she descended the stairs, marveling in what fashion she should convey this message with which she was charged.

Full as the miserable place had been of human beings when she ascended, it was more densely packed than ever now, but the noise of revelry below had ceased, and all seemed wrapped in slumber.

As that light foot-fall came down the stairs, a man who had sat for the past two hours at a dirty, beer-soddened table in a miserable room off the passage, lifted his head and looked up.

He knew that light step all too well, and that it was coming to him. Pale as death, he rose up to meet her, and with lifted brows, but downcast eyes, stood awaiting the words of his condemnation. She had entered the room, she had approached, she actually stood before him, and still she did not speak; then, suspense being unendurable, he lifted his eyes, and dared to look at her.

She held a flaring candle in her hand that shed its full light on her miserable young face, and on the fair hair that, tied at the back with a ribbon, fell loosely on her shoulders.

Nevertheless, not of her pale beauty, no, nor of her anguish, was Philip thinking, but that in her blue eyes shone as sweet and friendly a look as they had ever worn for him, nay, that as though in her trouble she turned to him as her friend, she put out her hand to his, and, with a pitiful little attempt at a smile, said:

"I have given you a great deal of trouble, have I not? But, oh, I am grateful—but for you I should never have seen my darling again. She is asking for you," she said, simply, yet with a great effort; "she sent me for you. I was to give you this message from her: '*Muriel would like to bid her friend, and her sister's friend, good-by.*' Come!"

"She bade you tell me this," he repeated, catching his breath sharply, as may a man who, having just escaped shipwreck, sees his bark about to founder within reach of land; "she has spoken of me to you, then?"

"I told her of how good you had been, how kind," said the girl. "But you must come at once, for she is dying fast, and the morning will soon be here."

Her voice ceased in a sob as she uttered the last words, and then he followed that lightly-flitting, girlish shape up, up, those many stairs until they came to the garret-door, outside which Mignon paused with the handle in her hand as one whose heart fails at that which lies before it.

The great bell of St. Paul's clanged out the hour

of four, and with the final stroke Philip La Mert had dumbly spoken his last farewell to the Mignon he had loved so well, and for whom he had so deeply sinned and suffered.

CHAPTER L.

" . . . A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not make the gods
To look that way thou wert."

PHILIP, advancing, stopped abruptly, as one struck to the heart, and gazed straight before him. To all appearance already dead, Muriel lay on the miserable pallet; her child, no longer hidden, resting on her breast.

Upon that tiny, wan face, with its anxious and premature look of care and suffering, his gaze remained riveted; then, as though it were a sight to be hidden from Mignon's eyes, he mechanically strove to interpose his body between her and it.

Probably he had never realized his sin until now that he saw it clothed in flesh before him, when in this small, pitiful creature, made in his own image, he saw himself the transmitter of a curse that from generation to generation should fulfill itself, so that his transgression should never be wiped out, or banished off the face of the earth.

Neither could his conscience hitherto have been said to be awakened—for the effects of his sin, most of all in its influence on his fortunes with Mignon, he had indeed suffered, but of the naked sin itself he had seldom thought.

It has been finely said that "God punishes not by his caprices, but by his laws," and some glimmer of this great truth was perchance borne in on Philip's mind as he stood, forgetful even of Mignon, face to face with the fruit of his sin.

Slowly his eyes at last left the child, and traveled round the squalid, miserable room, that told its story of destitution and want all too plainly; then his glance reverted to the straw pallet, with its scanty clothing and patchwork-quilt.

Mignon now drew near, and, kneeling down by her sister, laid her lips against the unconscious girl's cheek.

"Waken, my darling," she said; "he whom you bade me bring—he is here."

Slowly, uncertainly, a hue of life crept back to Muriel's cheek and lips, her eyelids flickered, parted, and he knew that his hour had come.

He stood, his arms folded on his breast, and waited.

How long endured the pause that followed? To Philip the suffering of an eternity was crowded into those moments of waiting, and, when at last her words came, they were received by him as the sentence of execution may be by the condemned man who has grown weary of waiting for death.

At sight of him a great tide of yearning love had

for a moment swept across the dying woman's face, as though unconsciously she had stretched out her arms toward him; and could he have found but one word of truth or gentleness then for the poor creature who had so sinned and suffered for him, she might have died at peace with him—but, alas! faithful to Mignon at Muriel's expense to the last, he saw neither look nor gesture. Conscious chiefly of his sin in the recoil it was about to have on the younger sister, he saw and suffered with her eyes and heart alone, while the tragedy of the other passed him by.

As he stood silent, impassive, instinct told Muriel that the influence of the stranger woman was still upon him, and roused to a jealous madness by the consciousness of her impotence to move him in death, even as in life, she cried bitterly:

"Lift your head, coward, perjurer, betrayer that you are, and look upon your handiwork, ay, print us well—my child and me—upon your memory, and then go back to *Aer*, and be happy with her if you can; forget us, if you are able!"

He lifted his head, looking not at her, but at Mignon, upon whose face had come a great fear, wonder, and expectation.

Muriel caught at the girl's arm and drew her forward.

"It was but now," she cried, "that you prayed me tell you the name of my betrayer, that you might seek him out and drag him here, compelling him to look upon the ruin he had worked. You need not go far to find him, for there he stands before you. Your friend! O my God!—*your friend*, Gabrielle, and mine!"

"*He?*" said Mignon, gazing at Philip with dilated eyes. "No, no—it is not possible!"

But as she looked, something in his face arrested her attention—their eyes met. For one frightful moment she thought she was going mad; the next she was standing beside him, her white lips syllabing yet refusing to utter the words:

"It is true?"

"*It is true!*"

She swayed slightly away from him, as one who is about to fall, then, as her lips moved, he fell down on his knees before her, and burying his face in a portion of her robe, in a voice of agony, cried:

"Spare me, Mignon, spare me!"

A low cry followed his words, but it was uttered by the elder sister, not the younger, as, lifting herself on her elbow, and desperately fighting against the mortal weakness that beset her:

"Who utters the name of Mignon here?" she cried, fearfully; "that is *Aer* name—the name of the woman who stole my Philip from me—who cast me out to die a hundred deaths—whom I have cursed, whom I have hated—there is no Mignon here!"

But even as she spoke, slowly, slowly there dawned in her eyes an awful fear, doubt, and uncertainty; then, revelation coming to her even as it had come to her sister during the few past moments:

"You—*you* are Mignon?" she said, in a whisper.

"Yes—I am Mignon," said the girl, in a voice that was like nothing human; "and you have cursed me—O my God!—you have cursed me—unsay that curse!" she cried, deliriously, as she flung her arms about her sister's form; but Muriel, thrusting away with all her feeble strength those beseeching hands, in a dread whirl of jealousy, horror, hatred, love, fell back upon the pillow—dead!

CHAPTER LI.

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man; in truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker."

SILENCE in the death-chamber for the space of five seconds; then, with an awful cry, Mignon flung herself upon her sister's body, crying to it for dear God's sake to give her one word, only one, of pardon, of blessing—of love.

But that agonized prayer fell upon deaf ears, and, to all the girl's beseechings, that which had been Muriel opposed the grim silence that is the only true and veritable silence upon earth.

It is a silence that can be felt—it is a hideous void at which the ear aches, the heart rebels, against whose inexorable majesty we dash ourselves, impotent as breakers against a wall, and woe, woe unto those who have not obtained their meed of forgiveness ere the everlasting darkness has descended, who have not wrested one parting word of love from the dying lips, and to whom must remain a life-long hunger and despair!

For how long endured that wild and frenzied prayer from the living sister to the dead? Daylight was struggling uncertainly into the room when Mignon ceased her cries, and, slipping to the floor, lay all huddled up together, like a creature who has been crushed and beaten out of all human shape.

Muriel had cursed her—and Muriel was—dead! God himself could not reverse those two awful facts, and beneath them she sank down stunned, a creature one-half of whose brain was paralyzed, and in whom memory and consciousness, save as affecting these points, were for the time being absent.

The sister of her love—the sister for whom she had so patiently watched and waited, flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood, heart of her heart—had cursed her, had died with that curse unrevoked upon her lips, and across the bridge of silence, now yawning 'twixt them, no shriving word could ever cross, but for to-day, to-morrow, forever, the woman who lived would have to rest under the shadow of that dreadful ban!

Muriel was dead. Oh, never more would her coming be hearkened for by day or night, never more would her beautiful face come to Mignon in her dreams, with the glad light of love and welcome upon it; in wrath and bitterness had it passed away forever, and never again, I wis, would it wear in the girl's memory the mien it so long had worn in her hopes. Yut no instinct of rebellion stirred in her

gentle heart as she looked up at the patch of gray sky overhead, and dumbly—endured.

Where was Muriel now? and had there fallen from her that earthly cloak of human passion, wrapped in which she had hurried into the presence of her Maker?

Surely, in that new existence in which she was merged, all human hates and jealousies were by now blotted out, love alone remaining for the weary wayfarers left behind?

In vain had Mignon addressed her prayers to the helpless clay beside her, but perhaps the disembodied spirit was somewhere at hand, and would hear, would forgive.

"Muriel!" she said, in a low, hoarse whisper, "are you anywhere near? Will you not forgive—*forgive*? If you cannot speak to me, send me some sign that I may know and understand."

But there came no answer back to her, nor any sign that she craved; only some one who had heard that anguished pleading, yet of whose presence, until now, she had not been even conscious, drew near to her, and as one from whom speech is dragged by extremest, hardest necessity, uttered her name—

"Mignon!"

By any other name should he have called upon her rather than this—it struck upon her ear with fatal significance, and revived that portion of the night's revelations that had hitherto been merged in the stupendous calamity so instantly following upon it.

Full recollection of the last time he had called her by that name, and the results, came to her as she slowly recoiled from him, in her blue eyes a great horror and loathing that grew, and grew, and beneath which he shrank and seemed to wither.

"And you dare to remain in *her* presence," she said, in a low, intense whisper. "You dare to approach, to speak to me—*you*—if I had a knife in my hand I would stab you to the heart, and deem that I did righteously in ridding the earth of you—murderer, hypocrite, dastard! Is there a God above," she cried, lifting her terrible face to heaven, "that he permits such as you to live—such as her to die? And I have called you friend—I have taken your hand in mine"—she paused to look down shuddering, as though a stain must rest upon it—"I have talked to you of her, I have babbled to you of the happy days that she and I would have together, and all the time—all the time, you knew yourself to be her betrayer—that out in the world she was battling with hunger, cold, and shame!"

She writhed to and fro, as one stung through and through by physical pain. It was as though she were tasting every misery through which her sister had passed. And he from whom the dead woman yonder had not wrung one glance of pity, in Mignon's every pang endured a hundred deaths.

"You have spoken to me of love," went on the girl. "O God!—it makes my very flesh creep and crawl to think that I should have found favor in the eyes of such a thing as you—that my ears have been polluted by words of love from such as you—oh,

monstrous!—my sister's lover—the father of my sister's child—and I—at one time I was in danger of falling to your hand—I might have become your wife, and so supplanted her, taking the place that by every right of honor and justice was hers; but that I had one friend who took me to the shelter of his home."

With the last words her voice changed; into her face, all distorted by its great loathing and hatred, a more human expression came. For the first time Philip dared to raise his head to look at her.

But as he gazed that momentary gleam of softness died out; her voice was harsher, crueler, even than before, as she cried:

"And so it was of *her* you were speaking when, in the garden at Rosemary, you bade me remember in the days to come how you loved me, in spite of your conscience, your God, all!—It was with that black treachery at your heart to *her* that you came to me with the foulest love-suit a man ever prosecuted; it was with the knowledge that your success with me meant worse than death to that poor, trusting creature that you prayed me to become your wife—*your* wife!"

The deadly detestation with which she breathed those two words seemed to rouse Philip as with a blow.

"And did I not love you?" he cried, wildly; "has not the greater part of my sin been committed solely and entirely for the sake of the great love I bore to you?"

"Can such as you *love*?" she said, her gaze full of scorn. "Oh! do not so take that sacred name in vain, or I would pray that it should never find place in my heart—that I might live and die knowing naught but the hatred and loathing of which it is now so full!"

"Hatred?" he repeated, trembling as the sinner may who has long expected his doom, yet cannot but wince as he hears it pronounced; "yet, though love can turn to hate so swiftly, may not the memory of love tarry with us for a while? By the love you so lately bore me, I beseech you to have mercy, mercy, and not utterly crush to earth him who is already so heavily punished of God!"

"By the love I bore you?" repeated Mignon, staring at him with eyes sexless, incredulous as those of a child—"I love *you*? In the days that I liked you best, even when I was so drawn toward you by the belief that you could give me news of my darling, there was never one thought, one throb of love for you in my heart!"

"When I walked with you," said Philip, gazing at her as a man who slowly awakens from a dream, "when, as plainly as looks could speak, you told me why you had removed your wedding-ring—how your heart had awakened at last, and for me—"

"For you?" she said, below her breath. "Oh! not for you—not for you!"

Her rigid face changed, her bent brows relaxed, in her blue eyes a tender light shone, an exquisite blush mantled slowly on her cheek and spread gradually over her face.

"You love Adam!" cried Philip, involuntarily.

"That is between him and me," she said, below her breath; then, turning back to her sister, she flung herself on her knees by the pallet, crying:

"O my heart—my heart! and can I talk of love, or life, or hope, while you lie *thus*?"

"You have never loved me," said Philip, slowly, "never—never; and you love *him*."

He approached the bed, and looked down, not on Mignon, but on Muriel, upon whose beautiful face the bitterness of life had passed away, to be replaced by that peace that passeth all understanding.

Slowly, fearfully, he lifted her wan hand, the hand upon which a ring should have been, but was not; slowly he laid it down again. This poor creature had loved him once, had sinned, had suffered for him, and he had loved her not; while that other whom he had loved to his own undoing had cast his passion aside as a thing of naught, had mocked, derided, denied it.

"*She* would have forgiven me," he said, very low; "broken, wretched, dying, as she was, she would have found some word of pardon, of love, for me, had I prayed for it; but you—you, who stand on the threshold of a happy existence, upon whose conscience no load of sin or shame rests, who have the haven of a husband's love to which to creep, and the long years of the future in which to forget, you withhold from me, miserable wretch, the one word for which I crave! 'He that cannot forgive breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need of forgiveness.' Have you never heard or read some such words as these?"

For a moment those grandly merciful words knocked at and sought an entrance at the girl's heart; for one moment she wavered, then her eyes fell on the dead, so wronged, so mute, so pitiful; her face hardened, unconsciously echoing the old queen's words:

"'God may forgive you,'" she said; "'but I never will!'"

Then he turned and went away, leaving her alone with her dead.

CHAPTER LII.

"He marked their brows and foreheads; saw their hair
Put sleekly on one side with nicest care;
And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
Put crosswise to his heart."

THE last offices of the dead had been performed, and folded in spotless white lay the young mother and child.

No flower was in either hand, though an hour ago the woman of the house had entered the attic bearing a great basket of snowy blossoms and waxen green leaves; but Mignon, knowing by whose hand they were sent, shuddering, had bidden her take them away; no flower purchased by *his* gold should lie upon her darling's breast.

And the woman had gone away with uplifted shoulders and brows, asking herself, did the girl think that dead folks buried themselves, and who did she suppose was making arrangements for, and paying, the expenses of her sister's funeral? And surely, if a substantial favor like that could be accepted at his hands, folks might bear to stomach a simple gift of flowers.

She had made a pretty shrewd guess at the story of the dead woman, and the relation borne to her by Philip; but Mignon's ways puzzled and confounded her.

Not one thought did the girl seem to give to those stern, inevitable details of death that usually fall so heavily on the mourner. Dimly she knew that soon her sister would be taken from her; therefore she clung to, and would not leave, her during those long three days and nights that elapsed between the death and burial.

With Muriel's curse ever ringing in her ears, with the awful knowledge of her sister's past lying like a stone at her heart, she kept her lonely vigil, dumb, half-crazed, and drank the bitter cup held to her lips unto the dregs.

Had she not possessed a source of hope of which she scarcely dared to think, yet that was ever present to her mind, had she known no refuge to which to creep when once the fury of this agony should be overpast, she would certainly have lost her wits then, not later, for assuredly it was a woman more than half mad who, on the morning of the funeral, flung herself across the coffin, and refused to allow the men to carry that light burden away.

Then, all cries, prayers, tears, being unavailing, she had looked her last on that poor, dead face, and, following that hideous velvet pall down those many, many stairs, later on was standing by the side of an open grave, hearkening to a voice that, from a great distance off, uttered the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and then there had fallen a crash of earth on Muriel's heart, or so she thought; and with a great cry she had fallen down, down—anon awakening to find herself in the miserable garret, stretched on the pallet that but a few hours ago was pressed by Muriel's dead body.

She sat up, put her feet to the ground, thrust the hair from her eyes, and looked around—she was alone.

As, half conscious, she still gazed around her, the door was thrown back, and Philip entered. Entered! rather did he reel as he walked like a drunken man, yet the fumes of wine were not in his brain, but rather a disease that had struck him down that morning, that he still struggled against and resisted until such time as he should have made one last, one desperate effort to obtain Mignon's forgiveness.

"Mignon!" he cried, wildly—"Mignon! have you no mercy, no pity for a wretch so forsaken of God and man as I? I cannot die without your forgiveness; and death is fast overtaking me. Before it is too late, I beseech you to speak one word, one little word of pardon."

"Had you any pity upon *her*?" cried the girl, trembling in every limb. "Can your repentance bring her back again, or my forgiveness make you any other than the murderer that you are? Go to Him"—she pointed upward—"but do not come to me! Perhaps before I die I may forgive; but not now—not now."

The poor wretch had clutched at her dress; she drew it out of his grasp as though that touch were contamination; and as she did so he fell forward, and lay across the foot of the pallet.

For a moment a faint pity struggled into Mignon's face; then, with a gesture of disgust, she turned from him, and, stooping her lips to the pillow Muriel's head had pressed, she threw a last look round the wretched room, and passed down the staircase out into the busy streets.

Through the brain-fever, long threatened, that at last had overtaken Philip, he was tended not unkindly by the woman of the house. In his pocket-book she found money enough and to spare for all expenses, and, being no robber, but fairly honest according to her lights, she procured him such advice and nursing as he needed, and left the matter in the hands of Providence. Providence elected to turn the scale in the favor of life, yet with so niggard a hand that scarcely could the man, who at the end of two months rose from his bed, be said to be saved, but rather that his span of life had been for a very short period extended.

His first act had been to visit Muriel's grave, and he had pondered over the violets strewed upon it, marveling whether her sister's hand had laid them there—nay, on that self-same night some strange influence had seemed to beckon him thither as it had beckoned Mignon—Mignon, whom he believed to be safe in her husband's care, and of whom he had been thinking as one who, in the sweets of her new-found love, was already learning to forget the miserable story of the past.

So he had thought—he had dreamed of her; and the poor distraught outcast sleeping in the moonlight was the reality of his dream.

Would death come to him before he had restored her to her husband, before the story that she was powerless to utter had been uttered by the only other person living able to speak it? This was the question that each morning he asked himself when he rose; that was as far as ever from being answered when night came, and he laid himself down to seek the rest that forever was denied to him.

CHAPTER LIII.

"A great and important passion is a great means of wisdom."

A BLUSTERING January wind that might have been a March one, and carried a foretaste of spring in its vigorous breath, tore, and frolicked, and swept on its way, sending hats flying, clothes whirling, apple-stalls to the right about, and with his rude salute

even brought a tinge of color to the cheek of a poorly-clad girl who stood at the corner of Chancery Lane, with a number of bunches of violets in her hand.

At a little distance stood a middle-aged woman, who watched her, and seemed to be waiting until her mind should be made up.

While the girl hesitated, as one perplexed, and undecided in which direction to proceed, a man, who towered head and shoulders above the crowd, emerged from beneath Temple Bar, and came slowly toward her.

She saw him, and she shrank back, trembling violently—fear, joy, love, rapidly succeeding themselves upon her countenance—then, as he approached, was passing her, apparently obeying a desperate and uncontrollable impulse, she darted forward, and, struggling to speak, stood in his path, with both hands clasped and uplifted. The woman, too, had uttered a low, quick cry, and turned pale, as one who fears. His thoughts were miles away, his eyes took no heed of the faces about him; nevertheless, attracted, perhaps, by their perfume, he glanced downward at the cluster of violets held, as he thought, toward him; then, still absently, stopped, took out a penny, and held it out to what he supposed to be the flower-girl.

For a moment a wan face was lifted to his, for a moment a pair of blue eyes met his own; then she drew back, covering that miserable face with a corner of her cloak; and Adam, restoring the penny to his pocket, went on his way.

On his way, yet with a strangely-unquiet heart, with throbbing pulses—and why, forsooth? Because a poor, ragged little flower-girl had blue eyes—like hers—because the shape of a pair of pale lips reminded him of a lovely pair of rosy ones that had once been his; because the breath of the violets had brought to his memory the girl who loved all flowers almost as dearly as he loved them himself.

A pair of blue eyes! Was he never to see a bit of blue sky, or a child's blond head, without the eyes and hair of the woman he had once loved appearing before him?

He had rooted her out of his heart, he loved her no longer, yet he had not power to efface her image from his mind—a chance look, a resemblance, would bring her back, and there would follow a period of unrest and fever that he ascribed to his craving for vengeance on Philip, to his disheartening and fruitless search—to anything, in short, but the real and true cause, viz., his profound and ineradicable love for her.

True love is like the small-pox or typhoid fever: once be thoroughly impregnated with either disease, and it will be as impossible to take it in the same degree a second time as it will be difficult to eradicate the effects of it from the system. Thus may a man with the seeds of death within him walk bravely erect, and cheat himself with the belief that he is strong and well, until one day that deceitful strength fails him, and too late he realizes the vanity of his fancied security.

What ailed him that day, Adam asked himself, as he turned into the precincts of the Temple, that he should be so thoroughly possessed by the thought of her, that he should even have a bodily sense as of her presence near him?—that, look which way he would, he saw nothing but her face, her eyes, while, mingling subtly with his thoughts, came the perfume of a cluster of violets?

He entered a house in one of the courts, and climbed the many stairs that led to the modest chambers that he called his own.

His name, nevertheless, did not appear among that long list of legal gentlemen below. He had no fear of being surprised by his father or any other person to whom was known the story of his disgrace; and here, in the intervals of that apparently useless search of which he had long wearied, he found among his books some portion of that forgetfulness that he had so sternly sworn to himself to compass.

And yet, as he seated himself in his accustomed place, and drew toward him one of the volumes that he had been studying far into the preceding night, the letters on the page played strange tricks with his eyes, and spelt out over and over again the name of Mignon.

Those violets! Their scent seemed to pursue him everywhere; he could have sworn there were some in the room, he was bewitched—dreaming—and then he became aware of a slender current of air that streamed through the gradually-opening door, and in the widening aperture he saw—a great bunch of the flowers of which he was thinking.

It had been no fancy, he had actually smelled them, and he smiled at his own imagination, curiously wondering what was going to happen next, as he sat, his eyes fixed upon the door, and waited.

By slow degrees a shabby, slight shape emerged into view: he recognized it for that of the flower-girl, who had first offered him her wares, then refused his penny; and he said to himself that she had repented of that refusal, and followed him all the way for it, even up those many stairs that might well have deterred her.

He wished that she had not come—it was the sight of her that had put Mignon into his thoughts—he would give her, not a penny, but a shining bit of silver, and then she would go away gladly enough, and leave him to his work. But she should leave no violets with him, since in some indescribable fashion they suggested her.

He held the money out toward her, saying:

"I do not want your flowers, my girl; but since you have come so far—"

He stopped abruptly, a consciousness of something strange, *unusual*, stealing over him, as the girl advanced toward him, indeed, but extended no hand to take the proffered coin.

Nearer she came, nearer yet, until she stood beside him, then, laying her hand upon his, flowers and all, she looked into his face.

May not that be described as a moment of madness in which a man's mind fails to grasp, to com-

prehend, some simple fact that lies before him? To Adam the face into which he looked was the face of a stranger—a stranger, who yet bore a likeness to the woman that he had loved, a faded, pale, and caricatured likeness, that was all; for, were she placed by the side of the real Mignon, there would probably be little or no real resemblance between them.

He looked down at the hand lying upon his own; it was a slender hand, apparently unused to hard work, by no means what one would expect to belong to a poor flower-girl who toiled for her bread honestly, a hand that he seemed to know.

"Douglas!"—it was his name—the name by which no one save his mother had ever addressed him—and the voice was—Mignon's—eyes and voice alike were hers, yet *this* was not—Mignon.

Turning slowly, he looked again into her face, looked and literally did not know it. The memory of her, as she had been, stepped between him and the image of her as she was. He told himself he was mad, dreaming; an excited imagination, imbued with the thought of her, had conjured up the phantom likeness; his mind was diseased, and like the slayer, who in every face sees but the features of his victim, so in everything to-day he saw but the reflection of hers.

He shivered, drew his hand away from beneath hers, then once again he held out the coin, not looking at the girl, but straight before him.

"You should not have followed me here," he said, harshly; "take this, and go!" and he pointed imperatively to the door.

That harsh voice, that peremptory gesture of dismissal, conveyed their meaning with cruel clearness to the poor creature's brain; she cowered as though beneath a blow, and for a moment seemed about to obey him; then she flung herself on her knees beside him.

"Douglas—" she said, in a voice of heart-breaking agony—"Douglas—" and it was strange that the name by which she had learned to love him should never pass her lips until reason had abandoned its guard over them—"it is your Mignon—your poor little Mignon!"

He sat as though turned to stone, and looked at her.

Even then he refused to realize the truth, but gazed at her as a man may at a mask behind which he seeks to pierce to the familiar features that he is told are behind it.

Yes, the eyes, the lips, were Mignon's, but the face was strange to him; he had never seen it before—it was a chance resemblance—and how came *his* name to be uttered by this poor outcast?

Nevertheless, even while he thus assured himself, that consciousness within us that argues not, but simply *is*, told him the truth.

He *would* not realize it, he thrust it from him, as rising, and still strictly keeping to that obstinate decision arrived at by him, he said:

"Do you hear me? Go!"

She lifted both hands, wildly pressing them

against her brows, and, as she did so, her miserable hat fell upon her shoulders, exposing the little blond head that he knew so well.

Probably he believed that it was then only that he recognized her; yet I think the first shock of revelation was over, when, drawing back a step, he said:

"And what do you do—here?"

Comprehending no more of his words than that they were pitiless ones, she sought not to reply, only with lips parted in what might well be mistaken for the quiver and agony of guilt, seemed to await his next words.

He was regarding her as one who looks at, yet beyond her, in his eyes the look of him who gazes upon some loathsome sight, some foul creation, against the horror of which his flesh creeps, his soul recoils; and indeed he was then regarding, not her, but that leprosy of sin in which, for the first time in the flesh, she stood clothed before him. Not as the Mignon of his manhood's dream, but as the smirched, spoilt toy of a man's idle caprice, did he behold her; and once again he experienced that burning, intolerable shame which had beset him during that night's vigil at Rosemary.

How thick and beautiful her hair still was—the hair with which her lover's hands had doubtless often played!—how beautiful the shape of the pale lips that he had doubtless so often kissed!—lastly, he found himself wondering by what strange lack of moral consciousness she had contrived to retain that innocent look which still lay upon her?

It had been his one great fear that she would seek him out, perchance with some wild prayer for forgiveness, perchance because, when deprived of the love for which she had lost all, she would (as women, and not the best, have been known to do) yearn for some crumb of that which she had formerly slighted.

Well, he had feared truly: she had found him out, and, if the one word uttered by her meant anything, it meant that she had yet some hope, some desire, of reinstating herself in his heart.

That she had fallen to extremest penury he could not doubt, although why this should be was hard to tell, unless it were that she had been deserted by Philip, and then, with a sharp, sudden pang, he remembered that she had offered him a bunch of violets—nay, that she was standing at a street corner apparently selling them for a living—and was that strange look in her face that so perplexed him caused by privation?

"Why do you not go back to Rosemary?" he said, in measured tones; "it is a shelter that has long awaited you, and Prue still watches for and awaits your coming."

She gathered none of the sense of his words, only looked up into that face, stern and inexorable as fate, then, like a loving, chidden child who evades mention of the fault for which it has but now been punished, yet seeks to make its peace by submission and a caress, she lifted both hands pleadingly toward him, and "Violets! sweet violets!" she said—

"All a-blowing,
And a-growing!"

then smiled—the piteous, pathetic, vacant smile of the mad, and Adam, with a sudden, awful conviction of the truth, for the first time understood why her face had seemed to him as the face of a stranger.

CHAPTER LIV.

"... Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it."

ADAM stood transfixed. All the loathing detestation of her sin, all the bodily sickening at his own shame that her presence had hitherto induced in him, swept away in a great torrent of love and pity, beneath which he trembled like a reed. Those pleading, outstretched hands—that lost, pathetic smile, that pitiful attitude, which in its confiding helplessness appealed to every fibre of his manliness and strength, drove from him the consciousness of her fault, leaving him for the moment alive only to the awful punishment and consequences of it. What dread tale, that she had not power to speak, was locked within those poor and trembling lips? What experience of cruelty and desertion had driven her out, all astray, defenseless, at the mercy of man as she was, to support herself by selling violets in the open streets of London?

A knot rose in his throat—his eyes were dim as he stooped, and, lifting that little kneeling figure, drew her into the chair whence he had but now risen, growing pale as death at the momentary contact of his flesh with hers.

He covered his face with his hands; but, though his eyes were veiled, he saw her—ay, saw her as the poor, mindless, broken thing that she was, and, with a dual consciousness, at the same moment beheld her as she had once been—as the song of joy and beauty that she had once been—a girl whose laugh was music, whose glance a sunbeam, and to whom all bright and airy graces had been natural as the air she breathed. He drew his hand fiercely from before his eyes, and looked at the squalid dress, the faded, pinched face, and asked himself again, were they caused—O merciful God!—by *famine*?

As one goaded to madness by an intolerable thought, he went away, returning almost instantly with food, which he set before her, for one dreadful moment scarcely daring to breathe as she half stretched her hand toward it, then shook her head and resumed her anxious watch of his face.

He was saying to himself that yon girl was his wife—that yon was the creature whom he had vowed to watch over, to protect and cherish, who yet bore his name, the name of which he was so silently yet deeply proud—and that such as she now was she had become through Philip La Mert.

Philip La Mert's work—as he looked at it, the lust for vengeance upon the betrayer that had hitherto possessed him counted as nothing in comparison with the madness that overcame him then, and,

as he advanced a step, in imagination precipitating himself upon his enemy, his form swelling to almost superhuman grandeur, his eyes flashing fire, his right hand clinched, and crushing to pulp the violets he had but now taken from Mignon, the girl cowered and shrank away from him in fear.

The next moment, so speedily had Prue found Philip, after tracking Adam (and Mignon) to his home, the door opened, and for the second time that morning an unexpected visitor stood on the threshold. The man for vengeance upon whom Adam hungered, body and soul, entering hurriedly, came face to face with him.

"Thank God!" he cried, a great light of joy spreading over his ashen face, "that she is here—that she is with you. Half my task now, and that the hardest half, is done!"

"Dog!" cried Adam, "and do we meet at last?"

But even as he spoke, the sudden, awful conviction came home to him that his enemy had escaped him; that out of his hands had been taken the punishment for which he thirsted, for that before the tribunal, not of man, but of God, would Philip La Mert, before many hours were past, be standing to give account of his evil deeds.

His enemy had escaped him! The thought of Mignon even was blotted out in that awful sense of frustrated vengeance, as, with clinched hand falling nerveless at his side, his whole attitude breathing strength, justice, and sublime wrath, he towered above that other, who, wan, bowed, and gray, bore upon his forehead that death-sign which the most ignorant could not have failed to comprehend. Covering his face with his hands, Adam drew back—*this*, this was the thing with which he had so prayed to measure his strength—*this*, that had less than a woman's strength in its fevered, broken frame!

Mignon was gazing from one to the other, painfully trying to understand. Without, a woman's form leaned against the lintel of the door, with fear and trembling awaiting the result of the meeting between the two men.

"Look at her," said Adam, lifting his hand and pointing to Mignon; "look at your handiwork, I say, and rejoice. 'But half your task was done,' you said; it would puzzle even you to work aught more deadly on yon broken, mindless thing, than you have worked already!"

Philip's eyes turned toward that slight and sordid figure; he shuddered, yet not as one to whom the sight is a new one.

"Look well at her," cried Adam, in his terrible voice—the voice that was the only outlet to the fury of baffled vengeance that swayed him; "you best know what she was ere your cursed sin blighted her; look at her as she *is*, at a sight that, were there justice in heaven, should strike you blind in the beholding!"

Still no reply—still that desperate struggle for breath, that hand pressed hard against the side, that mien as of utter guilt and dejection.

"You swore to me," cried Adam, "as between

man and man, that she should be sacred to you as your own sister might be, that never would you by word or deed bring discredit on her, or your love for her; and when my back was turned, and with the foulest heart, the most perjured lips that ever traitor wore, you bided your opportunity, you stole her away, you made of her that which she now stands, a thing of shame, of sin, of degradation; and now, *now* you dare to pursue her even into my presence—a presence to which she has fled, with God knows what story of desertion and outrage, that she cannot speak. Go!" (there came into his voice the leap, the fury of a wild beast who springs upon his prey); "ere I forget my manhood and your weakness—go! nor dare further to molest you poor outcast—that, though by the right of sin is yours, shall no longer be the sport of your brutality, but henceforth be cared for and tended as her helpless state demands."

"Mine?" said Philip, lifting his head at last. "Oh! were it mine, poor though it be, I were indeed rich; but mine it is not, no, nor ever will be!—as it has always been, so is it now—your own."

"Do you dare to mock me?" cried Adam, striding forward, the veins standing out on his forehead like cords, blood springing from the palms into which his nails had dug. "What! that which once was yours, and now is by you cast aside, you dare to call *mine*?"

"It never was mine," said Philip, his face bathed in the dews of utter exhaustion, "neither in name nor in body, in heart or in fancy, has she for one moment belonged to any man but you—nay, her very mind was in your keeping, and when she deemed that your love had failed her, that you believed her to have betrayed you, that mind went, and she became what you see her now."

"You are mad!" said Adam, trembling violently—"mad, I say!"

He dashed his hand across his brow.

"Does a woman who loves her husband forsake him for another man? Oh! it is a fine tale" (he laughed long and harshly), "and one that does you credit, since you know that *she* is not able to speak and disprove it, and the lie that a man tells to shield the honor of a woman who has sinned for him is doubtless a noble one; nevertheless" (there came an ominous gleam into his eyes), "if you are wise, you will spare it me."

"She came away to her sister," said Philip, "to her sister who was dying—murdered by me. Long ere she knew the name of Muriel's betrayer, in the days when she believed me to be Muriel's friend (and in this lay the whole secret of her apparent preference for me), she had wrung from me a prom-

ise that if ever I chanced upon Muriel I would go straight to her, whether it were by day or night, and fetch her to that sister's side; and I kept my vow, at what cost to myself no one will ever know—ever know."

He paused, struggling with his mortal weakness, and in that pause Mignon timidly crept a step nearer to Adam and looked up into his face. But, as one stricken with a sore and terrible shame, her husband stood, and, groaning aloud, hid his face from her.

She was pure!—she was innocent after all. Philip had been right, while *he*—

"Of the words of hatred and loathing that she spoke to me by her sister's corpse, when she knew me for what I was," went on Philip, "I will not speak—in my heart I bear them always, leaden curses to weigh my soul down to hell! only believe that under heaven there crawls no thing so vile in her eyes as I."

"But she loved you once," cried Adam, "before she knew the story of her sister. It was the knowledge of *that* which broke her love?"

"She never loved me," said Philip, "never—never! That was the last, the most miserable mistake of the fatal series; for, madman, coxcomb that I was, I once believed that her love was mine—that the heart which I saw day by day awakening for you was for me. O my God!" he cried, "*how* she undecieved me! Do not dream that I have soiled her ears with one word that could pollute them; my vow to you I have kept to the letter, even in the teeth of my mistaken, miserable belief. Pure as she was on the day you first beheld her, so pure is she now, and her madness will not endure—with love's healing influence at work, it will pass, and you will be happy—happy. . . ."

He had fallen, rather than thrown himself, into a chair, and now his head sank slowly, slowly forward, until it lay on his outstretched arms and rested there.

If only she would speak to him the one word of forgiveness for which he had so wildly and often prayed—if only he had strength to raise his head, to call to her! Surely, surely she would forgive him now?—

"*Mignon!*"

Who uttered that rapt, delirious cry? Not Philip. Looking up through the dimness of death, he saw those two standing face to face, saw the lover hold out arms to which the girl crept with a long, long, sobbing sigh, as one who finds herself at home after long wandering; then a great darkness came down on *one* present, a great silence settled slowly about him—and Philip's soul had sailed out alone upon the great sea of eternity to meet his Maker.

FROM ATHENS TO CORFU.

WE left Athens by the Lucifer—and a Lucifer of a time we had! It blew something of a gale all day, and nearly everybody was laid out. I was called at five in the morning, made my toilet, drank a dish of tea, and then went down to my good *δαίμων* Miltiades Vidis. We found nearly all the servants of the establishment waiting, hands out, including the dark-eyed, handsome proprietor, and I gave fees to five of the *attachés* (*attachés* indeed, for they stick to you like wax!), and left as many open-mouthed, empty-handed, and chagrined. Athens was very beautiful in the early morning—in the gray, dewy, sunlight-flushed Attic morning. I had never felt the wonderful beauty of its situation so fully before. The deserted streets and closed houses; the occasional cry of an itinerant wood-vender, driving his asses on the sunny side of the street; a carriage or two loitering in the square below; the bright, mysterious, fresco-like fringe of mountains just beginning to live and lighten on the borders of the Attic Plain; the cool distances of tender blue sea singularly calm in this silent hour—what pangs of poetic reminiscence such a scene awakens! Then think how delightful it was to drive in one of those comfortable Athenian *ἀμαξάι*, with a quick pair of horses, the top thrown back, and the delicious sting of the fresh morning air in one's face! To see the Orient one must see it in the early morning. The twin dusks of morning and evening soften its ardent lights and shadows, throw a veil over its intolerable suns, and fill one's memory with enjoyable recollections. We whirled on down the fine road to the Piræus (four miles distant), and I turned back many times to take parting glances of the great theatre of ancient history. The roads were just being watered, and we were saved the annoyance (which is perennial at Athens) of the subtle, wind-blown lime-dust. For a long distance the road is a splendid avenue of silver-poplars, locust and plane trees, with brown, sunburnt fields or vineyards loaded with grapes on each side. The long stretch of noble olive-trees lay nestled in silver uncertainty at this early hour. Far away we could see the white walls of the Monastery of St. Elias, at the entrance of the Pass of Daphnē, receiving an acute accent from the advancing sun. Groups of market-people and donkeys, wagons and peasants, passed us on their way to Athens. In an hour we had reached the noisy harbor of Piræus, catching glimpses of the Long Wall of Themistocles here and there. We paid our five drachmæ, got into the boat (two drachmæ), and were rowed out to the Lucifer, which I was nearly the first to reach. Other passengers soon came, and by eight o'clock a crowd had gathered, several handsome Italian men and women among them. Before we left the wind had increased to violence, and filled the air far out to sea with a cloud of dust. There was, however, an inconceivable refreshment in the wind after the protracted heat and languor of Athens.

The Acropolis hung in the distance for a long time after our departure, and did not finally disappear till we were in the neighborhood of Sunium. Mournful and majestic it looked in this silver silence as we sped past the island of Salamis, the shores of Ægina, the peak of Mount Gerania, and the long and lofty range of Isthmian and Peloponnesian mountains, all pure and perfect in outline as a Chinese carving. Who in this singularly magnificent scene of the Saronic Gulf could help remembering that grand passage in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus where he celebrates the beacon-lights shot into sudden bloom on the mountain-tops by the fall of Troy? Just so these fairy heights shot into ethereal bloom under the golden touch of the morn, the "Torch of Conquest" and "Traveling Fire" that lighted even to Agamemnon's battlements.

There was the usual amount of *distract* conversation at breakfast carried on in voluble Italian or spasmodic Greek, copiously bedewed with Szexard wine. And then the chicken buried in rancid rice, the *filet de bœuf* pointed with tomato-sauce, the greasy potatoes and aromatic, oily salad, followed, not by Gruyère or *fromage de Brie*, but by the usual melancholy mockery of withered fruit and coffee. Then the gale came with vehemence, followed by a scene of piteous and indescribable woe: grewsome men and women stretched out; horrid children laid low; puling babies a-squeak; handing about of hideous blue-porcelain pots; impossibility of reading or keeping still. Although we were passing down a necklace of bright isles—never out of sight of their blueness and beauty and fantastical grace—it all seemed a mockery to the dismayed passengers; and those who had taken breakfast, and those who had not, were equally loathly. The fine, ruined temple on Cape Sunium fortunately passed before us before this crisis of disenchanting weather befell. And all this gale and tumult of wind while the loveliest blue sky was beaming above, the wildest and winsomest sunlight was beating about us.

At five or six we steamed into Syra—the island-port of the Levant—and anchored before the charming little Oriental city, being immediately boarded and captured by a throng of rogues, who would take us ashore in spite of ourselves. I never saw such a set of wild monkeys as these Greek islanders—knowing just enough of several languages to inspire you with faint hope, and then allure you into inextricable difficulties—insolent, rapacious, and sharp. We were to wait till midnight for the great mail-steamer from Constantinople for Corfu. The night, of course, passed either sleeplessly or with troubled snatches of ill-sufficing slumber; for at half-past one we had to bargain with a boatman to carry us over this Styx and put us on the mail-steamer. Rough water, dim light, a throng of clamorous wretches surrounding the Ettore, through whom, with Odyssean cunning, we vainly strove to make our

way; a steep ladder on the side of the ship to climb, while the boat bounded wildly; an evident desire on the part of the *bottelliere* to make off into the midnight with my baggage; while I was climbing a multitude of barges and passenger *barche*, whose owners were all shouting and quarreling in chorus. What a night! I felt several years older when I finally got safe and sound to the deck of the Ettore, and groped my way in the darkness down into the cabin. A long ship full of many-colored Oriental life—Germans, Austrians, Americans, English, Dalmatians, Turks, Greeks, Italians, French, Moslems, and missionaries, soldiers and civilians, men in fezes, puggurries, turbans, a band of wandering musicians fleeing from Adrianople, groups of Turks lying about on rugs and bright-colored mattresses, in the midst of melons, playing-cards, snoring, eating, praying, prostrating themselves toward Mecca; Eastern women sprawling and squatting here and there on the second-class deck; fierce-looking fellows, with pistols sticking out of their belts or swathed about the loins with gay-hued sashes; everywhere the flashing eyes, thick brows, and pale skins, of the Levant. The deck looked like the ward of an Eastern hospital: it was covered over with thick awnings to keep out the sun; pallets were spread everywhere; a huge, green, rollicking parrot peeped out of one side of the gangway pavilion; and the Dalmatian captain, smoking an enormous hookah, sat in the other. The Germans chattered; the French shrugged and gesticulated; the English sang hymns over the wheel-house; the Turks played cards, munched melons, smoked interminable cigarettes, and squatted on their heels; and the wandering musicians, recovering from their sea-sickness, forgot their exile, and gave us the liveliest waltzes and polkas for our Sunday afternoon! What a crowded, colored, feverish three days it was! My stateroom companions were Germans: a young clerk from Smyrna; a florid-faced, gold-spectacled Frankforter from Athens, always talking about working for the Greeks, Lumpenpack, etc., etc.; and a pot-bellied Viennese, full of fun, ribaldry, and beer, all the time. The *cuisine* was like a French *menu* gone mad—a mixture of all nationalities, substances, and sauces, good enough in its way, too, but for the infinite piquancy of its unknown ingredients. The Austrian Lloyd's steamers furnish an abundance of food, which is eatable enough but rather promiscuous. The attendance is good. Mixed as the food was, I couldn't help thinking how superior it appeared to the brutal coarseness of an Atlantic steamer's fare, where you have mountains of meat and not one savory morsel, "thirty-two religions and but one sauce!" How gladly would one throw away the long phalax of abominable pastry for one dainty Italian or French dessert! But the loaded stomach must be sickened with fifty custards, pies, and puddings, or J. Bull will grumble. An ocean-steamer is indeed (and alas!) but the vestibule of our polyglot and polyglutinous American cookery.

The Ettore was what they call in Levant slang a *celere*, or fast steamer, and made good time. At seven in the morning—Sunday morning—we left

Syra, and in the evening we were rounding Cape Malea and steaming in and around the beautiful, peaked and pointed land of the Peloponnese. A hermit dwells on this desolate but brilliant Naze. The Ettore fired a gun as we passed, but failed to draw him from his little hut, which crowned a picturesque rock and was surrounded by some evidences of a meagre garden. There was a tiny chapel at a short distance, and out in front the cincturing and opal-toned Mediterranean. An infinite *grotesquerie* is this Peloponnesian coast—a piece of goblin (not Gobelins) tapestry, for it shoots out and then in, with long inland-stretching lapses of sunlit coast-line; bold out-tossings and upturnings of cragged and castled promontory; distances hung thick with historic mountains, curves and crescent-like *gulf*s—in short, a grand, gnarled Gothic coast, most brilliantly bare and pictorial. It is like a piece of music by Liszt. Sailing in and out, up and down it, is like following the lines of an old Venetian globe: now you are in the stars and now in *terra incognita*; now among constellated dragons, now meandering along the twisted Indies. Half the day and night we seemed to be pursuing this will-o'-the-wisp voyage—rounding Cape Matapan, slipping by one lovely bit of sea-surrounded rock after another, catching up with other vessels and then leaving them far behind, prolonging our walks and talks and music far into the moonlit night, for the silver spectre of the half-moon hung over the Peloponnesus and dogged us as it did the Ancient Mariner. All day Monday we passed over familiar ground—or, rather, water: Zante, Paxo, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Santa Maura—and lastly, late in the night, reached Corfu, under the same serene, sterile moonlight. The indescribable beauty of the Ionian Islands need not be dwelt on here. I took a boat and landed, and am now "in" (as Chaucer says) in the gray old Hôtel St.-Georges, waiting for the Brindisi steamer. This steamer sails to-morrow afternoon. I am glad we stopped at Corfu. Those who do not land here have little idea of its beauty, unrivaled as the sea-glimpse of it is. The gray rocks, the tropical vegetation, the tangled and tumultuous line of mountain that so delightfully bewilders the eye as it vainly attempts to follow its sinuosities, the picturesque Albanian crags opposite, some with villages grove-embowered and gleaming; the long curves and expanses of lovely blue water; the drives, the walks, the soft and saintly purples of the mountains, bright with an infinite poesy, the world of graceful water and fertile land—make up one of the richest pictures of insular and Oriental life. The coloring of the houses is so mellow, and such a relief after the painful whiteness of New Athens! There are, too, numerous traces of the four hundred years' Venetian occupation, in the quaint Venetianized architecture; the narrow, winding streets spanned by arches; the graceful bell-towers, with their time-worn clocks outside; the embrasured windows, lofty houses, tiny gardens of orange and ilex, and traces of sculptured portals. The town is all huddled together in a sort of valley between the Fortezza Nuova and the an-

cient, double-peaked citadel. These double peaks gave the ancient name (Corcyra) to the place. I have not noticed even one respectable-looking shop, but all is delightfully cramped, huddled, and old-fashioned. About one-half the buying and selling seems to be done in the streets. One comes on a perfect nest of cobblers working in these streets, gossiping, mending, working, laughing, eating. Then a den of a *café* (καφενίδιον) hangs out its sign in Greek and Italian, and bids you come in and enjoy its delights. The whole town seems given up to the sale of fruits—glorious oranges with pieces of the green limb still clinging to them, pineapples, pears, peaches, melons. Then one comes on cheese-shops full of white *simoto* cream-cheeses—cheeses yellow, green, fresh, and fragrant. There is the usual quantum of Romaic *παταμυλικά*, or groceries filled with gastronomic curiosities. Then succeed long Bolognese arcades, labyrinthine *δδολ*, or alleys, with lines stretched across, full of newly-laundried clothes, the painted blue-and-white arch of a Byzantine chapel, a slender *silhouette*-like Italian *campanile* all mellowness and mossy beauty, a pile of steep-gabled *cinq-cento* houses, a cluster of twisted, convoluted chimneys, a bit of ruined lichen-covered wall, a palace with a statue in front, a gate whose arch and classic balustrade frame exquisite pictures of sea and mountains, an ancient inn with a belfry and window-embrasures green and gay with geraniums, a turreted parapet looking down on the brightest wine-like water, a group of cypresses, a moat, and grand crag full of dismantled fortifications. Such is an epitome of this town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Unrivalled drives lead out from it into the country on various sides—the One-Gun Battery, Benizze, Coruna, the Oak, San Pantoleone, not to speak of the countless interesting bridle-paths that scatter and scamper over the fields and hills in all directions. Then there is life here. All the steamers east and west make this their calling-place. The English have civilized the country in point of roads though not of currencies. It is but twelve hours across to Brindisi, and one is thus freed from the sad isolation of continental Greece. The country is kept green by rain. The perpetual neutrality of Corfu, established when the English gave up their protectorate of the Ionian Islands, conduces to a feeling of prosperous tranquillity. Intensely Greek as are the Corfiotes, they are too wise not to take advantage of this admirable state of things and get rich and independent as soon as possible. After their singularly varied and stormy history, beginning with the revolt mentioned by Thucydides, this lull is just what they wanted. One sees beggars, but perhaps they are constitutionally such, for the island is still what Xenophon, three hundred and fifty years before Christ, described it, a paradise of fertility. Perhaps, therefore, the beggars are the con-

scientious or the constitutional ones. The money one gives them clinks in their pockets with other moneys they have harvested in other rounds—is, perhaps, even kept to give you change.

The Hôtel St.-Georges, where I am staying (the *grand* Hôtel St.-Georges, no matter how small!), is a very funny old affair—full of cuddies and corners, canary-birds in cages, innumerable pots of blooming flowers lining the staircases and entries, mirrors and slices of mirrors throwing your silvered elongation into half-mystified distances—with, too (positively), a mosquito-net on the little brass bedstead in my room. It fronts the esplanade and its rich shade-trees, where I hear the cicadæ singing as they do in our dear land, and where the nurses and babies play all day long in the heavy-lidded sunlight. This esplanade is just the spot for that "beautiful but baneful influence of classic reverie" of which Disraeli speaks; that sweet meditation which takes us back to Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, Actium, and Lepanto. One can sit on the benches under the elms and plane-trees and dream delightful dreams of ancient poets and philosophers, reconstruct Plato's Republic, listen to the eloquent talk of Socrates, glance down the coast of Elis, and repeople it with the mighty song of Pindar. The *titsirbos* sing so lazily in the sunny air; a far steamer, faint in the sea and morning light of the horizon, creeps stealthily into greater and greater clearness as you gaze over to the grand Acroceraunian crags; the gray citadel, rising as it does from clustering churches, looks luminously dim in this azure, incandescent air, and might tell you delightful *contes* of the doges and the pashas; cooling winds blow in from the plate-glass sea and stir mellifluously among the thicket of scarlet geraniums that faces the antique lion of St. Mark's carved in the wall of the castle-moat. Looking on this eloquence of sunlight, and perfume, and perfect sea and air, one is bewitched as with the Lamia-gaze of some dazzling serpent. I cannot think of a more charming place than Corfu in the summer—full of game, fish, and fruit; full of the gentle murmurs of poetic antiquity; full of grace, scenery, and quaintness. Yesterday evening the full moon burst from behind the Epirote mountains, at first like the brilliant, glistening crimson of a huge pomegranate that has burst its bell and revealed the scarlet beauty of its seed; then more and more like some wonderful flower as it rose and rose, until it hung on tiptoe on the sharp mountain-edge, then slipped into the starry ether in luminous serenity. How weird Castles, and the pallid, sun-shotten water, and the looming castle looked, under the amber symphonies of this fairy light! In the evening, at six, I leave by the Sultan from Smyrna for Brindisi. We have had a slight shower, which has suffused the arid, silvery air with moisture, and left behind the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" in clouds.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE Human Element in Landscape Art" is the title of a recent essay in the London *Spectator*, in which the writer disputes the dictum of those critics who affirm that figure-painting and landscape-painting are so distinctive that a figure, except as a local light or dark, is out of place in a landscape, and *vice versa*. In opposition to this doctrine, the writer in the *Spectator* declares that human interest in landscape-painting is necessary in order to give it any real or permanent hold upon our sympathies. He does not mean that this human character must be arbitrarily expressed by figures of men and women, but that there should be in every painting some connection with man's doings, or else the work loses its pictorial interest. This human element may be even more powerfully expressed without the introduction of figures than with them. "Stanfield," he says, "painted many harbor-scenes crowded with sailors and shipping, but he painted one picture without a figure in it that was the most powerful one of his life. This was 'The Abandoned'—a dismantled ship rocking on a stormy sea, with the light streaming down from a momentary break in the heavy clouds. Here it was the connection with man, and the sort of semi-humanity which the title suggested as belonging to the ship, which gave the real force to the painting—a force which wave and sky would have been unable to gain of themselves." The essayist then proceeds to describe pictures in which this connection of mind and matter is absent, citing some Alpine subjects which consist solely of "a few stones in the foreground, a wealth of cloud filling the valley, a blue mountain beyond, and, above all, the snowy crest of an Alp, golden in the sunset, or gray in the dawn." These paintings of the most beautiful scenery in the world produce upon the spectator, according to our essayist, no effect whatever. One says, "They are pretty," and they straightway pass out of the mind altogether.

People generally will assent to this argument, no doubt, but artists, in many instances, will in part reject it, and on grounds that are worth while considering. It is unqualifiedly true that there should be in every landscape-painting a connection of mind and matter, a linking of human life with the objects delineated; but, as in Stanfield's "The Abandoned," this can be done more powerfully by *suggestion* than by direct delineation. Paintings may be crowded with human figures, and have no human sentiment; or they may give no sign of the presence of man, and yet appeal powerfully to human sensibility. The Alpine paintings selected for illustration by our essayist belong to classes of subjects that are tolerated in art solely because of technical skill, or some measure of success in color; it is quite true that they are pronounced "pretty," and then are speedily forgotten; but this fate just as frequently befalls paintings of human subjects. The true and lasting value of a painting must be its power to suggest, to awaken, to touch the imagination or the sympathies, to link itself closely

to the heart of the spectator. Let us imagine a painting of a forest interior, the solitudes of which are disturbed by no human presence. If this picture is full of imaginative power and strong sympathies, if the painter *felt* the scene in all its beauties and charms, the spectator identifies with it the full beat of human interest. The cool shadows are to him a dream of delicious rest; the fall of the brook over the stones sends musical murmurs to his ear; he feels the pleasant wind fan his cheek; the sunshine that flecks through the leaves charms his eye with its shifting play of light; odors from the mosses and aromatic plants seem to fill his nostrils; the scene in its completeness takes possession of his whole nature, fills him with a subdued rapture, becomes an embodiment of his emotions. If the forest-scene has no power of this kind over one's imagination, it is less than nothing; the value and charm of the picture are in its control over the human senses, in its power to transport the spectator there and permit him to fill it with his own personality. In this way a human element may and does enter landscape art effectively, efficiently, and to the complete identification of the scene with our emotions and our susceptibilities. The mere introduction of figures cannot of itself create human interest; if they form a part of the picture in such a way as to strengthen the sentiment of the landscape, well and good; if not, they weaken if they do not destroy the very human interest to the end of which they are imported into the scene. It is clear that the value and character of a painting do not depend upon rules at all, but upon the imagination of the painter, lacking which his human figures will have no human vitality or hold; possessing which, his solemn, empty forest-depths will be full of human feeling.

SHALL we ever know what we think we know, or reach a knowledge of things which no supplementary knowledge can overthrow? Only recently, for instance, the world had settled itself down comfortably in the faith that at last all the idle beliefs and foolish superstitions pertaining to the influence of plants upon human life were dissipated, and that we had reached an altitude of absolute mastership of the interesting phenomena relating to this subject. It looked to us as if in the gratification of an aesthetic taste Nature had provided indirectly for our rescue from the worst evils of unwholesome districts and of that deterioration of the air we breathe which is inseparable from human existence under the confined conditions of in-door life. Reversing the old superstition regarding the unhealthy effects of plants in living-rooms, physicians recommended them for their disinfecting qualities, and many a bedroom and school-room window is now adorned with plants in pots, which were placed there with the idea that they would compensate for a defective ventilation. The fact upon which these inferences were naturally and plausibly based is, that plants purify the air in three different ways: by

absorbing carbonic acid ; by exhaling under the influence of sunlight an equivalent in oxygen ; and by the production of ozone. That vegetation possesses these three functions has been demonstrated by the experiments of physiologists, chemists, and meteorologists, and this would seem sufficient to prove all that has been claimed in regard to its hygienic value ; but a German experimenter, Professor von Pettenkofer, who for several years has given special attention to the subject, has recently summed up the results of his own and other investigations, in a manner that must dissipate many of the illusions we have so fondly cherished. He admits that plants possess the functions attributed to them, but the direct sanitary effect of these three functions he is compelled to state are none whatever. It is not meant by this that absolutely no effect is produced, but hygiene, as he says, is a science of economics, "and every such science has to ask not only what exists and whether it exists, but how much there is and whether enough." Measured by this standard, the recently-developed ideas concerning the purifying influence of vegetation are proved to be absurdly exaggerated, for numerous and long-continued experiments have shown that there is no more carbonic acid in the air of Paris or Manchester than in that of the surrounding country, or even in far-distant mountain-regions, and also that "there is no greater appreciable quantity of oxygen in a wood of thick foliage than in a desert or on the open sea." This phenomenon, as exhibited in the open air, is readily accounted for by the atmospheric currents and the constant change and movement of the air, which is never absolutely still, and usually moves at the rate of three metres per second. But since every green leaf absorbs carbonic acid and gives out oxygen under the influence of light, it would seem undeniable that the air of closed rooms must be materially improved by plants. Even this, however, our learned professor cannot concede. "The power of twenty pots of plants would not be nearly sufficient to neutralize the carbonic acid exhaled by a single child in a given time. If children were dependent on the oxygen given off by flowers, they would soon be suffocated." The explanation in this case is to be found in the extremely slow processes of vegetable life as compared with those of the animal kingdom, and the vast extents of vegetation which are required for the sustenance of animals and man. "The grass or hay consumed by a cow in a cow-house grows upon a space of ground on which a thousand head of cattle could stand. How slow is the process of the growth of wheat before it can be eaten as bread, which a man will eat, digest, and decompose, in twenty-four hours ! The animal and human organism consumes and decomposes food as quickly as a stove burns the wood which took so many thousand times longer to grow in the forest." No quantity of plants sufficient to affect appreciably the air of a given space can be brought together ; for careful experiments made in the Royal Winter Garden, at Munich, showed that the proportion of carbonic acid in the air of that tightly-closed space full of vegetation was almost as high as in the open air.

What, then, is the hygienic value of plants, and gardens, and flowers ? Strange to say, Professor von Pettenkofer, though a man of science, and consequently the inveterate foe of "sentimentalism," finds it in the æsthetic pleasure which they afford. The cheerful, and happy, and contented man lives not only an easier but, on the average, a healthier life than the depressed and morose man ; and anything that makes a pleasurable impression upon our minds and senses has a distinct hygienic value. Lovers of plants, therefore, are fully justified, from a practical point of view, in continuing their cultivation ; for if they will not relieve the air of its surplus carbonic acid, nor materially increase our available supply of oxygen, they have a sanitary effect in the satisfaction and refined enjoyment which they afford.

THE quarrels of authors have always been a prolific theme with essayists and literary gossips, and truly there seems to be some justification for the epithet applied to them of *genus irritabile* when we think of the jealousies and rivalries, the pamphlet-wars and scathing satires, the backbitings and hot controversies, which have sometimes marked the careers of literary men. But we doubt whether the "genus" of authorship is, after all, any more petulant and irritable than that of statesmanship. A history of the quarrels of statesmen would be at once a very interesting and a very melancholy one. We should read in it what petty motives, what unworthy feelings, what slight provocations, what absurd misunderstandings, have often set two leaders of men by the ears, inspiring them to rack their brains for stinging epithets and crushing comparisons, at some periods sending them in hot haste to the dueling-ground, and at others impelling them to belabor each other with canes and cowhides. The times, indeed, are far better in this respect than they used to be. The *duello* is dead in this country, effectually killed by ridicule, which is the direst enemy of false codes of honor. Should Mr. Evarts challenge a Senator to mortal combat, the chances are that he would be unmercifully laughed at ; should General Sherman accept a challenge from a subordinate officer, he would be at once ridiculed and tabooed. Yet Mr. Clay, when Secretary of State, not only called out but fired at Mr. Randolph, Senator from Virginia ; and, not many years before, the Duke of York, the British commander-in-chief, met Colonel Lennox on the "field of honor."

The recent quarrel between two Senators at Washington, which at one time threatened to end in a duel, seemed a very bombastic, childish affair. It had no ground worth mentioning ; and, if the two chivalrous gentlemen had actually met, the comic papers would have rained caricatures upon them. But the cause and the sequel of the affair were not more absurd than has often been the case in the quarrels of statesmen. Clay had a better reason for fighting Randolph than usually existed when duels were the practice ; for Randolph had called him a "blackleg" on the floor of the Senate. When we search for the causes of most of these quarrels we find that they have but little better foundation than the quarrels of

school-boys—we had almost said of school-girls. Some have arisen from the heat of party conflict; others from personal jealousy and rivalry; yet others from mere chance-expressions, often misconstrued, and really easy of explanation. Such feuds as those between Webster and Clay, between the two Pitts and the two Foxes, between Hamilton and Burr, between Gladstone and Disraeli, between Thiers and Guizot, are not difficult to understand, though in every case they were to be lamented as exhibiting a not very exalted phase of character in the great men who nourished them. These differences were the result of personal ambitions, each statesman thinking his opponent to be in the way of his own advancement. On the other hand, no such cause could have given rise to the bitter hostility between Benton and Calhoun, or between Benton and Webster, or between Fessenden and Sumner. In the latter case the origin of the personal disagreement seems to have been mere personal dislike. Hamilton and Burr fought for a very flimsy reason; and for a yet more flimsy reason the young and promising Cilley fell before Graves's rifle.

Such instances serve to show us that great intellects share with common and inferior ones the moral failings and weaknesses of human nature. No doubt the prominence of public men, who live and act in the "fierce light" which beats upon Parliament-house and Capitol, serves to bring out in bolder relief their exhibitions of irritation as well as the temptations under which they labor; but this should also have the result of warning them to keep more strictly on their guard. It would be a curious speculation to compute how much the wordy personal altercations of our statesmen have cost the United States, in time used and money spent for printing, during the past thirty years. A member of Congress is always granted the floor to "make a personal explanation," which is a sacred parliamentary privilege; and a very costly privilege to the nation it is. All public business is suspended because one member calls another an unpleasant name, or because some newspaper has written a rasping leader; but perhaps even so expressive a method of giving vent to congressional wrath is better than the old tyrannical rule of "the code."

THE purpose of criticism is commonly assumed to be nothing more than to praise good productions in literature or art, and to condemn bad ones. The critic is apt to indulge in some exalted notions as to the influence of sound criticism upon taste, and to imagine that great achievements in the several fields of intellectual effort are possible only when criticism is searching, rigid, and authoritative. That great achievements in literature and the arts have largely preceded criticism is a fact that does not apparently disturb the conviction of critics as to their functions and their usefulness. For our part, we believe that a great deal of what is called criticism transcends the legitimate end and purpose of the art—if it may be so designated. Praise and condemnation are necessarily involved more or less in all criticism; but the critic who assumes that it is simply his province to approve of

one book or painting, and pass sentence upon another, is guilty of no little presumption, to say the least of it. A self-appointed judge is entitled to no respect, carries no authority, and his utterances are often only so many impertinences. The sole real need of criticism is to *explain*. Its province should be to discover, if possible, the point of view taken by the originator of the thing criticised, to find out what his purpose is, what end he has in view, what idea animates his conceptions. Authors and artists often bitterly complain, and with justice, that the critics have utterly misconceived their productions, and condemned them for not being that which they were never intended to be. A critic who publishes hasty impressions—who asks the attention of the public to opinions formed without study and without knowledge; who imagines that people are concerned in his likes and dislikes; who demands that works of art should conform to his preconceived ideas of what art should or should not be—is a pest and a nuisance, and ought to be promptly suppressed by an indignant public. It might be presumed that a painter knows the laws of art and an author has some knowledge of the subject he writes upon; but critics usually assume that these workers know nothing of their own pursuits, and praise or censure with little or no heed as to their intention or motive. A good illustration of this was afforded a few years ago when Page's head of Christ was first exhibited. Governed by that conception of Christ entertained by one of our religious bodies, which is that the Creator in becoming incarnate in the flesh touched the lowest form of life, realized on his human side all the passions and tendencies to evil that so betray and beset unhappy humanity, the painter made his Christ powerfully of the flesh, intensely human, full of virile and sensuous force. Whatever may be our ideas as to the rightfulness of this view of Christ, we must accept the painter's theory in judging of his work—we must see what he intended to express before we can possibly know how to measure his success. In cases like this, if the critic will consent to descend from his altitude of judge to that of expositor, he would render the public genuine service, and save himself from uttering gratuitous foolishness. There are many books and many works of art which need just this intelligent interposition, and for these the critics can act advantageously as a sort of Greek chorus—studying, divining, and explaining; and this practical service is about all the world demands of them.

SELDOM has it been the fortune even of the world's greatest poets to receive so full a meed of their fame while yet living as has been reaped by the poet Whittier. A very brief glance over the record of poets' lives shows us that even in most cases their posthumous fame is greater than that won during life. Whittier can scarcely be more widely and universally read, more deeply venerated, in generations to come than he is at this present moment. He has reached the allotted term of three-score and ten to find himself at the zenith of reputation, and he is blessed with the happy health and temper to

fully enjoy it. How much more gratefully upon his genial and gentle heart must fall the praises with which our air has recently resounded, than would the loud shouts which greet the conqueror from the battle-field; how much sweeter the honors paid to genius allied to goodness than all the proud thrills which swell the heart of the greatest killer of men! Who would not rather have the ovation paid to Whittier a month ago than that which recently welcomed the czar home from the desolated waste of Bulgaria? Who would not rather have his place in the hearts of the million than the feverish homage paid to the wayward Byron? For Whittier is preëminent in a genius that conveys a sort of sanctity along with the beauty of its poetic creations. He is recognized as a pure and simple and noble spirit, uttering nothing ever unworthy of himself, impetuous even in age against the wrongs he sees, courageous for the right, yet full of the kindest and most sympathetic emotions for the humblest and most misguided of his race.

While it is perhaps true that the epic is the highest form of poetry, we cannot but think that its highest aim is in a certain sense didactic. It may be the province of a greater genius to write an "Iliad" or an "Inferno;" but is it not morally nobler to produce poems which inspire men to lofty ideas and good actions? Whittier has been such an inspirer of men. In causes which engaged his heart, he has proclaimed his beliefs in ringing and thrilling tones, and there has been a warrior music in his notes not less effective than the appeals of great orators and great preachers. As a word-painter of Nature in her varying moods, no American bard has surpassed him. "Maud Muller" is a vivid example of his power over the sentimental emotions of men. Above all, there are everywhere in his works a serene purity, a steadfast faith, and an abiding love of and trust in humanity, which have made him one of the most effective teachers of the popular heart.

Whittier is usually thought of and spoken of as a kind of recluse, burying himself from the sight of the bustling world in the quiet haven of a remote New England village. Known as a Quaker, he is supposed to possess the traditional solemnity and exclusiveness of that sect. He is really not only much interested, but often active, in the events that are going on around him. He has even been to some extent a politician. He has sat in the Massachusetts Legislature, and twice has voted for a President in the electoral college of his State. Every now and then comes a message from Amesbury, often in the form of a published letter, giving the poet's judgment on some political question; and there is, perhaps, no citizen in the Union more deeply interested in the cause of political reform than the rather shy and very genial Quaker bard. It may be added that no man enjoys the happy things of the world more heartily, or is more fond at the proper time of indulging a spirit of humor and downright fun. Of few poets, indeed, can it be said that there is so much in them to admire, so little to criticize, as it can be said of Whittier. He is one of the best and rarest products of Puritan morals and civilization;

and it is heartily to be hoped that he will live long to enjoy his well-earned fame, the universal veneration of men, and the happy and green old age to which he has arrived.

LAST month we spoke of the typical French noble of our day, polished, polite, with a grand air, and sadly struggling, quite out of his element, against the inevitable. Were he to look across the British Channel, he would perhaps find out why his own ancient order is doomed to decay and extinction, while the similar caste in England is still enjoying much of its old power and vigor. The English lord accepts, and does not butt against, the inevitable. He knows when to cease resistance, and to fuse himself with the rest of the nation. He becomes liberal, and so saves the rest of his countrymen from becoming revolutionary. It is stated that the son and heir of Earl Poulett, after having a somewhat checkered career as a clown, has adopted the stage as a profession. Not long ago a young English peer enlisted in the army as a private soldier. Lord Wentworth, Byron's grandson, sowed his wild-oats by going to work as a wharfinger. One of the Duke of Argyll's sons is "in trade." The first three instances are examples, perhaps, rather of individual eccentricity than of a disposition on the part of the nobility to mingle in the occupations and yield to the prejudices of the people; but the difference between the English and the French nobles may be seen when we try to imagine a Rohan or De Rochefoucauld, even from eccentricity, doing what these young scions of the peerage did. It is evident that the English nobility have well learned the lesson how to preserve their social and even to a great extent their political prestige. They are really as aristocratic as they were a hundred years ago; but they have the art of seeming to float with the current, quietly holding on to as much power as they can, and letting the rest go. If they can no longer own pocket-boroughs, and dictate the choice of members of Parliament, they use scarcely less effectual means to retain their influence in the Lower House, by the seductions of social attention, and an adroit use of titles and fortunes upon susceptible politicians of the middle class. If they perceive a reform to be inevitable, they hasten to get in its van, and are thus able at once to guide and to moderate it, taking away the excuse for abolishing their order which the poor old French noble thrusts in the faces of the people every day.

THE article by Mr. Burlingame in the November JOURNAL, entitled "Dead Magazines," has elicited from Mr. Rossiter Johnson the following:

"I have read with so much interest the article on 'Dead Magazines,' in a recent number of the JOURNAL, that I am constrained to express my dissent from a single passage contained therein.

"It seems to me that the writer's estimate of N. P. Willis and his work is not altogether just. It is true that much of Willis's work was ephemeral; but there is much of it also which need not and ought not to be so considered and treated. Addison's *Spectator* was as thor-

oughly ephemeral as anything could be, in one sense; but we have not allowed it to go out of print, or the names of its writers to pass away. In my opinion, Willis was as good a writer of English as Addison, and he had a great deal more to say. I have been surprised to find that his prose-works are entirely out of print, and can only be found by odd volumes at the second-hand shops. Even there they are scarce, as they have been gathered by individuals who appreciate them. Perhaps one reason why they have gone out of print is that Mr. Willis had various publishers, and there was never a uniform edition.

"Is it not time that a judicious selection from Willis's works was reprinted in some neat and compact form, to

give him the permanent place which he deserves in our literature?"

We agree with Mr. Johnson in part, feeling at the time the article referred to was published that it did some injustice to Willis, who, despite many affectations, possessed a light and graceful touch, that gave a great charm to his writings. The publication of a *selection* of Willis's prose-works would doubtless lead to a reversion of judgment by many people, who, because Willis did write many ephemeral and trifling things, have lost sight of what was excellent in many of his topics, and always in his style.

Books of the Day.

AMONG the many works which aim to record the achievements of human genius in the domain of the fine arts as distinguished from mere art-criticism, the foremost place has by common consent been assigned to Lübke's "History of Art." Written, as a matter of course, by a German and in the German language, it has passed through seven editions in Germany since its first publication in 1860, besides being translated into all the leading European languages. In this country it has been known, of course, chiefly through the medium of the English translation; and, when an American edition was projected, this was naturally fixed upon as the basis of the enterprise. Very fortunately, however, both for the author and for American students, the editorial supervision of the work was placed in the hands of Mr. Clarence Cook; and he speedily discovered that the English translation, besides being made from one of the earlier German editions, was so seriously wanting in accuracy as to render correction necessary at every step. Under these circumstances, it was wisely determined to discard the English edition, and make an entirely new translation, and the performance of this responsible task was intrusted to the competent hands of Mr. Edward L. Burlingame. The American edition, therefore, is substantially a new work, based upon the seventh German edition, and containing the author's latest revisions and additions, many of which are brought down to the beginning of the current year.¹

Of the general character and value of Dr. Lübke's work, it is no longer necessary to attempt a critical estimate. As we have already said, it is universally accepted in Europe as the standard popular work in its special department; and, keeping in view the fact that it is addressed not to scholars but to students, and that it aims to give rather the "strategic" outlines of the subject than to furnish an exhaustive analytical survey, it would be difficult to say in what material respect it could be improved upon. "Art is long," and, while its monuments are the earliest data that confront the student of human history, its current achievements reflect the activity, the tastes, and the mental condition, of living men in every habitable part of the globe. Its annals embody a history of the intellectual progress of mankind from the earliest ages to the moment when the author lays

aside his pen; and the philosophic historian of art is very far removed from a mere antiquarian or chronicler. Dr. Lübke's work is quite as useful and illuminating even to the historical student as any of the universal histories written from the political or social standpoint, and it cannot be denied that its data are in general more authentic. In comparison with other works in its special field, Dr. Lübke's book is remarkable for its temperate and judicial tone, for the abundance of its materials and the author's easy mastery of them, for its freedom from bias in favor of any particular school, and its hearty appreciation of all genuine artistic effort, and, above all, for "an excellent sense of proportion that rarely permits the author to give undue consideration to any one portion of his subject." Art, like dress, has had, and still has, its fashions and its whimsicalities, and it is extremely instructive to see the temporary enthusiasms of successive periods brought into their proper relations with the accumulated spoils of time.

Besides a careful revision of the text, the results of which the reader can, of course, but dimly perceive, Mr. Cook has enriched the present edition with notes which will greatly increase the usefulness of the work to students. A few of these bear upon points which Dr. Lübke has imperfectly elucidated, or upon which his conclusions vary widely from those of other authorities; but most of them are of a bibliographical character, and direct the reader to other books in which more copious information and additional pictorial illustrations (so important to an intelligent study of art-history) may be found. From its unobtrusive nature and the modest estimate placed upon it by himself in his preface, it would be very easy for the cursory reader to under-estimate the value of Mr. Cook's work; but the student will appreciate and be grateful for it, and Dr. Lübke will doubtless be wise enough to incorporate the additions into the next revision of his work. The most important single addition made by the editor is a chapter on the Di Cesnola discoveries and their contributions to the early history of art, and this is supplemented throughout the book by references to the contents of our museums and other public collections.

As it stands now the work is creditable both to American scholarship and to American publishing enterprise. Many fresh pictures have been added to the already numerous illustrations of the original, and in print, paper, and binding, the appearance of the volumes is worthy of the standard character of the work and of the subject of which it treats.

¹ Outlines of the History of Art. By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. A New Translation from the Seventh German Edition. Edited by Clarence Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Two Volumes. 8vo, pp. 571, 695.

THE inferiority in interest of the second volume of the Rev. J. Cook's "Boston Monday Lectures"¹ as compared with the first, cannot be attributed altogether either to the greater difficulty or the slighter attractiveness of the subject of which it treats. A discussion of that phase of "Transcendentalism" (so called) represented by Theodore Parker could under no circumstances, perhaps, attract so much attention from intelligent readers as a masterly demonstration of the proposition that the latest discoveries in the biological sciences lend themselves quite as readily to a theistic as to a materialistic interpretation; but the scientific method is as applicable in the discussion of metaphysical questions as in the lower range of physical investigation, and there is no field in which the introduction of "cold and clear reason" ought to be more fruitful in results. Mr. Cook, indeed, affects to think that in these, as in the former lectures, he is restricting himself within the rigid limits of exact science, and perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the book is the dexterity with which the lecturer fits Scripture phraseology upon ideas and arguments drawn from the scientific order; but the truth is, that, in this volume, he ceases to be an expounder of science in any form, and becomes a preacher and theologian. While nominally engaged in analyzing those primal intuitions and instincts of the mind which lie at the base of all thinking, scientific or other, we are gradually led on into the mazy jungles of doctrinal theology; and are asked to concede that, by a demonstration as precise as that of a theorem in mathematics, the most intricate and solemn mysteries of revealed religion are capable of being derived from ideas concerning which, in even their most elementary form, no two authoritative thinkers have yet been brought to an exact agreement.

The one admirable characteristic of the earlier lectures which reappears in these is the wonderful fertility of illustration, the happiness of definition, the epigrammatic precision of language in the argumentative portions, and the magnificent eloquence of the rhetorical passages. A new element which is not so admirable is a certain arrogance and asperity of manner toward opponents. While pitting himself directly against the great specialists in science, Mr. Cook maintained an appropriately courteous and measured tone; but, as is usually the case, the *odium theologicum* reappears with the entrance of theological and doctrinal questions, and when strict logic fails, the lecturer shows that he is not unacquainted with the familiar oratorical resource of questioning an opponent's motives and denouncing his personal failings. Recalling Theodore Parker's pugnacious appetite for controversial discussion and his skill thereat, one cannot help thinking that, if he had been alive, Mr. Cook would have denied himself many of what he apparently considers his most effective points, and that in both argument and eloquence he would have found a foe-man worthy of his steel.

We do not mean to intimate by this that the intellect and argumentative skill of a Theodore Parker would be required to detect the deficiencies and expose the shortcomings of Mr. Cook's exposition of religious science as found in this volume. The thread of logical reasoning which gives interest to the opening chapters becomes extremely attenuated toward the middle of the book, and the last three lectures are little more than a brilliant display of rhetorical pyrotechnics.

THE real state of feeling between the people of two countries is far more truly and adequately reflected in their respective literatures than in the genial utterances of post-prandial orators or the formal civilities of official agents, and it is a pleasing and undeniable testimony to the growing amity between English and Americans that the strictly popular literature of the English people contains more and more frequent reference to America and Americans in an increasingly kindly and even cordial tone. Mr. Trollope's last novel had an American for its titular hero; Mr. Black is understood to be engaged upon a story dealing mainly with American society, which shall testify his favorable impression of this country; and of Mr. Blackmore's latest work² the scene is laid chiefly in California, while a considerable part of the action takes place there and in New York and Washington. The principal characters, it is true, are without exception English or Scotch, and even the minor personages are Indian or Mexican rather than American; yet the author makes for himself ample opportunity to indicate his hearty respect for our people and institutions, as well as his enthusiastic admiration for our natural scenery. He even goes so far as to declare that the nasal drawl, for which we have so long been abused and ridiculed, is simply a softening and smoothing out of the harsh gutturals that distinguish the English speech in its native purity; and gracefully yields us the palm for that agreeable and only genuine politeness which comes from good feeling instead of from a knowledge of "etiquette."

It is as a story, however, that most readers will care to hear about the book, and, in view of its above-mentioned features, we are glad to be able to say that it is a decided improvement upon his previous one both in the interest which it excites and in the art which it manifests. The plot is more coherent, the incident upon which it turns is more moving, the solution is more skillfully withheld, and the interest is more continuously sustained, than in any of Mr. Blackmore's works, with the possible exception of "Lorna Doone;" and his peculiar skill in depicting rustic character through the medium of the local vernacular seems to improve with practice. The manner in which he indicates the distinctive characteristics of the dialect without reproducing in painful literalness all the jargon in which it is apt to be embodied, and the light which he makes it throw on the manners and modes of life and habits of thought of the people who use it, are wonderful achievements in respect of literary art; and the subtle, genial humor which underlies it all saves it, in spite of its grotesquerie, from any taint of deliberate caricature. In view of the extremely small part which love-making plays in "Erema," and the deep tragedy of its plot, it is surprising to find that the impression which it leaves upon the mind is, on the whole, agreeable—the story is not only exciting but enjoyable. A portion of this is due to the humorous flavor which the author contrives to impart to all his delineations of character, and the rest to the peculiar vividness and beauty of his descriptions of natural scenery. No American novelist has made such effective use of the contrasted splendor and gloom of our Western landscape, and not even Mr. Black himself has drawn more exquisite pictures of the quiet beauty of England's midland scenery and the rugged impressiveness of its stormy coasts. The worst fault of the story is the growing subjection which it indicates on the part of the author to a certain rather monotonous mannerism of style. This mannerism is the more noticeable

¹ Boston Monday Lectures. Transcendentalism, with Preludes on Current Events. By Rev. Joseph Cook. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 305.

² Erema; or, My Father's Sin. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 177.

in the present case because the story is professedly narrated by a very young lady, who has had no special opportunities—in fact, less than the usual opportunities—of becoming familiar with either the world of books or the world of men and women. The peculiar feature of Mr. Blackmore's style is, that it reveals a very intimate and a very mature knowledge of both; but, beyond this, he must know that no woman, either young or old, ever wrote, thought, felt, or observed, as Erema is here represented as doing. In point of fact Erema is not even a disguise for Mr. Blackmore, and we accept her simply as an actor in the drama, forgetting altogether, save at long intervals, that her function is that of narrator and stage-prompter. Of course, the story suffers from this in point of dramatic *vraisemblance*.

THE appearance of a new novel by either Mr. Blackmore or Mr. Black is a trustworthy signal to the reader that he may safely inquire at the shops for one by the other of the two authors. For three or four years there has been an almost exact coincidence in point of time in the appearance of their successive stories, and a good deal of interest is always felt by "the trade" in England in noting which of the two passes most rapidly through a given number of editions. This competition, if it is a conscious one on the part of the authors, is very unfortunate for both, and, if we may judge by the result, particularly so for Mr. Black. Publishing at the rate of a novel a year, he cannot give us such stories as those with which he first wove his spell around us; and in "Green Pastures and Piccadilly"¹ there are unmistakable symptoms that he is passing into the stage of mere book-making. The declension is more noticeable, perhaps, because "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" is a sequel to what in our opinion is the most enjoyable and the most artistic of all Mr. Black's works—"The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." Sequels are nearly always a mistake on the part of a novelist; for, if the thread of the old narrative is merely resumed where it dropped, the result is apt to be wearying, and it is still more difficult to place the familiar personages in new relations with each other and the world at large and yet preserve their characteristic charm. The latter method is the one adopted by Mr. Black in this case, and we must say, regretfully, that the result is a failure. "Bell" and the German lieutenant and "Queen Titania," as first introduced to us, were among the most charming creations of recent fiction; but as here revived for us they are the faintest possible echoes of their former selves, and, in fact, mean nothing at all except as their characters are interpreted by our vivid recollections of the former story. The charm of a love-tale is necessarily dissipated by marriage, and Bell, as the anxious mother of two children, cannot be expected to fascinate us as in the blushing and tender days of her courtship; but the German lieutenant surely has a right to resent such a complete reduction to the ranks of commonplace lay-figures, and his old friends will be apt to feel as if they had been somehow cheated of a delightful companion. The new characters, moreover, compensate but slightly for the deficiencies of the old—they are a singularly unattractive and uninteresting set; and the wondrous skill of the author in drawing a picturesque background for his *dramatis persona* seems for the time being to have deserted him. The American episode contains, as we remarked in a recent number, some fresh and charming descriptions of familiar places,

and some good-natured satire of our national habits and manners; but in what may be called the machinery and setting of the story, "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" is noticeably inferior to any of the author's previous efforts.

We find by the title-page that the story was written "in conjunction with an American writer." The work of this writer is very easily singled out from the rest, and, if some friendly scissors had been at hand to eliminate it from the proofs, the book would have been relieved of at least one disagreeable and alien feature.

MRS. SPOFFORD'S "Art-Decoration applied to Furniture"¹ is a product of the library rather than of personal experience, or of any definite principles of taste. The reader will find in it a convenient summary of the history of furniture, and a good descriptive account of the various styles that have been predominant in different periods—the Gothic, the Renaissance, the Elizabethan, the Jacobean, the Louis Quatorze, the Louis Quinze, the Pompeian, the Moorish, the Queen Anne, and the Eastlake; he will also find a continuous strain of vaguely general remarks upon the necessity of harmony of tints, homogeneity of style, grace of grouping, individuality of taste, and the rest of the conventional phrases that are rapidly accumulating around the subject; but he will be disappointed if he goes to it with the expectation of getting specific advice, such as he can put to practical use in furnishing or decorating his own house. In this latter respect, however, the book only resembles the rest of its class. The recently-developed popular interest in household art has already produced quite a literature; and yet it is scarcely easier now than it was five years ago to find those suggestions on special points which are capable of immediate and practical application. Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste" still remains the best resource of those who, having become converted to those "principles of decorative art" which the authors expound with such iteration, desire to get practical help in carrying them out; and perhaps this is the real explanation of the fact that, while other books attract a moment's attention and then pass to their neglected place on the library-shelves, Eastlake's has revolutionized the household art of two countries. Mrs. Spofford very seldom condescends to particulars, and, when she does, her tastes are evidently reveling in that "wealth of Ormus and of Ind" which is the seductive element in most of her imaginative works. The two interiors which she really describes with some degree of detail and *con amore* could not possibly be brought within the resources of one in a hundred of those who will be likely to consult her book; and the economies, as usual, receive a respectful but vaguely general treatment.

The most valuable feature of the book are the illustrations. These are not only exquisite as pictures, but furnish admirable examples of artistic and decorative furniture, such as will guide the taste, if they cannot be taken as working models.

THE profusion and attractiveness of its illustrations and its general typographical excellence would have sufficed to place M. Narjoux's "Journey of an Architect"² on the list of holiday books, but its value is not dependent

¹ Green Pastures and Piccadilly. A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. Library Edition, 12mo, pp. 382.

¹ Art-Decoration applied to Furniture. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4to, pp. 237.

² Notes and Sketches of an Architect, taken during a Journey in the Northwest of Europe. By Felix Narjoux. Translated by John Peto. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. 442.

upon the season, nor its merits solely upon its pictures. The author made a journey through Holland, North Germany, and Denmark, traveling like an architect, as he says, pencil in hand, making sketches wherever he found materials for notes; so that the illustrations and descriptions afford each other mutual aid. He writes with the point and vivacity characteristic of his nation; the speciality of his point of view saves him from the air of commonplace, which is apt to pervade the record of a journey over the beaten tracks of travel; and his work gives a surprisingly distinct and adequate idea of the architecture of Northern Europe. The pencil has been his main reliance in making the record, and the sketches, "besides representing the larger public buildings erected in each country, which serve as the exponents of its greatness and of the degree of civilization, give also, and more especially, an idea of the dwellings of private persons." They show the interiors and the less conspicuous parts of houses which have been constructed with a view to meet the tastes of the inhabitants, the local customs, and the requirements of the climate; and the accompanying letter-press, besides explaining the plates, directs attention to the relations which exist between the customs of a country, the climate, the materials available, and the dwellings erected by the inhabitants. Much sound instruction concerning architecture on both its practical and social side can be obtained from M. Narjoux's unpretentious volume, which is at the same time far more entertaining than most current records of European travel.

THE ingenious youth who takes up Mr. Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy" in the hope of finding something designed and adapted for his own particular amusement, will be apt not only to lay it aside unfinished, but to get the suspicion lodged in his consciousness that the author is poking fun at him. The fun, certainly, is of the most genial and sympathetic sort, and there is a sub-current of tender and appreciative affection; but it does not treat the boy with that admiring reverence which "the father of the man" is apt to consider his due, and particularly does not (as real boys' stories ought) represent the boy who is its hero as the centre and key of the universe. The book, in fact, belongs to the same class as "My Summer in a Garden," and only people who have ceased being a boy can relish properly its quiet, unobtrusive, and elusive humor, which could never stir a laugh, but keeps the reader in a perpetual smile, broken only by an occasional chuckle. It describes with much minuteness of detail the life of a New England farm-boy thirty years ago, and it takes an additional interest from the fact that it is evidently to a considerable extent autobiographical in character. In the enjoyment of the delicious and all-pervasive humor the reader will be apt to overlook the other merits of the narrative, but it deserves a place beside Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" for the

vividness and fidelity with which it depicts a life which has given Americans some of their most distinctive characteristics, and which is, happily, passing away. The illustrations (by "Champ") deserve hardly less praise than Mr. Warner's text, to the attractiveness of which, in point both of humor and picturesqueness, they add not a little.

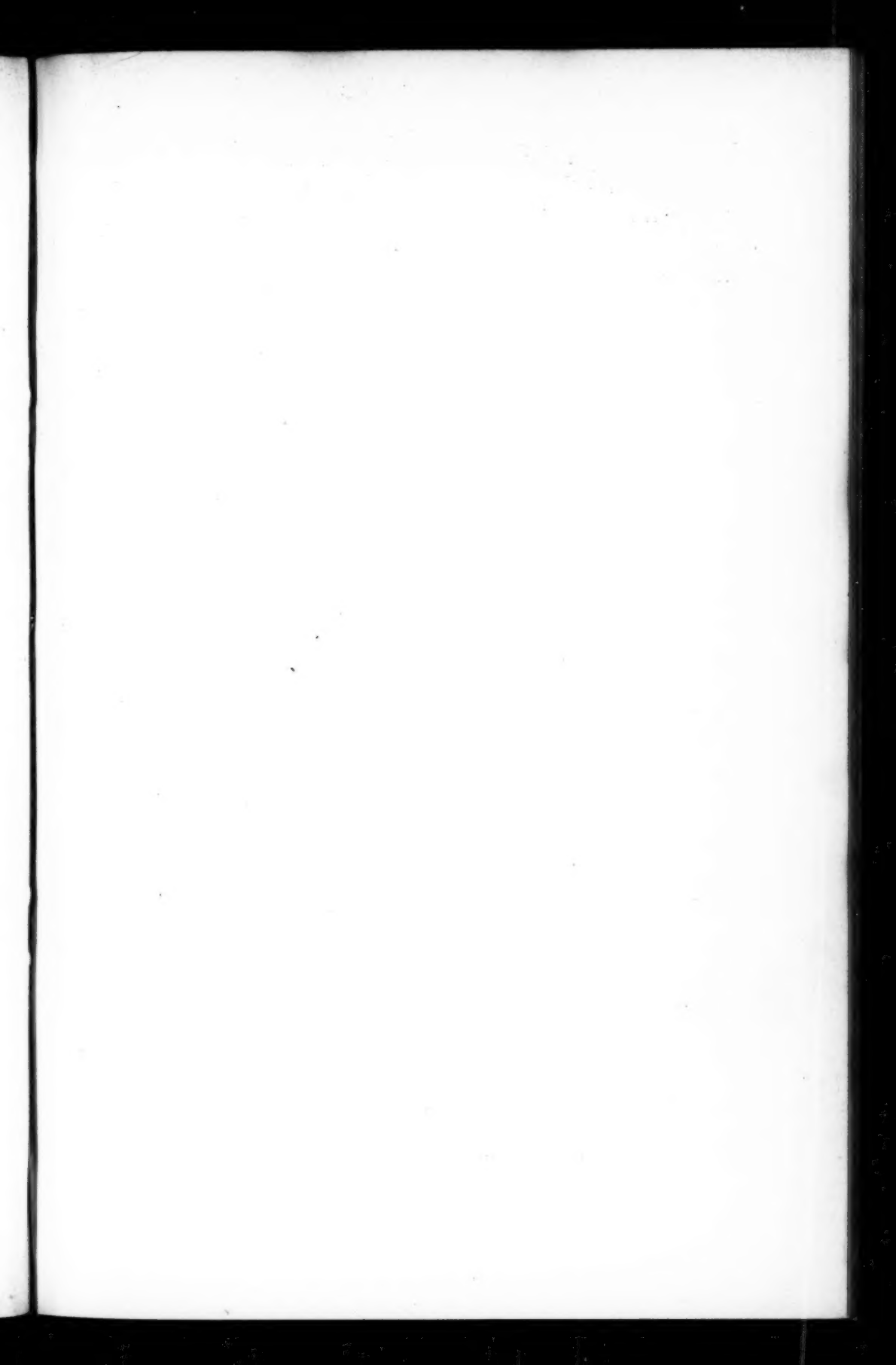
On the whole, in view of the rigidity of his method and the frequency with which he has applied it, it is surprising that Jules Verne's inventions still retain sufficient freshness to interest. To say of "Hector Servadac" that it deals with the experiences of a number of people who were carried off with detached tracts of land around the Mediterranean Sea on the surface of a comet which had collided with the earth—to say this is to furnish a transcript of everything the book contains to those familiar with Verne's previous writings. Yet, even when so much is known, a perusal of it is by no means destitute of entertainment, for the ingenuity of the successive incidents perpetually piques the curiosity, while the inexhaustible gayety and vivacity of style keep the interest from flagging even in the most labored and fantastic portions. It must be said, too, that "Hector Servadac" is decidedly better than the greater portion of M. Verne's recent work. It exhibits fewer signs of headlong haste and mechanical task-work, and may almost compare with the two or three earlier books which secured the author his fame. If he would give us only such work as this he might long retain his reputation as the liveliest and most entertaining *raconteur* of his time. The publishers, at least, always treat M. Verne well, and the present volume is issued in the usual sumptuous richness of print, binding, and illustration.

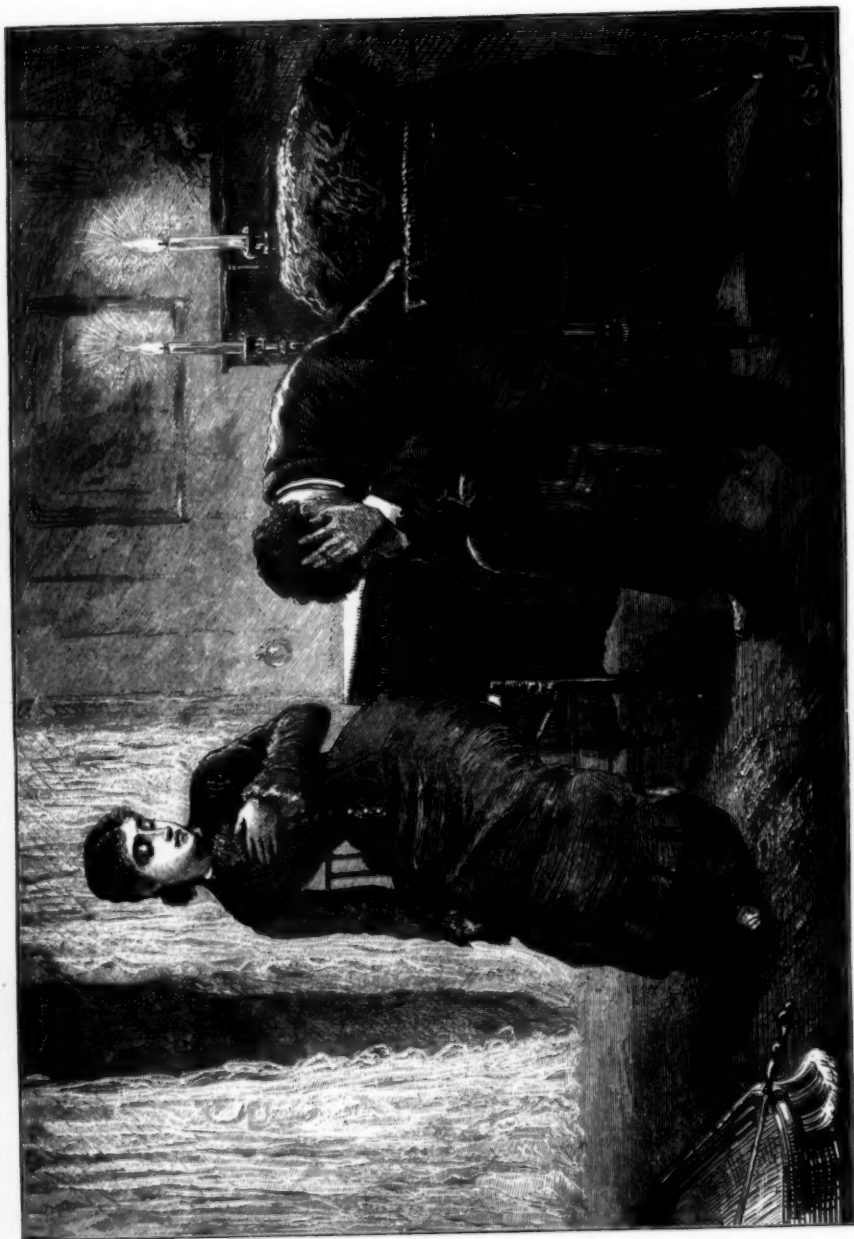
SCIENTIFIC botanists are the audience specially addressed in Mr. Darwin's latest work, "The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species."¹ The general reader will be apt to find himself confronted with data that are unintelligible to him, and with arguments which he will fail to comprehend; yet it is not difficult to catch the general drift of the discussion, and to see that the evidence tends to confirm Mr. Darwin's great theory of development by natural selection. The infinite care and patience which the author bestows upon all his investigations is shown to advantage in this work, and also the strictly limited nature of his conclusions. The dedication of the book to Professor Asa Gray is a worthy compliment to one of the greatest of living botanists and one of the most enlightened advocates of the Darwinian theory.

¹ Hector Servadac. By Jules Verne. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. With Ninety-six Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo, pp. 370.

¹ Being a Boy. By Charles Dudley Warner. Illustrated by "Champ." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 244.

² The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 352.





"I have myself, and myself alone, to thank for everything. I am a fool!"

"Yet: Her Face or Her Fortune?"—Page 217.